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TOURIST IN EUROPE.

* * * Just published in a neat pocket volume,

A COMPANION TO THE TOURIST IN EUROPE: containing An Introduction to French Pronunciation, a copious Vocabulary; a Selection of Phrases; Models of Epistolary Correspondence; A Series of Conversations, on a Tour to Paris by four different routes, through France, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland— with a Description of the Public Buildings, Institutions, Curiosities, Manners, and Amusements of the French Capital.—Designed as a Guide to the Traveller, and an attractive Class Book for the student.

By GABRIEL SURRENNE, F. A. S. E.,
French Master to the Scottish Military and Naval Academy, Edinburgh. From the fourth Edinburgh edition, revised and enlarged.

New-York: WILEY & PUTNAM.

THE
TOURIST IN EUROPE:
OR
A CONCISE SUMMARY
OF THE
VARIOUS ROUTES, OBJECTS OF INTEREST, &c.
IN
GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, ITALY,
GERMANY, BELGIUM, AND HOLLAND;
WITH HINTS ON TIME, EXPENSES, HOTELS, CONVEYANCES,
PASSPORTS, COINS, &c.

MEMORANDA
DURING A TOUR OF EIGHT MONTHS IN GREAT BRITAIN
AND ON THE CONTINENT, IN 1836.

By G. P. Putnam.

By the Author of 'An Introduction and Index to General History.'

NEW-YORK:
WILEY & PUTNAM,
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P R E F A C E.

THIS little volume, while it may not, perhaps, be altogether unattractive to the general reader, is intended to be practically useful to Americans visiting Europe; and especially those who are planning a tour with reference to *economy*, either in time or money.

In the ‘Notes for the Way,’ brief suggestions are given respecting the principal routes, the places and things most worthy of notice, and the best detailed descriptions thereof. The aim is to present a ‘bird’s-eye view’ of what is before one in the European tour; showing how much may be done and seen in a limited time, and at what expense; and this last consideration is sometimes worth mentioning, however ‘calculating’ and unromantic it may seem to the young and fair, who are looking forward with buoyant hopes and bright imaginings, to the long-dreamed of attractions of the ‘Old World.’ Yet our ‘calculations’ will not, we hope, prevent their dreams from being realized; on the contrary, we think the needful cost will be found even less than is usually anticipated: and ‘to those who are accustomed to consider the beauties of the Sea Cybele and Imperial Rome as things of poetical hue, not food for common eyes and minds, we would say, with more than most travellers’ veracity, that with scarcely a greater sum than is often wasted in unsatisfactory pleasures, they may glide in a gondola on the moonlit waves of the Adriatic, to gaze at the splendor of St. Mark; or tread the classic soils of the lava-crushed cities of Vesuvius; or lastly, though not least in the pride of man’s history, they may glow with mingled rapture and awe beneath Buonarotti’s dome in the mightiest of existing temples.’

A little English work, called the ‘Continental Traveller,’ as the basis of this ‘Outline,’ has been incorporated with notes made during recent personal observation at the places mentioned.

The volume also comprises some brief ‘Memoranda’ from

unstudied letters to familiar friends, during a visit to Europe in 1836.*

Without presuming to intrude a homily on manners, I may be pardoned, perhaps, for one or two hints to my young countrymen, touching their general deportment abroad, viz.

If you would win confidence and respect in good society, especially in England, preserve your republican *simplicity of character*—be straight-forward and unassuming in your manner, and honest, free, and at the same time unobtrusive in the expression of your opinions. If you wish to make yourself ridiculous, the best course is to cringe to rank and wealth; affect mysterious importance and reserve; and slander, either in words or practice, your own country and her institutions. Do not deem these hints intrusive; they are certainly well-meant. I have seen many instances, and read of more, in which prejudice and disgust have been excited against the whole American people, by this sort of conduct on the part of their representatives. Such consequential airs, if they ever do introduce you to high life, will only, sooner or later, bring you into contempt.

An American, who conducts himself as a patriotic and gentlemanly American should do, has no reason to be ashamed of his name or nation. He belongs to Nature's nobility—and to a country unequalled in extent, beauty, and natural advantages, by any on earth: and he may, with reason, be proud of it. On the other hand, avoid the too frequent practice of continually referring to it by invidious comparisons, or lofty boasts. “A word to the wise.”

I would also suggest that the voyager should take with him some work on the statistics and resources of the United States; for there is yet a surprising want of correct information on these points, among even the intelligent and literary abroad. The ‘American Almanac’ contains much valuable and interesting matter of this kind in a portable form.

* Some of these have appeared in ‘the Knickerbocker.’

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ERRATA.

Page 9. The *outward* passage in the New-York packets is \$140,
including wines and stores, whether you use them or not.

Page 164. In the note—for *five* views, read *fine* views.

Page 267. The 'heading' should be 'Quentin Durward' Scenes.

OUTLINE OF A TOUR.

GENERAL HINTS.

A PASSPORT is necessary for the continent, but not for Great Britain. If you go first to London, it can be obtained of the American minister there; otherwise, write to the Secretary of State at Washington, and you will receive it through the Collector of the Port.

FUNDS. A ‘letter of credit’* on the Barings or some good house in London is preferable to bills of exchange. You present the letter on your arrival, and draw from time to time for £100 or more as you may require. For the continent, bills or letters on Welles & Co, Amer. bankers Paris; or if you go first to London, buy there Herries & Co’s bills of exchange payable at all the principal places on the continent in sums to suit, in the currency of each place, and without commission. They give you a general order, endorsed with your own signature, on their one hundred and fifty European correspondents; and you fill up the blanks on presenting them; so that they are both safe and convenient.

THE VOYAGE. Your choice is from the London, Liverpool or Havre Packets. The Liverpool are generally preferred, both for superior accommodations and short passages; and especially if a visit to Ireland and Scotland, or a tour through England is intended. If you take the London line, you are landed at Portsmouth, and have a rather dull ride of seventy miles to the metropolis. Even if your chief object is the continental tour, the Liverpool route is scarcely less expeditious than that by Havre.

The price of passage in either line is \$130. Returning, (the passage being longer) it is £35 or \$175.

* The best are those of Prime, Ward & King, New-York.

Take a pilot coat and a good stock of linens, for the voyage, but you can replenish your wardrobe fifty per cent cheaper in London than in New-York.

TRAVELLING IN GREAT BRITAIN. The attention, civility, and sometimes servility of the servants you will first remark; and secondly, you will see the reason thereof in the universal custom of certain fees to each one who has ministered to your comfort. All 'gentlemen' are expected to pay in addition to their regular bills, 3d. per meal to the waiter at the hotel, 6d. per day to the chambermaid, and 6d. per day to the 'boots' and porter; 1s. each to coachman and guard, (if there be one) for every thirty miles or thereabout, and 1s. to cicerones at 'show-places.' More than the above is unnecessary; less, will not pass.

Take no more luggage with you in excursions &c., than is indispensable, as they charge for all over 30 lbs; better send it on to London, or your head quarters.

Let nothing appear on your luggage to indicate that you are an American or a stranger, lest the understrappers obey Scripture 'by taking you in.' A little authority and decision, and a sort of 'knowing look' will sometimes serve you advantageously.

Stage Fares &c., are always paid on 'booking your name.' English public coaches are generally fitted for four inside and eleven outside seats, the latter being half-price, or about equal to stage fares in the U. S.— In good weather, you will of course prefer the outside both for pleasure and economy. *Hackney* fares: for cabs, pay 1s. per mile, or 2s. per hour: for coaches ditto for each person. The lawful fare is less.

For list of *Guide Books*, etc., see Appendix. They can be obtained best in London, at 421 Strand.

NOTES FOR THE WAY.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

LIVERPOOL. Hotels : 'The Adelphi' is considered 'No. I,' but you may be equally comfortable at 'the Waterloo,' 'Star and Garter,' etc.

Town Hall. After 'passing' your luggage at the Custom Exchange. House, and paying duty on such 'parcels' Cemetery. as your 'friends' have entrusted to your Docks. care, you may easily see Liverpool and its lions in a couple of days or less.

[See *Leigh's road-books of England, Ireland, etc.*]

[If you intend to visit IRELAND, a steamboat goes daily from Liverpool to Dublin. A short tour may be made thence to Belfast, or to the *Giant's Causeway*, and if Scotland is an object, before proceeding to London, cross from Belfast to Glasgow : (See Tour in Scotland,)

—or—

you may go to Scotland *via* the northern counties, the *lakes of Cumberland*, &c. Take the Carlisle coach, stopping as your leisure permits. If you wish to make an excursion to *Derbyshire*, *Newstead Abbey*, &c.; return, and take the following route to the metropolis. ('*Eaton Hall*', the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Westminster, 16 miles from Liverpool, is worth visiting if you have time.)

You can go through, direct to London, in 24 hours; or, by varying your course a little, several interesting

places may be visited, with but little more delay or expense : as follows.

- | | |
|--|---|
| MANCHESTER, | by railway at 6 or 7 A. M. Time to see cotton factories, &c., and proceed same day by coach to |
| BIRMINGHAM. | Hotels : ‘Hen and Chickens’ ‘Swan with two Necks’ and ‘The Albion ;’ all good. One day sufficient here. To |
| Town Hall, Market, Factories. | |
| WARWICK, | by morning coach. Hotel : ‘Black Swan.’ Time to see the finest existing specimen of |
| Castle. | the old English baronial castle, hire a gig |
| Guy's Cliff. | for an excursion to the interesting Ruins |
| Kenilworth. | of Kenilworth (say 4 miles) and return to take the P. M. coach for Stratford-on-Avon, all the same day. (The fashionable mineral springs of Leamington are a few miles from Warwick.) |
| STRATFORD. | Arrive at 6, P. M. and lodge at the ‘Shakspeare.’ Facetious host ; relics in his garden. Birthplace of Shakspeare ; his tomb in the church. |
| Woodstock. | Coach for Oxford at 9 or 10, A. M. passing through the antique town of Woodstock, noted for gloves and ‘sweet Alice Lee ;’ and near the splendid palace and park of Blenheim, the nation’s gift to the ‘great’ duke of Marlborough. |
| Blenheim. | |
| OXFORD. | Hotels ; ‘the Star’ and ‘the Angel,’ both aristocratic and ‘dear.’ |
| Bodleian and Radcliffe Libraries. | A most interesting and delightful place where you would do well to spend two or three days. Arrange, if possible, to stay here over Sunday to hear the <i>chanting</i> , in |

Univer. Chapels.

'Theatre' for
Annivers.

Clarendon
Printing Office.

Arundelian
. Marbles.

LONDON.

college chapels, especially Magdalen coll. An introduction to some one connected with the University is desirable, but there are plenty of cicerones, who will escort you wherever the *public* are admitted. The Univ. buildings are stately and venerable specimens of Tudor architecture, and the libraries (among the largest in the world) contain many rare and beautiful specimens of the fine arts. Walks on the banks of the Isis, (the father of the Thames.) Excursion to Cumnor, 4 miles, where lived Leicester's Amy Robsart, (see 'Kenilworth,') and also to Blenheim. Broad st., where Ridley and Latimer were burnt at the stake, &c. &c.

Coaches leave for London four or five times a day; distance 40 miles. You will enter modern Babylon without any general view of its immense extent, riding along Kensington gardens, Hyde-park and Oxford st., probably to Regent Circus.

Hotels are, of course, innumerable. Among the fashionable and *expensive* ones of the 'West End' are Mivarts, St. James', Brookes', Waterloo, &c. Morley's in a central and public situation (Charing Cross) well known to Americans. 'The Piazza,' Covent Garden; 'Tavistock,' do. The Adelphi, Adams st., Strand, (both central and quiet;) Funnival's, Holborn; London Tavern; N. and S. Amer. Coffee House in 'the city,' patronized by American captains, and has files of N. Y. papers. Go to

a hotel on your arrival, of course, but if you are to remain any length of time, it is both cheaper and more agreeable to take private ‘lodgings,’ which term includes a parlor and bedroom, with attendance. You order what you please for your meals, and suit yourself in hours, &c. The price of lodgings varies from 18s. to £5 per week. In the ‘May season’ they are higher than at other times ; but you can be handsomely accommodated for £2 per week, and *respectably* for £1 to £1 10s. All articles ordered are charged at *cost*, in your bill. There are but very few ‘boarding houses,’ on our system, in London.

You will find good and central lodgings in Norfolk and other streets opening from the Strand to the river; Leicester square; vicinity of Russell square, Lincoln’s Inn fields, &c., &c.

The London fashionable season commences in May, when the city is crowded with strangers.

It is scarcely worth while to say to the novice in London, beware of impositions of all sorts.

These, and other matters in their vicinity, may be seen (superficially) in one day. A written order is necessary for admittance to either house of parliament; it can be had on application by letter to a member. They only give one at a time. The sittings are usually from 4 to 12, p. m. Residences of the nobility, &c., in Pica-

Charing Cross.
Whitehall.
Westminster Abbey.
Parliament Houses.
St. James’s Park.
Palaces.
Waterloo Place.
St. James’s Street.
Club Houses.
Hells.
Pall Mall.

- Apsley House,
Hyde Park. dilly ; Cavendish, Grosvenor, Berkeley,
Belgrave and St. James' squares—wonder
at their plain and smoky exteriors. Gay
scene in Hyde Park, on fine p. m. Get a
saddle-horse, and go the rounds.
- National Gallery. Another day's work. The National Gal-
lery is just completed in Charing Cross,
and contains several specimens of 'Great
Masters,' purchased by parliament for the
nation.' Collection *scarcely* equal to the
Louvre ! but yet should not be omitted.
- Opera, &c.
Regent Street.
Colosseum.
Regent's Park.
- Zoological Gardens. Well worth visiting. Omit not to go
through the *tunnel* and see the *giraffes*,
&c. You must get a ticket from a member.
- British Museum. —*Third Day*—
Freely open to the public, except in Au-
gust.
- Bazaar.
Law Courts.
- St. Paul's.
Post Office.
- Bank.
- Monument.
Custom House.
- The Tower.
- Thames Tunnel.
- Oxford St.
Guildhall, Westminster, Bow st., &c.
—*Fourth Day*—
Ascend to the outside galleries—but the
panorama in the Colosseum is better.
A noble edifice—like St. Paul's, somewhat
the worse for smoke.
You can go through most of it without cer-
emony.
Commemorative of the 'great fire.'
Near Billingsgate fish-market, on the
banks of the Thames.
Worth a visit, however *vulgar* Mr. Cooper
may deem it.
Go in an omnibus from Fleet St. or in
a boat, as you please.

—Fifth Day—

- Royal Academy. In National Gallery. Exhibition open from May to July.
- Gall. of Paintings. ‘Soc. of Water Colors,’ of ‘British Artists,’ open from May to July.
- Adelaide Gallery. Of ‘Practical Science ;’ containing many curious and interesting articles, with experiments, &c.
- Misc. Exhib. and Amusements. Occasional—probably enough to occupy you several days, especially if in May or June.
- Excursions to Greenwich and Woolwich
7 miles.* By steamboat or railway. The park, observatory, hospital. Royal Military Acad. at Woolwich.
- To Richmond, &c. Seven miles, by coach. View from Richmond Hill. Pope’s Villa at Twickenham.
- Hampton Court. Twelve miles. Palace, founded by Wolsey. Collection of paintings, by Sir Peter Lely, &c. Cartoons of Raphael. Bushy Park, labyrinth, gardens.
- Windsor. (Twenty-six miles,) should not on any account be omitted. The castle is unrivalled; views from the terraces; the parks; Hearne’s oak; grand avenue; Virginia water, &c.; Eton College. St. George’s Chapel.
- Brighton if the court is there.
- Bath &c., &c.

*JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND.**(See ‘Scottish Tourist,’ Leigh’s Road Book, etc.)**Choice of routes.—1st: through by land, to Edinburgh, (400 miles) stopping at*

Cambridge, York, and Newcastle ; 2d : by steamboat, (cheap but horrible,) to Hull, and thence by land, via York, &c. ; 3d : by steam ship direct to Edinburgh—a sail of 42 hours—good vessels—fare £3. Either in going or returning you should at least visit York and its Cathedral.

If by land, you pass through

Edmonton & Ware

See the sign of John Gilpin.

CAMBRIDGE.

The seat of the second great University.

LEEDS.

Noted for its woolen manufactures. Stop here if you have time, and make an excursion to the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, etc.

YORK.

Lodge here. Hotel : The Black Swan ; the coach house.

Cathedral.

Noble specimen of Gothic architecture. Great east window ; choir, &c., (destroyed by fire in 1829,) recently restored in the original style : immense organ ; chanting every P. M. at 4.—Remains of Roman walls, barriers, &c.

Castle.

Antiquities.

[You can proceed from York, by the *coast* route, via *Alnwick Castle, Berwick, Preston Pans, &c.*; but if you wish to take Abbotsford, Melrose, in your course,* book yourself for Newcastle, (one day's ride,) passing the picturesque town of

Durham.

Observe the Cathedral, Castle, &c. This is one of the most wealthy bishoprics in the kingdom.

**NEWCASTLE
upon Tyne.**

The place of *coals*. Hotel : ‘The Turf.’

* These places can easily be visited in an excursion of one day from Edinburgh, if you choose the first route.

JEDBURGH,

MELROSE.

Abbey.

Abbottsford.

Dryburgh.

Newark Castle.

Lodge here, and take the coach next morning over the *Cheviot hills*, via

(See the Abbey) to

'George Inn.' Ascend the Eildon Hills. The Abbey by moonlight if you are orthodox and romantic. The host will furnish you with a gig or carryall to go to Abbottsford and Dryburgh, each about three miles in opposite directions. You will lodge at Melrose two nights, and leave next morning for the capital.

Splendid view in approaching

EDINBURGH.

Hotels : 'Royal,' 'London,' 'Caledonia,' &c.

Menzie's, Waterloo Place—good, and moderate charges.

Four or five days at least, should be spent in this picturesque and interesting city. The views from the principal eminences are among the finest in the world. Monuments on Calton hill, &c., to Hume, Robertson, Playfair, Burns and Nelson etc. Ascend the latter. Public buildings, &c., well worthy of 'Modern Athens.' Remarkable neatness, elegance and regularity of the streets and squares of the New Town. Walk out to St. Leonard's hill, Arthur's seat, St. Anthony's Chapel : John Knox's house, and the window from which he preached in the Canongate.

See 'Fortunes of Nigel.'

'Heart of Midlothian,' (The Tolbooth is destroyed.)

Heriot's Hospital.

Grassmarket, &c.

*Excursions to
Dalkeith,
Roslyn,
Hawthornden,
etc.*

Beautiful seats on the banks of the Esk—near where Scott lived when first married (Lasswade) : may all be seen in one day.

TOUR TO THE HIGHLANDS.

Most of the interesting scenery of Scotland may be visited in about a week by making the following circular tour which you can *reverse* if you please, from and back to Edinburgh. [If pressed for time, go direct to Stirling and Loch Katrine, and return by Glasgow.]

Take the Perth coach at 7 A. M. via.

where you will stop to visit the ruins of the castle of

and proceed same day to

Hotel: ‘The Star.’ A handsome town; Roman and ‘Waverley’ reminiscences: fair maids, &c. A steamboat goes often to Dundee, the large and flourishing port on the Frith of Tay—an excursion of 12 hours. Walk out to the elegant modern palace of two miles from Perth, where the Scottish Kings used to be crowned.

Presuming you are not going farther north (to Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, or Staffa,) you can ride out to Dunkeld, a pretty little village, beautifully situated among the hills. The *Abbey*, *Ossian’s Hall*, Duke of Athol’s parks, &c., *Birnam Wood*, (vide *Macbeth*,) on the Perth road. Return to Perth and thence to

Queensferry and
Kinross.

Lochleven.

PERTH.

DUNDEE and

Scone

DUNKELD.

- STIRLING.** A dull ride ; pass the Abbey of *Dumblane*, *Sheriff-muir*, &c.
- Castle. Time to see the Castle, and the fine prospects therefrom, the battlefield of *Banockburn*, &c. ; and take the p. m. coach, passing *Doune Castle*, to
- CALLENDER,** A rude little village where you lodge. [Walk out to 'Bracklinn bridge.'] From this place you must hire a private vehicle of the host, to the inn of Ardchinchrochan at Loch Achray, passing Loch Vennachar, &c. A charming spot. Dine on fresh salmon and trout, and walk out to the lovely Loch Katrine. Next morning the hostess will furnish you with a boat and rowers to cross Loch Katrine : go through the *pass* to Inversnaid on Loch Lomond, where the Glasgow steamer will call for you, and take you up the loch to Rob Roy's cave, (the Clachan of Aberfoil is not far off,) and unless you wish to ascend Ben Lomond, land you at Tarbet, where you will hire a car, and go through the *pass of Glen-coe*, round the head of Loch Long, to Loch Fine, and there hire a row boat to Inverary, a sweet little place to spend a day. *Inverary Castle and parks*, (Duke of Argyll). Here again take the steamboat, passing the isles of *Bute* and *Arran*, *Dumbarton Castle*, *Greenock*, &c., up the *Clyde* to
- IVERARY.** Hotels :
- GLASGOW.** A large, handsome and thriving city : the modern part substantially built of stone.

| | |
|----------------------|--|
| Cathedral | of Rob Roy and Baillie Jarvie memory. |
| University | |
| Tolbooth | |
| Exchange | a beautiful Corinthian edifice. |
| Quais and Bridges | of stone. |
| <i>Excursions to</i> | |
| Paisley | the noted manufacturing town about 6 miles from Glasgow. |
| Langside | the last battle-field of the queen of Scots. |
| Falls of the Clyde | More interesting to English than American tourists: i. e. those who have seen their own country. |
| | In returning to Edinburgh, take the stage to |
| FALKIRK | passing the 'Wallace' battle-field, and stop at |
| LINLITHGOW, | to see the ruins of the old palace where the unfortunate Mary Stuart was born. |
| | Thence by coach or canal (try the latter if you never have done so) to |
| Edinburgh | Forty miles from Glasgow. Return to London by either of the routes before-mentioned. |

NOTES FOR THE CONTINENT.

TOUR through FRANCE and SWITZERLAND, to ROME, NAPLES and VENICE, returning by the TYROL, or the RHINE, GERMANY and the NETHERLANDS.

PRELIMINARY.

CONVEYANCES. For particulars apply at Mauduit's office, 41 Regent Circus; at 'The Golden Cross,' Charing Cross; or at the 'Cross Keys,' Wood-st., Cheapside; all corresponding with the

Messageries Générales, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris.

Also at

The 'Spread Eagle Office,' Regent Circus, corresponding with

Lafitte, Calliard & Co., Rue St. Honore.

These are the two great lines in which places may be 'booked' the whole way to Paris, via Dover and Calais, or Boulogne, which secures you against delays on landing in France.

Respecting steam packets to Rotterdam, Hamburgh, Antwerp, Ostend, Calais, Boulogne, Havre, &c., inquire at the General Steam Navigation Company's Office, 69 Lombard-st. or 56 Haymarket, London; 8 Rue Castiglione, Paris.

You can if you please go through to Calais or Boulogne in the steamboat for the trifling sum of 5s. sterling. Boulogne is preferable for a stopping-place. The hotels are good; numerous English residents, sea-bathing, &c. Your choice may be made from several other routes, according to circumstances. By Dover and Canterbury (which are worth seeing) across the

channel: by Brighton, Havre, and the Seine, stopping at Rouen: steamboat from London to Havre, &c., &c.

PASSPORT of the American minister, (if you have not one from the Secretary of State,) to be countersigned at the French office, No. 6 Poland-st., London, and at Paris by the ministers of the states through which you are to pass.

FUNDS. Herries and Co's bills, payable at 150 principal places on the continent. [See p. 9.] Supply yourself with the coins of the states through which you are to pass.

On landing in France, let the Commissioner of the Hotel attend to 'passing' your luggage, passport, &c., and you will save time and trouble.

GUIDE BOOKS. It is desirable to have one of each country through which you are to pass, as referred to in their proper places. You will find them all at Leigh's, 421 Strand.* The best general ones are

Brockedon's Road Book from London to Naples: 8vo. London
1835. £1 6s.

This is more particularly for affluent tourists, who travel by post.

Handbook for Travellers on the Continent. Lond., Murray
1836. Small 8vo.

A very comprehensive and valuable book, embodying nearly all the useful information in other guides.

Starke's Directions for Travellers on the Continent. 5th ed.
Lond., Murray; 1837. 8vo.

Particularly valuable for its copious details on Italy.

Boldoni's Noveau Manuel du Voyageur, &c. English, French
and Italian. Paris: Galignani.

De Genlis' Manuel du Voyageur, &c. Ibid.

Surrenne's New French Manual, and Travellers Companion,
New-York: Wiley & Putnam.

*See list of 'Travels,' &c., in Appendix.

DIFFERENT ROUTES FROM LONDON TO PARIS.

| | Miles. | |
|-----------------------------|--------|--|
| By Calais per steam-boat | 292 | A pleasant day's sail down the Thames across the Channel. Hotels at Calais; The 'Royal,' (an English house;) Dessein's (French) Hotel Bourbon, &c. |
| Boulogne by do. | | Hotels at Boulogne: D'Orleans, (English) d'Angleterre; du Nord, &c. |
| do. by Dover | 257 | Pass through Canterbury; see the Cathedral; Becket's shrine, &c. Hotel at Dover: 'The Ship.' See the Castle, Landing-place of Cæsar, Shakspeare Cliff, &c. |
| | | [Note. By crossing to Boulogne instead of Calais, from Dover, you avoid a dull ride of 30 miles. There are two routes to the capital; take that by <i>Amiens</i> , and look into the Cathedral.] |
| Dieppe by Brighton | 251 | Go the lower road by the Seine to Paris. Rouen Cathedral, St. Ouen. |
| Havre by Brighton | 301 | Fine harbor at Havre: Hotel d'Angleterre Steam-boat to Rouen and Paris. |
| Havre by Southampton | 315 | Stop at Southampton; Netley Abbey Portsmouth; Isle of Wight. |
| Ostend | 331 | By Dunkirk, Lisle, &c., to Paris. |

PARIS TO SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

FRANCE. Miles. (See Reichard's *Itinerary of France*, Galignani's or Plantas's *Paris*. Galignani's Book and Reading Rooms, are No. 18 Rue Vivienne, where the American and other papers, list of strangers, &c., may be seen, and other information obtained.)

PARIS.

- The Louvre
- The Tuilleries
- The Palais Royal
- The Luxembourg
- The Panthéon
- Notre Dame
- St. Sulpice.
- St. Roch
- Abbaye St. Martin
- The Place Vendôme
- Garden of Plants.
- Royal Library
- Champs Elysées
- Arc de l'Etoile
- Bois de Boulogne
- Chambre des Députés

Hotels: Meurice's, in the Rue Rivoli is the most fashionable and expensive; 'Hotel de Lille et D'Aibion,' opposite the Palais Royal, a good house frequented by the English; Hotel du Portugal, Rue du Mail; 'Bellevue'; 'Brighton'; 'Congrès'; Rue Rivoli.*

Presuming Paris to have been already visited, you will remember seasonably to get your passport *risé* by the different Ambassadors of the countries through which you intend to pass, viz. the Imperial and Sardinian Ambassadors, the Minister of the Swiss Cantons, the Pope's Nuncio, and the French Minister for Foreign Affairs and Police. This will probably occupy three days, which time can be agreeably divided between the Cabinet de Lecture, the Gallery of the Louvre, and the ex-Musée Charles X., the Bibliothèque Royale, Conservatoire des Arts et des Métiers, Jardin des Plantes and Museum, the Tuilleries garden lounge, and the Theatres.

If any length of time be devoted to Paris it will be advisable to remove from the

* For the peculiar merits of these and other hotels, see the Paris Guide Books. Meurice's is doubtless the best for those who do not speak French.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|--------|---|
| Opéra Francais | Miles. | hotel to some <i>appartemens meublés</i> , which may be had for forty francs a month. Although there is, in fact, no half price at the Theatres, you can always buy return-checks at the doors for various prices; so you can also sell your own if you do not wish to stay out the whole entertainments. Do not drink much iced water lest *****. Go to St. Cloud and Versailles in a <i>coupou</i> —you will see life and save expense. They always ply on the Quai by the Pont Louis XV. But, gentle reader, as Paris is only a link in the chain, let us on.* |
| Théâtre Fran- cais | | |
| Variétés, &c., &c. | | |
| Concerts Musard | | |
| Hôtel de Ville | | |
| Val de Grace | | |
| Les Invalides | | |
| Les Gobelins | | |
| Sèvres Porce- lain | | |
| St. Cloud | | |
| Versailles | | |
| Les Trianons | | |
| By DIJON to BESANCON. | 245 | A place of renown, worth exploring—old Burgundian Capital. |
| SWITZER- LAND. | | An ancient fortified town, finely situated. Environs picturesque. It contains Roman antiquities. A Diligence runs from Paris to this place whence it will convey you to Lausanne, Neufchâtel, or Geneva. |
| BALE or BASEL | 40 | (See Ebel's Switzerland and Atlas.) An excellent city, finely situated on the Rhine, over which is a bridge 280 feet long. The Cathedral and Town Hall are worthy of notice. The Trois Rois is an excellent Hotel, but generally very full. From this place you cannot continue posting, but must hire horses as after mentioned. |
| Cathedral Town Hall | | |
| BADEN | 40 | Situated in a valley, possesses fine warm baths, which are considered very bracing, |

* In proceeding to Switzerland and Italy, you may take the route named below, or that by way of Lyons or Geneva, [See 'Memoranda,'] or (the quickest and cheapest) by Lyons and Marseilles, and thence by steamboat to Genoa and Naples, returning by the Simplon through Switzerland.

- Miles. particularly for females, and are much frequented on that account.
- ZURICH 18 The Bridge, Lake, and Walks will engage your attention. L'Epée is a delightful Hotel close to the Lake, along the banks of which are some beautiful rides and walks. There is always a great conflux of company here in the season, and this Inn is the great resort, but it is certainly not cheap. At this place, as well as at all the principal towns in the country, you can hire a good sociable, which closes when necessary, and will carry four persons and a servant on the box, for which you pay about eighteen francs a day, and three for the driver. This will travel at the rate of thirty-five miles per day and more but you must pay the same for his return, so that it will be advisable to trace your route so as to enable you to discharge him not far from his home. They generally start early in the morning, and rest three hours in the middle of the day, thus making two long stages.
- RAPPERSWYL 18 A delightful place, with an excellent Inn close to the Lake and Bridge. The drive to this place along the *Zürich See* is truly picturesque, the Lake being studded with towns and villages. This would be a fit place for a repose of a few days.
- WESEN
by
GLARUS
to 20 Another delightful place, where there is a comfortable and reasonable Inn at the end of the Lake of Wallenstadt. This excur-

| | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------|---|
| LINTHAL and return to WESEN. | Miles. 40 | sion may be omitted if pressed for time : but it may be made in one day, starting early. It is a fine drive through mountain scenery of great beauty. There is a curious bridge over the Linth. Giarus is a large manufacturing town on the Linth, and a place of pilgrimage. From Wesen you may continue your route up the lake to Wallenstadt. There is no carriage road, but there is a Passage Boat Daily which takes you for 2 fr. Thence you may continue your journey to the Baths and Monasteries of Pfeffers, which would detain you six hours ; afterwards to Coire, in German Chur, half a league from the Rhine ; thence by the Via Mala, across the new road, over the Splugen to Como. You may post from Coire. The road is excellent, through mountain-passes of the utmost sublimity, meriting its Italian cognomen of Via Mala, from the circumventing horrors. This is the nearest way into Italy through Switzerland ; but in pursuing the Route here given for exploring more of Switzerland, you must proceed from Wesen to Zug. |
| WALLENSTADT. | | |
| PFEFFERS. | | |
| COIRE or CHUR | | |
| VIA MALA by The SPLUGEN | | |
| ZUG. | 40 | A curious old town at the head of the Lake. Here you take a boat to the end of the Zuger See, as the Lake is called ; and on landing you can hire horses to ascend the Righi Kulm, (see Keller's Panorama,) where you obtain a magnificent view of the greater part of Switzerland ; descending on the |
| ZUGER SEE or LAKE OF ZUG. | | |
| RIGHI KULM | | |

- LAKE of LU-
CERN, or Lake
of the 4 cantons.
SARNEN. Miles. other side by the Lake of Lucerne, or continue your mountain journey to Sarnen; or if you are not disposed to ascend the mountain, you may take a boat; and after walking about a mile, arrive at the
- LUZERN. 25 Lake of Luzern, where you engage another boat which will take you direct to the Town of Luzern; or if the day is before you, traverse the lake previous to reaching the town. The carriage you take to Zug, (if you have one) must meet you at Luzern; Hotel de Cygne.
- Hotel de Ville.
- Arsenal.
- Cathedral
- Library of Cap-
uchins.
- Pfyffer's Plan.
- SOMEVILLE.
- THUN. 25 The drive to this place is through a fine, fertile and hilly country. The Lake of Thun is very beautiful, and the Town is a very striking object. From this place commences some of the finest scenery in all Switzerland.
- INTERLAKEN,
UNTERSEEN. 34 As its name implies, is situated between the Lakes of Thun and Brienz, near the old romantic town of Unterseen, which is watered by a rapid river running between the two lakes. Besides the Hotel there

Miles. are several Boarding-Houses, which cannot by law take you for less than seven days. The charge is 5fr. per diem. Horses, donkeys, gigs and boats, are kept for the visitors ; the number of English residing here at a time being very considerable. The Glaciers are magnificent, and you can drive there and back in one day, which I have included in the above distance. Indeed, I know of no place where a few weeks may be spent more agreeably than at Interlaken. There are also excellent Hotels close to the Glaciers, both at Grindelwald and Lauterbrun, where you may revel amidst mountain scenery of the most sublime description,—adding as it were a key-stone to your stock of awe.

**GRINDELWALD
and
LAUTERBRUN.**

BERNE.

The Town House.

Cathedral

Hospital

Arsenal

FREYBURG.

Cathedral

VEVEY or VIVIS

- 18 The very best town in all Switzerland, with houses built on arches. The Hotels are good. The walks round the town afford many fine views, particularly from, the terrace near the cathedral, commanding a view of the Aar. The Cathedral is worth visiting, as is also the Hospital. The Arsenal contains the arms of William Tell.
- 18 A very old, romantic town on a high hill on the Saane or Sarine. The side towards Berne is truly extraordinary, being perpendicular in many parts, and surrounded by the river. The Cathedral and Jesuit's College are worthy of notice. There is a good hotel.
- Charmingly situated on the Lake of Gen-

- Miles eva, the descent into which for several miles affords good views. It is an agreeable place for residence, as provisions are cheap, and there is good society.
- CASTLE OF CHILLON and back to Vevey. 12 This ancient fabric is immortalized by Bonnivard, and the British Poet who sang his doom. Approach it poetically or not at all—stone and mortar else have no charm. The drive to it is by the Clarens of Rousseau, through vineyards by the side of the Lake.
- LAUSANNE. 21 May be taken by steamboat. It is pleasantly situated at a short distance from the Lake, having a sort of port in OUCHI, a town on the banks. The town is old, the streets steep, yet it contains a number of good houses. The public walks are well laid out and command fine views. Visit the Cathedral. Lausanne was the abode of Gibbon and John Kemble, and is much resorted to by the English in the summer months, and indeed for general residence. There is a very excellent hotel. A steam-boat goes every day to Geneva, as well as to Vevey. There is also a diligence which sets off early every morning for Geneva, and arrives there at eleven. The drive is along the Lake, passing Morges, St. Préx, Rollec, Nyon, Copet, Ferney, and several pleasant villages and chateaux. There is also a diligence which goes three days in the week to Milan.
- OUCHI.
- Hotel de Ville
- The Hospital
- Notre Dame
- Gibbon's House
- La Maison de Force
- Le Chateau
- Cathedral
- MORGES Considerable commerce is carried on here.

Miles. Its port, harbor, and warehouses indicate enterprize.

| | |
|--|---|
| ROLLE. | A pleasant town with valuable baths. |
| NYON. | A place of great antiquity. |
| COPET. | The château of Necker and Madame de Staël. |
| FERNEY. | The château of Voltaire—out of the carriage road. |
| GENEVA or GENF. | 33 At the end of the Lake of the same name. The Alps, Mont Blanc, the Jura, frown along the horizon : while the near hills, which rise on either side of the Lake smile with verdure. The ramparts are pleasant walks, commanding fine views. There are several excellent hotels, generally crowded with company ; the ‘Bergues,’ is one of the largest and best in Europe ; and at a distance of one mile is the Hotel Sêcherons, much frequented by the first families, consequently not for a travelling bachelor. Diligences go from Geneva to all parts. Rousseau was born here, as were also Bonnet and Necker. |
| St. Peter | |
| The Arsenal | |
| The Academy | |
| Ramparts | |
| The Theatre | |
| Hotel Secherons | |
| CHAMOUNI by SALENCHE, in order to ascend | 60 A small village, in a charming valley at the base of Mont Blanc, supported by travellers. There are two comfortable hotels where the company generally meet at table d'hôte. Start early on your ascent, and reach Montanvert to see the Glaciers, which is a fatiguing operation ; but, by the assistance of a guide, and if you are not a pedestrian, by a horse, part of the way, it may be well accomplished ; indeed, if you go alone, two guides will be necessary, but |
| MONT BLANC. | |
| Cascade d'Arpe- | |
| nas | |
| Les Bains St. Gervais. | |
| Cascade de Chede | |
| Lac de Chede | |
| Le Jardin | |
| Le Montanvert | |
| Mer de Glace | |
| Glacier de Bois | |

Glacier des
Bossons
Cascade de la
Barberine
Le Pont St.
Martin
Cascade de
Bonnant

Col de Balme
over
MOUNT ST.
BERNARD
to

MARTIGNY
or
MARTINACH

SION, (Sitten)
and
SIERRE, (Siders)
across the
SIMPLON to
ITALY,
(See Reichard's
Italy)
by

DOMO D'OSSOLA.

Miles.

each person must have one at 6fr. each, and 3fr. for a horse ; and if ladies are of the party, it may be advisable to have a chaise, à porteur, for which you pay 20fr. A whole day must be devoted to this excursion, which I need not assure you will amply repay fatigue and expense.

You have now to cross mountains covered with snow, for which purpose you engage mules and guides from Chamouni. Stop at the Convent at the top of Mount St. Bernard, and there sleep. You then descend to Martinach in the Valais, (Wallis,) where you join the great road to Simplon from Geneva. You could now get into Italy over the great St. Bernard by Cite d'Aosta and Ivrea to Turin. The Val d'Aosta is surprisingly beautiful.

[Note.—If you are not to go Italy, see the route from Martigny to the north of Switzerland and Germany in the second part of this work, where the Swiss tour is reversed.]

The drive through the Valais is very pleasing. The road through the valley of the Rhone or Rhodan, which extends to Brieg, being along the banks of that river, which it crosses near Riddes, and again at Sierre, amidst fine mountain-scenery. Sierre or Siders is replete with antiquities. From this place the Simplon may be said to commence. It takes nearly a day to cross it ; and by starting from Sierre very early in the morning, you reach Domo d'Ossola on the Italian side, about five in the afternoon. Or, if you like to remain

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| Great Gallery near Gondo | Miles. | all night at the village of Simplon, to start afresh towards the beauties of Dovedro and Crevola, the Inn will be found very comfortable, with the recommendation of being 4840 feet above the level of the sea, and offering chamois and a light champaign to solace you in your fatigue. Across this stupendous Pass, full of Nature's wildest looks and her sweetest smiles, you are conveyed in a char à-banc containing four persons, and built so low that you descend when you please. The road into Italy is very sublime, and will be enhanced even by a due portion of, not fear perhaps, but something very like it. A diligence leaves Geneva, as I have before stated, three days in the week, which will engage to take you to Milan, but you must stop short of Milan |
| Galerie de Schalbet — d'Algaby — de Ganthar | | |
| Galerie d'Yeselle — des Glaciers | | |
| Ponte Alto | | |
| Pcnt de St. Maurice | | |
| Dovedro and Crevola | | |
| Defile of Dove- dro | | |
| Val d'Ossola | | |
| Pont de Crevola | | |
| BAVENO 130 | | at Baveno, on the Lago Maggiore, where there is a good Hotel near the Borromean Islands ; having seen which, return to Baveno and take the steam-boat, which passes every morning down the Lake from Sesto Calende. |
| on the LAGO MAGGIORE | | |
| BORROMEAN ISLANDS. | | Go to Laveno, where there is a tolerable Hotel on the right. The Lake presents a fine variety of scenery, and is at the end encompassed with stupendous mountains. |
| SESTO CALENDE LAVENO and Lake of Como | | Hire a carriage to Lugano, a pleasant Lake abounding with fish, not far distant, to the extremity of which take a boat, and there hire a carriage to Cadenobbia, a town on the Lake of Como, where there is an excellent Hotel, and an intelligent landlord who |
| LAKE of LU- GANO. | 15 | |
| CADENOBBIA. | | |
| LAKE of COMO. | | |

- Villa Pliniana Miles. speaks English. This is a most interesting excursion, and brings you about two-thirds down on the Lake. There are some charming chateaux to be seen, containing statues and paintings; one of which, a little higher up, take a boat and see, ascending a hill which commands the three divisions of the Lake, afterwards returning to the Hotel. The steam-boat stops for passengers at the Hotel on its way to Como. This is certainly the Queen of Lakes—Nature and Art alike embellish it. Villas and villages sparkle on its banks, amidst verdant uplands and luxuriant gardens. With a mind at ease and body "unwrung," Como *might* be a paradise. To those doomed to even "the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall," it is torturingly beautiful, appearing like a thing got up for the occasion "by particular desire," "full of cunnynglye contrived beautyes and choyce devyces."
- Steam-boat 45 This is a very good town, with an excellent Hotel. The walks by the Lake are very pleasant, being surrounded by villas. The Cathedral is ancient and worthy of notice.
- Como 25 A noble city, and most decidedly the best in Italy. The suburb white marble Cathedral, with the tomb of St. Carlo Borromeo, malgré its intrusive Grecian windows, ought to enchant *you*, having this advantage over an Italian that to you, marble is somewhat of a *rara avis*,—to him, *niente*. The Circus, the Arch of Napoleon—the
- MILAN,
in Italian Mila-
no,
in German
Mayland.
Cathedral
Chiesa di S. Al-
lessandro
— S. Maria
— S. Lorenzo
— S. Victor

| | |
|--|--|
| — S. Ambrozio La Scala Theatre La Canobiana Gallery Gymnasium The Palace Amphitheatre The Hospital Refectory of Sta. Maria delle Grazie Last Supper Villa Belgioso Marengo Gate | <small>Miles.</small> Scala (the largest theatre in Europe)—the Picture Gallery and Museums, Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper in the Refectory, together with the drives and walks, will afford great amusement. The white of the Austrian uniform often hurts the eyesight. The Hotels are the best in all Italy, and not expensive. There are in all of them Tables d'Hôte, at 4 o'clock ; and if you stop any time, they will contract at so much per day. There is no diligence from here to Florence ; but there is a malle-post three times a week, which carries two persons at four pence per mile each. |
|--|--|

(Note.)—From Paris to Milan, direct over the Simplon, is about 540 miles ; but by taking the route through Switzerland, it is double the distance.

| | |
|---|---|
| TURIN or , TORINO through ALEXANDRIA and NOVI. La Superga The Cathedral — St. Filipo Neri — La Consolata Corpus Domini, &c. &c. Palazzo Carignano King's Palace University Teatro di Carignano Grand Theatre The Grand Walk PAVIA to | 72 A drive through a flat but rich and fertile country, leads to Turin, the capital of Piedmont and of the states of the King of Sardinia. The Palace, the Town-House, the Superga, (the burial place of the royal family,) about five miles distant, must not be omitted. You have also a very extensive view of the mountains of Savoy. The Hotel on the Grande Place is the only good one. Should you deviate in this route and go to Pavia, do not omit seeing the Chartreuse. |
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- GENOA**
in Italian
Genova.
The Bochetta
Palazzo Andrea
— Durazzo
— Rosso
— Doria
— Ducale
— Carega
The Cathedral
Chiesa S. Maria
— Annunciata
— S. Ambrogio
— S. Stefano
— S. Dominico
Promenade of
Acqua Verde
Bay
Teatro S. Agostino
The Hospital
— Incurables
Albergo dei Po-
veri
- SPEZIA**
- LUCCA**
PISA
- Leaning Tower
- Campo Santo
- The Arno
- LEGHORN,**
in Italian
Livorno.
- Miles. 120 This is a fine mountain drive, replete with the richest scenery, the latter part over the new road across the Bochetta. There is a good diligence from Turin to Genoa, stopping one night at Alexandria, a town in great decay, but with a tolerable Hotel. The descent into Genoa by the Bochetta is very grand. The Palaces and Churches in Genoa are among the finest in Italy, and abound with choice paintings. The Bay is second only to Naples. The hills are covered with vineyards forming an amphitheatre round the city. There is a fine Theatre, and the Hotels are upon a grand scale. Take a boat and row about the bay.
- Pursuing your road to the South, you will pass Spezia with its splendid harbor, and the marble quarries of Massa.
- Lucca, a fine city, with Cathedral and Churches adorned with paintings. Pisa, the remains of a large ancient town, but very dull. The Cathedral, Cemetery, Leaning Tower, Monastery, Botanic Gardens, are all curious objects. The Campo Santo will of course be visited. The Arno flows through the town, over which are three bridges. This is considered the best and mildest place for invalids in Italy. House-rent in the winter is high, but provisions are cheap.
- 158 Leghorn, about 12 miles from Pisa, is a very large trading sea-port, with a safe harbor. Amongst its population are 20,000

Lazzaretto
LEGHORN TO
FLORENCE
and
ROME
returning by
The ADRIATIC
and
BOLOGNA.

Jews, who inhabit one part of the city. One long street runs through it, but the place is dirty and the houses old, wanting the aristocratic look of the other Italian cities. Industry may thrive here, but the traveller's epicurean vision will seek in vain for the treasures of art,—the badge of Italia. It is resorted to for bathing in the season. The Lazzaretto is worth noticing. You may go from Leghorn to Florence, a fine drive of 70 miles, through villages, (the inhabitants of which are engaged in making straw bonnets,) and thence to Rome, in which case you will not return through Florence, as hereafter proposed, but by the Adriatic and Bologna.

MARSEILLES TO
GENOA,
LEGHORN,
CIVITA VEC-
CHIA,
NAPLES.

Note.—Those who go to Rome through the South of France will find a steam-boat that leaves Marseilles three times a week, and proceeds to Naples, landing passengers at Genoa, Leghorn, and Civita Vecchia, and this would save both expense and time, if the sea could be depended on, and there would be nothing lost in point of country, since, by returning from Naples to Florence, you would pass the same route by land. It is calculated that by this plan ten days would be saved in going to Naples—and the voyage, after allowing for stoppages at the several places, cannot in fair weather exceed three days, having no tide to contend with.

There is no regular diligence going from Leghorn to Rome, so that you must go by Vetturino.

SIENA.

The Cathedral
and Library.
Tower of La
Mangia
Tolomei Col-
lege
Church of the
Augustines
— S. Martino
— S. Quirino

Siena stands high and enjoys the sea-breezes. It is considered the best air in Italy for a constant residence, being free from malaria, on account of which, and for its cheapness, many English reside there. It is a large old town, with several Churches worthy of notice, particularly the Cathedral, which is a superb edifice adorned with fine paintings, especially the frescoes of

— Carmelites
Public Palace
Museum

by
AQUAPENDENTE,
BOLSENA,
VITERBO,
to .

ROME.

Miles. Raffaello, some curious Mosaic, and busts of all the Popes.

The country through which you afterwards pass is hilly, and is strewed with old towns, where you will find good accommodations, although both the country and inhabitants are very poor, cultivation being much neglected.

160 Traveller, thou approachest Rome ! If thou hast a grain of enthusiasm, unbar the flood-gates of thy feelings and thy memory,—whelming thy former littleness of conception in the grandeur that awaits thee. Rome bursts upon thy view ! Imperial—Republican—fallen Rome ; fallen, yet not shorn either of dignity or respect. Where Cæsar once trod, there wilt thou tread. Where Cicero once spoke, there wilt thou speak. Where once the masters of the world ruled in magnificent despotism, thou wilt now behold—but enough—behold and form thine own conclusions. . . . I am but a guide, and yet, forsooth, must soliloquize and lecture. Pardon, gentle reader, and on.

Porto del Populo
Piazza Navona
— di Spagna
— Monte Cavallo
— Colonna
— St. Giovanni Laterano
Arch of Titus
— Constantine
— Severus
Temple of Jupiter Stator, &c.

The Porto del Populo ushers you into Rome through the magnificent Piazza del Populo, where you can choose of three streets,—di Ripetta, del Babuino, del Corso, which shall have the honor of leading you to further wonders. To attempt to describe Rome in this Itinerary would be absurd, and I can only refer you to "Vasi's Rome," which will give you a

Palazzo Pontifical
 — Farnese
 — Braschi
 — Giustiniani
 — Corsini
 — Spada
 — Colonna
 — Alfieri
 — Borghese
 — Barberini
 — Rospigliosi
 — Matteo
 — Chigi
 — Bonaparte
 — Me. Citorio
 — di Sciarra
 — Doria
 — di Venizia
 — Senatorio
 — de Conservatori

The Forum
 The Capitol
 The Pantheon
 Palace of the
 Cæsars

St. Peter's
 Chiesa di St.
 Giovanni
 — Sa. M. Maggiore
 — St. Paolo
 — St. Pieo. in
 Vincoli
 — Sa. Agness
 — Maria degli
 Angeli
 — S. Ignazio
 — Maria del
 Popolo,
 &c. &c. &c.

complete description of it, and point out the best mode of seeing the lions. You may live here very reasonably. A bed at the Hotel, Il Gran Vascello, in the Strada del Condotti, near which the English reside, costs 1s. 6d. per night. Dinner, à la carte, at the great Restaurateur leading out of the same street, 2s. 6d. including wine. Breakfast at a Coffee-House, 1fr. This you will find very comfortable. At dinner you meet excellent society, of every country, as all the artists dine in a great room where there is a table for each country. From them yon will meet with much attention, and derive useful information. At the Hotel Gran Bretagne, English is spoken. Sig. Cicognani, is the American Consul at Rome.

Allow no preconceived notions to interfere with your enjoyment of St. Peter's; do not quarrel with it for appearing less than it really is; for not, in fact, bullying you into awe. Measure yourself against the pillars—which begin where others end—mark where the plinth *soars*—then say you are disappointed if you dare. Think of Buonarotti rather than Bernini. The Vatican has any number of halls, staircases, and windows that any traveller chooses to say. Doctors do not quite agree as to their interminability: there are quite enough to forbid your counting, therefore be satisfied. Enjoy it, for it is

Loggie di Rafaello
 Library
 Museo Chiaramonti
 — Pio Clementino
 Sistine Chapel
 Last Judgment
 — Sibyls
 Coliseum
 Villa Mattei
 — Ludovisi
 — Borghese
 — Madama
 — I'amfili
 — Albani
 — Doria
 — Farnese

^{Miles.} the topmost peak of delight. Raffaello's Loggies and the Sistine Chapel will speak for themselves in the mighty accents of the mightiest genius. Visit the Coliseum by moonlight, and afterwards say, if you can, that you are no poet. Splendid Palazzi cluster in heaps. Villas circumvent you with choicest treasures—triumphal arches and columns rear their stately forms at every step, and splendid churches vie with each other in almost every street. Reader! I envy thee thy future or present delight.

"Discordant relics of each fleeting age
 That gild yet stain Rome's proud yet humble
 page,
 Where monarchs, heroes, legislators breathed,
 Time spreads his sable arms with ivy wreath'd.
 Low lie the masters of the antique world,
 Low at their feet their haughty eagles hurled ;
 Yet round their unknown graves some trophies lie,
 That breathe a majesty which ne'er can die."

Awake—Rome seems a dream—yet your dreams can scarcely equal it.

NAPLES
 in Italian
 Napoli.
 The Cathedral
 Chiesa SS.
 Apostoli
 — S. Martino
 — S. Dominico
 — Sa. M. dei
 Carmelitani
 — S. Severo

160

As there is no diligence from Rome to Naples, you must go by Vetturino, the charge for which is about 4*d.* per mile, which includes bed and supper, finding yourself breakfast. The journey is made in four days and a half. Whenever you engage your place, always stipulate for a front seat; and by all means reduce your bar-

— Francesco di
Paolo
&c. &c. &c.
Campo Santo
Royal Palace
Palace of Capo
di Monte
Palazzo Vecchio
University
Castle of St.
Elmo
— del Uovo
— Nuovo
Piazza di Palazzo Reale
Theatre St.
Carlo
— St. Ferdinando
The Ridotto
Museum
The Chiaja

CASERTA.**Pozzuoli.**

Grotto of Pausilippo

Lake Lucrino
Sibyl's Baths
Lake Avernus
Elysian Fields
Baia
Virgil's Tomb

ISLAND OF CAPRI
SORRENTO.
PÆSTUM,
POMPEII,
MONTE VESUVIO,

Miles. gain to writing. The back part of these carriages, in general, is disagreeable ; and if the drivers tell you there are no others, do not go, *id est*, say you will not. The entrance into the noble city of Naples from the top of the hill is strikingly beautiful—the magnificent bay spreading before you. The Hotel de Russie is in a good situation. The Museum will repay the traveller's fatigue in perambulating its halls. It abounds in reliques from Herculaneum and Pompeii, as well as paintings and sculptures. However, for the principal objects in Naples, I must once more refer you to "Vasi's Naples." The Royal Palace of Caserta, 16 miles from Naples, deserves notice, but of that anon.

Engage a carriage at Naples to take you to Pozzuoli and wait your return. See the grotto of Pausilippo and the Cathedral, formerly a pagan temple consecrated to Augustus. Take a boat to Lake Lucrino, the Sibyl's Baths, Lake Avernius, Elysian Fields, Baia, and the Amphitheatre to Pozzuoli : and on you return, visit Virgil's Tomb—a pilgrimage of taste and sentiment—which may be performed in one day, and will form a basis for the reflection of years.

Another day take a boat with four men to the Island of Capri, the den of Tiberius ; thence to Sorrento, where you must dismiss your boat, and engage a carriage

| | | |
|---|--------|--|
| | Miles. | to go to Pæstum, Pompeii, and Mount Vesuvius, Herculaneum, and the Palazza Favorita, to Naples ; the whole of which may be accomplished in four days. |
| HERCULANEUM, Palazza Favorita back to NAPLES | 150 | If you have already exhausted your curiosity at Naples, you will not have occasion to remain there longer than to prepare for your return, for which your passport must be visé.* |
| CASERTA. | | In returning from Naples, hire a carriage to go round by Caserta to Capua, a circuit of about eight miles, by which you are enabled to see the greatest Aqueduct in Italy, it being many miles in extent. The magnificent and immense Palace of Caserta is rich in costly marbles, and possesses a beautiful chapel. The gardens and groves are well laid out. |
| Aqueduct | | |
| Palace | | |
| CAPUA and ROME. | 170 | Sleep at Capua, and take up the Vetturino which comes from Rome, (in which you must previously engage your seat.) It arrives about ten in the morning. It generally reaches Mola di Gaeta early, and rests for the night. There is an excellent Hotel close to the sea, and most enchanting views. The remains of Cicero's Villa and Garden, the latter filled with oranges, figs, and peaches, in the natural ground,—the hills covered with olives and bay trees, encompassed by a background of stupendous mountains, with the Bay of Gaeta before you, to explore which properly you must hire a boat. |
| MOLA DI GAETA. | | |
| Cicero's Villa | | |
| Bay of Gaeta. | | |

* There is a steam-packet from Naples to Palermo, during the summer.

Miles. Here then you combine, not only truly classic regions, but also the very spot ever to be revered by the true Christian, being the identical route over which the great Apostle Paul was led captive to plead his Master's cause.

36 Do not omit, whilst at Rome, to make an excursion to that most classical, most lovely spot—Tivoli,—to view the Cascade and the remains of Roman Villas, and the Temple of Vesta. Frascati must also be seen. In Italy, in fact, what must not be seen?

TIVOLI
and back,
return from Rome
by
Temple of Vesta.
Frascati.

PERUGIA.

FLORENCE, 195
in Italian,
Firenze.

Val d'Arno
The Baptistry
Chiesa St. Marco
— S. Spirito
— Sa. Croce
— S. Lorenzo
— Ma. Novello
— del Carmine
The Arno
Hospital Sa. Ma.
Nuova
Royal Museum Nat.
History
Academia Florentina
Magliabechiana
Library

Royal Gallery
Palazzo Strozzi
— Riccardi
— Corsini
— Gerini
— Vecchio
— Pitti, &c.

A fine and most interesting country, being the place where the famous battle of Thrasymenus was fought by Hannibal.

The capital of Tuscany, at the foot of the Appennines, in the lovely Val d'Arno, watered by the river of that name. If Italy be the garden of the world, the Val d'Arno is the garden of Italy. The Etrurian Athens boasts of a pure climate, a pure language, and of being the cradle of Dante and Buonarotti, amongst the many mighty names that quaffed inspiration in “la bellissima Firenze.” The Arno flows through the city, and is crossed by four bridges. The surrounding hills are covered with vineyards, and olive and bay trees, interspersed with Monasteries and beautiful Villas.

The Royal Gallery of Florence is one of the finest collections in the world; and the Tribune is, perhaps, the richest room of the whole. See the collection of the Palazzo Pitti, notwithstanding its prison exterior.

The Duomo

The Campanile
Leaning Pillar
The Pergola
Theatre
Cocomero
Teatro Nuovo
Boboli Gardens
The Prato
— Cascine

Miles. The Duomo is an imposing edifice. "Its magnitude, no less than the costliness of its workmanship and material, strikes forcibly at first." The Campanile, which stands by the Duomo, is an elegant tower faced with marble. The Park, the various Churches, (particularly the Jesuits,) the Leaning Pillar, the Bologna Gate, the Anatomical Museum, and the one of Natural History. The whole city is replete with splendid buildings. It has, however, at first, a heavy effect. There is a malle-poste from Rome to Florence, but no diligence; it carries two passengers, at an expense of 4d. per mile. The Hotels of Florence are excellent; and there is the Hotel Suisse, a large boarding-house, at 25s. per week. Mrs. Clark's, an English boarding house; and Madame Hombert, who keeps three hotels, all good.

Appennines

As there is no diligence from Florence to Bologna, you must take the vetturino. For about 45 miles of the road you ascend the Appennines, from the summit of which you see the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. There is a Hotel, where you rest at night, and where you are sure of meeting travellers passing and repassing. Hence to Bologna is a descent.

ROME TO
BOLOGNA,
by TERNI,
NARNI,
PESARO,
RIMINI.

(*Note.*)—Should you be disposed to omit Florence, or supposing you to have seen it in your way, there is a malle-poste for one passenger, which goes direct from Rome to Bologna, a distance of 350 miles, by Terni, Narni, across the Appennines by Pesaro and the Adriatic, in which, by making a bargain, you may be taken for four guineas, although more is asked. You are out three nights and two days. It is an excellent post-chariot, with four horses, and two dragoons as an escort. There is also a diligence, which goes nearly by the same route, but a little more circuitous, by Rimini, in five days, resting occasionally at night.

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----|--|
| BOLOGNA | 64 | At Bologna there are fine Statue and Picture Galleries, and the first Anatomical Museum in all Italy. The Church of the Virgin, with a covered walk to it of three miles. An Opera House. The Hotels are not particularly good. It is a very large city but gloomy, owing in a great measure to the arched pavements. There is no mail or diligence on this road. The country, though rich, is flat and uninteresting, except Ferrara, there being no place worthy of notice. |
| Academy of Fine Arts | | |
| Anatomical Museum | | |
| Church of the V.r.in | | |
| The Palace Cathedral | | |
| Chiesa S. Petronio | | |
| — Celestini | | |
| — S. Salvatore | | |
| — S. Domenico | | |
| — S. Procolo | | |
| Palazzo Aldobrandi | | |
| — Zampieri | | |
| — Zambeccari | | |
| Asmelli Tower | | |
| Garisenda — | | |
| FERRARA | | |
| VENITIA | 102 | Venice—floating Venice—is about five miles from the main land by water. Whoever has seen Canaletti, has seen Venice even as it is—majestic, yet forlorn. The Doges have passed away, and their realm of enchantment has sunk into a manacled slave. The only horses to be seen are the four of St. Marc. The only trees are in the Royal Garden. The only banners are those of Austria,—its only glory the past. Engage a gondola by the hour, and row round the canals; for in this <i>land of waters</i> pedestrianism is treason against the <i>soil</i> . The objects most worthy of notice are, the Arsenal, (with thoughts of what it was,) the Palace of the Doge, and their portraits, with Faliero's <i>Pall</i> , the most impressive picture of the whole; the eccentric and splendid Cathedral of St. Marc; the Piazza; and the Campanile; the elegant |
| or | | |
| VENICE. | | |
| Palazzo Grimani | | |
| — Casa Manferrino | | |
| — Barberigo | | |
| — Pisani | | |
| — Pesaro | | |
| — Rezzonico | | |
| The Dogana | | |
| The Arsenal | | |
| St. Mark | | |
| Piazza di S. Marco | | |
| Palace of the Doge | | |
| State Prison | | |
| Rialto | | |
| Bridge of Sighs | | |
| Chiesa S. Giorgio Maggiore | | |
| — Frari | | |
| — S. Giov. e Paolo | | |

Miles. Rialto ; Bonaparte's Palace, Picture and Statue Gallery.

Academy of Arts

— Francesco
de la Vigna
— S. Salvatore
— Il Redentore
— of the Jesuits
— Maria della
Salute
— S. Caterina
— Scalzi
— S. Zaccaria
— S. Sebastiano
— S. Giobbe
&c. &c. &c.

Piazza di Brag-

lio

Hotel
Teatro della
Fenice

VERONA

90

Amphitheatre

Cathedral

Roman Arch

Lago di Garda

25

In the Academy of Painting are some fine productions of Titian ; his exquisite Pietro Martire, and Assumption of the Virgin, also the Miracle of St. Marc, by "the sweeping Tintoretto." Many of the private Palaces have also fine collections. In taking lodgings, recollect the higher you choose apartiments the better, for the canals are often offensive. If fashion restrain you from such altitude, recollect that *such* is the fashion in Venice. Besides which, the anomaly of a *fashionable* traveller ! The Hotel de la Gran Bretagna is a very good house, and not expensive. The cypress wine here is excellent, and deserves to be quaffed. Old recollections, and the epicurism of the present, equally prompt to the libation.

There is a malle-poste which goes from Venice to Verona three days in the week, carrying four, which sets off at night, and arrives at ten next morning. The Roman Amphitheatre is a splendid monument of antiquity, ranking next to the Coliseum. The Cathedral ; the Tomb of the Capulets ; Juliet's Tomb, two miles off ; the Roman Arch, are all worthy of notice. The environs are beautiful, and are highly interesting to those who chronicle bloody deeds, on account of the battle fought by Bonaparte with the Austrians.

The excursion to this beautiful Lake will

and back to
VERONA.

The Brenner

BRIXEN

THE TYROL.

Miles. only occupy one day, and will amply repay the traveller. Lakes may be truly called “gems of the purest water, set in the verdant earth.” They invariably create pleasing emotions, from the facility with which they are received by the eye and the mind. Nothing can be more lovely and sublime than this route. You gradually advance into mountain scenery, by a fine road skirting the river Adige, a rapid, winding river. On one side are hills planted with vineyards and shrubs ; on the other, rugged rocks. There is a malle-post, which carries four, as far as Brixen, about 90 miles ; whence you must go to Innspruck by vetturino ; but the same malle-poste is continued on to St. Gall and the Lake of Constance in Switzerland.

The Tyrol properly begins at Brixen, where the scenery assumes a grand character. The Glaciers and the stupendous Mountain Passes, the Tyrolean Costumes and decorated Houses, add to the picturesque effect.

If you can divest yourself of the idea of bravery and happiness on entering the Tyrol, you are perhaps the first traveller who has done so. There are certain harmless associations which should be considered sacred, and the halo of the Tyrol is so free from the noxious qualities of most irradiations of fame, that it behoves you, gentle reader, even though you be an author, to spare the land of Hofer.

INSPRUCK Miles. 215 Inspruck or Iunsbruck is situated in the Valley of the Inn, which wafts its glassy stream through the town, amidst mountaint scenery of extreme grandeur. It is divided into the old and new towns, the latter containing some grand edifices, amongst which is the Imperial Palace, built by Maximilian, but finished by Maria Theresa, in 1766. The Riesensaal or Hall of Giants has a plafond painted by Maulbertsch. The Chapel should also be seen. The University; the Palace of the Government; the Landhaus; the Triumphal Arch erected in 1765; and St. James's Church, will also deserve attention. There are various pillars and statutes which ornament the city. The rides and walks are very picturesque. The Golden Sun in the New Town is a good Hotel.

*GERMANY.***SALZBURG****HALLEIN
to
VIENNA****Danube**

(See Domeier's or Reichard's Germany.)

There is a diligence goes from Inspruck to Salzburg, and continues its route to Vienna, it being the grand route of the Emperor to Milan. Salzburg is highly worth seeing for its picturesque situation. The Palace and Castle are of great antiquity. The Salt-Mine at Hallein will repay the trouble of a visit. There is a diligence also goes from Salzburg to Munich. If the traveller should feel disposed, to extend his journey to Vienna, this can be easily accomplished from this place, and return either by the Danube to Frank-

Miles^{*} fort, or by Dresden ; and there are commodious diligences go the whole of both routes.

MUNICH
in German
Munchen
through
AUGSBURG

Glyptotheca

Palace

Royal Gallery

to
STUTTGARD

HEIDELBERG

The capital of Bavaria, on the Iser, a fine and improving city, and a good place of residence. The Hotels are excellent, with Tables d'Hôte frequented by the first company, both ladies and gentlemen. But the great *gem* of Bavaria is the Glyptotheca or Museum of Sculpture, built from designs by Leo Klenze, at the expense of Louis I., a monarch whose love and pure taste for the refined arts bid fair to make his small state an object of pilgrimage to all men of *vertù*. It is in the centre of the north side of the Konigs Platz. There are twelve halls of extreme beauty, being radiant with marbles, mosaic and gold.

The Palace, with its magnificent saloon, the Gardens, the University, with 1000 students, Italian Theatre, the Royal Gallery of Pictures, Prince Eugene's Gallery, with Canova's Graces, and many other attractions :—it is altogether a pleasant, cheerful place, and very reasonable.

There is a diligence from Munich to Stuttgart in one day. This city has the appearance of a large country town, although the capital of Wurtemburg. It is a pleasant place, with a fine palace and gardens. Is a place worthy of attention, from its imposing appearance, presenting grand views down the river Neckar. The ruins are

Miles. grand. It has a good hotel. From Stuttgart there is a diligence either to Frankfort or Mannheim.

(See *Panorama of Maine.*)

**FRANKFORT
on the
MAINE**

Cathedral

This is a splendid city on the Maine, the seat of the Diet. It is embellished with walks laid out with great variety, which extend round the town in the place of the old fortifications. The Hotels are very large and splendid. Conveyances may be had to any part of Germany. The fair is the second week in August. The Cathedral, the Cabinet of Paintings and Statues, are not of the first class; but the Reading-Rooms are spacious, and admittance may be easily obtained on application to Messrs. Gogell and Co. the bankers.

The RHINE

COBLENZ

Ehrenbreitstein

(See *Schreiber's Rhine and Panorama.*)

From Frankfort you leave the Maine, and get into the Rhine, passing Mayence,* down to Cologne by steam-boat, and stop at any of the intermediate places, but above all at Coblenz to view the Castle of Ehrenbreitstein and fortifications, a scene of surprising grandeur, even though Turner and Stanfield have done their best to spoil your first impressions of the Rhine. There is an excellent Hotel on the Grand Parade, where there is a good Table d'Hôte, well attended. A diligence goes the whole route, scarcely losing sight of

* From Mayence there is a steamer direct to London for about 6L, which stays a day at Cologne and Rotterdam.

| | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| COLOGNE | Miles. the Rhine the whole way to Cologne. See Cologne Cathedral. |
| AIX LA CHAPELLE | Aix-la-Chapelle (in German, Aachen) will afford much pleasure. Charlemagne has spread a halo around it. His ashes lie in the cathedral. The Bettendorf Gallery of Pictures. |
| MAESTRICHT or by | The direct road thence to Brussels is by Maestricht, which is very dull; but by going twenty miles round by Liege, thence to Namur and Brussels, you have a most delightful route, a diligence going the whole way. For forty miles from Liege to Namur you go by the side of the Meuse amidst enchanting scenery. In going this route, by deviating a little in your way to Liege, you may also see Spa, but no diligence goes there. |
| LIEGE | |
| NAMUR | |
| The Meuse | |
| SPA | |
| NAMUR | Namur is finely situated, and on account of its fortifications is well worth seeing. The inns are excellent, and a day may be well employed in going from Namur down the Meuse to Dinant, a distance of seventeen miles, returning by a diligence, thus seeing the finest part of that river. |
| DINANT | |
| BRUSSELS | 35 |
| WATERLOO | (See Romberg's Brussels.) |
| | Brussels is a beautiful city, the seat of the government. The Palace, the Chambers, the Park, St. Gudule, and other objects, will be found worthy of attention. Hire a carriage (if you have more time than is here indicated) to Waterloo, 'to fight the battle o'er again.' Peace follows war |

Miles. *ergo*, it is a pilgrimage of peace. See the Marquess of Anglesea's boot and foot grave. Wonder at the smallness of the field, at the Belgian Lion, if it be still there, at the folly of hard knocks, and return to Brussels.

| | |
|---------|------|
| by | |
| LISLE | |
| to | |
| DUNKIRK | |
| and | |
| CALAIS | 130 |
| Total | 3610 |

GHENT

BRUGES

COLOGNE
to
NIMEGUEN
ARNHEIM
AMSTERDAM
The HAGUE
ANTWERP
BRUSSELS

from
COLOGNE
by
DUSSELDORF

WESEL

NIEMGUEN

ARNHEIM

From Brussels, either take the diligence, which runs daily between that place and Calais, allowing you to sleep one night at Dunkirk, where the Hotel de Flandres deserves attention, being one of the best inns on the continent; or by Ghent and Bruges to Ostend, thence by sea to Margate or London.

Bruges is a fine old town, replete with vestiges of the grandeur of the Counts of Flanders.

When at Cologne on your return to Brussels, you can pursue the Rhine by steam-boat to Nimeguen, thence to Arnheim, Amsterdam, the Hague, Antwerp, and Brussels, which you may do in about ten days.

(See Boyce's *Belgian Traveller*.)

Starting from Cologne by steam-boat, you pass Dusseldorf on the right bank of the Rhine, a handsome town, celebrated for the remains of its Gallery of Pictures. The next place of any importance is Wesel, at the confluence of the Lippe and the Rhine. It is a fortress of the first order. Nimeguen is a strong, well-peopled town, with some handsome Churches. From Nimeguen to Arnheim by land, about 22 miles.

AMERONGEN

UTRECHT
to
AMSTERDAM

Museum

Stadt Huis

BUYKSLOET
BROEK

Arnhem, the capital of Guelderland, is pleasingly situated. Before the Rhine enters the Netherlands, it loses much of its characteristic beauty, dwindling into a commonplace stream. From Arnhem proceed to Amerongen, thence to Utrecht, one of the most beautiful cities in Holland ; the view from the church spire being one of the most extensive in Europe. Utrecht to Loenen, thence to Amsterdam. The *Venice* of Holland is built on the confluence of the Amstel and the Y, being the triumph of perseverance and ingenuity in rearing a noble city on a morass which consisted but of a few fisherman's huts, when many cities of Flanders had already attained celebrity. The lover of art will find much in Amsterdam to delight him. The Museum boasts of Rembrandt's huge work, "The Night Watch," and Vanderhelst's equally stupendous production of the "Treaty of Munster." A portrait of Peter the Great is also worthy of remark. The Royal Palace in the Dam is an enormous pile, and the interior is interesting. The Grand Hall is one of the largest in Europe. Three days may be spent well in Amsterdam, although it would trench upon the ten days allowed. The Bible Hotel, Warmoe's Straat, was, when the author was there, a very comfortable Hotel, the master speaking English. By crossing the Y to Buyksloet, you hire a carriage to take you to Broek, a beautiful specimen of a Dutch village. Returning

SAARDAM

Peter's Hut

HAARLEM

Church

LEYDEN

Castle of Altenberg

to Buyksloet, thence to Sardam, where Peter the Great lived and worked. His cabin is still preserved, with a book full of autographs. From Amsterdam proceed by canal to Haarlem, in the treckshuyt. Haarlem is one of the principal towns in Holland. It is celebrated for its noble defence against the Spaniards, in 1572, when after the most fearful scenes of carnage and famine, it was forced to surrender to its ruthless foes, and fifty-seven of the best hearts in Holland shed their life-blood to purchase a remission of the sanguinary decree of extirpation. St. Bavon, the largest church in Holland, contains the celebrated organ—the largest in Europe.

Ths treckshuyt will again take you on your journey at a gliding pace of three miles an hour, and land you at Leyden, another celebrated town, built on the old bed of the Rhine. The Rapenburg, a noble street, with a canal in the centre, was the scene of the frightful explosion in 1807. The Town Hall should be seen : it contains pictures and curiosities ; amongst the former, two to be esteemed by every patriot of any country, representing the Siege and Relief of Leyden. The University has an enviable renown, if not a brilliant one. By all means visit the Castle of Altenberg, and never mind the water-spouts : it is perhaps the only specimen of a mound in Holland, except the embankments, which will always astonish and

Catwyk

In Dutch
S'GRAVENHAGE,
 in French
LA HAYE,
 in English
THE HAGUE.

Palace in the Wood

SCHEVELING
 or
SCHEVENINGEN

ROTTERDAM

often frighten the timid traveller. You will hear a roaring “as of mighty waters,” and on ascending the barrier, you will discover, indeed, the wide sea to have been above you, as you were before *down* on Dutch land. If you would prize human intellect and determination, visit the works of Catwyk, the noble preserver of the noble Rhine from a sandy grave. The plans were pronounced impossible ; but as great nations are ever stimulated to the impossibilities of weak ones, the Dutch overcame all that “could not be,” and made a mighty thing out of discouragements and dangers. The Canal will take you to the Hague, the seat of Dutch royalty, and a very agreeable town, although at times the canals are even more annoying than dusty streets. The Royal Museum is well worth the traveller’s attention as it contains a fine collection of pictures, amongst others the celebrated Bull, the size of life, by Paul Potter ; and a small picture of Simeon and the Infant Jesus by Rembrandt. Walk through the Wood, a very agreeable promenade to the Palace, where the painted Hall offers specimens of the Dutch and Flemish historic painters. Take a morning trip to Scheveningen, about two miles distant, a village on the sea-shore, inhabited by fishermen, remarkable as the spot where William I. landed in Holland. Do not get tired of canals yet, for you must even go by one to Rotterdam through

DELFT

Delft, where you will have no time to stop. Rotterdam is second only to Amsterdam; it is intersected with canals, and the houses with their gables have a heavy, but picturesque appearance. The English traveller will be struck with the size of the doors, and the uncontinental habit of cleanliness so apparent in Holland.

For further particulars of Holland and Belgium, see Boyce's *Belgian Traveller*.

The traveller can now either embark at Rotterdam for London, or take the diligence or steam-boat to Antwerp.

Antwerp is well worthy a visit. It has many treasures to offer to the artist and man of taste. The Cathedral with its network spire, and the pictures of Rubens in the transept, will attract, even after the beauties of Italy. The Museum is also very rich in master-pieces. The painter will, of course, visit Rubens' House, many parts of which are in *sainte quo*. As Rembrandt is the "mighty magician" of Holland, so Rubens is the "dazzling meteor" of Flanders, and their works at every step reward your toil.

And now, gentle traveller, leaving you to return either by Brussels or Ghent, I humbly take my leave.

ROTTERDAM
to
LONDON
or to
ANTWERPEN

Cathedral

Museum

Ruben's House

BRUSSELS
and
GHENT

A P P E N D I X.

I. TABLES OF EXPENSES.

I. Of a Travelling Bachelor, in 1836.

ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

| | L. | s. | d. | Miles. | Days. |
|--------------------------------------|----|----|-----------|--------|-------|
| Liverpool, hotel, &c..... | 1 | 6 | 0.... | 3 | |
| To Manchester and do..... | | 13 | 0....30.. | 1 | |
| To Birmingham and do..... | 1 | 2 | 0....80.. | 2 | |
| To Warwick and do..... | | 12 | 0....24.. | 1 | |
| Excursion to Kenilworth..... | | 11 | 0....8.. | | |
| To Stratford-on-Avon, and hotel..... | | 14 | 0....16.. | 1 | |
| To Oxford and do..... | 2 | 6 | 0.. 50.. | 4 | |
| To London..... | | 15 | 0....40.. | 1 | |
| Hotel in London, one day..... | | .2 | 0.... | 1 | |
| Apartments four weeks..... | 6 | 6 | 0.... | 28 | |
| Living &c., same time..... | 4 | 0 | 0.... | | |
| | 18 | 17 | 0 | 248 | 42 |

Journey to Scotland.

| | L. | s. | d. | Miles. | Days. |
|---|----|------|-----------|--------|-------|
| Boat to Hull and hotel..... | 18 | 0... | 275.. | 2 | |
| Coach to York and do..... | 1 | 0 | 0....16.. | 2 | |
| do. to Newcastle and do..... | 1 | 6 | 0....70.. | 1 | |
| do. to Melrose and do..... | | 1 | 0....60.. | 1 | |
| Excursion to Abbotsford and Dryburgh..... | | 11 | 0....12.. | 1 | |
| Coach to Edinburgh..... | | 7 | 0....26.. | 1 | |
| Hotel at Edinburgh, one week..... | 1 | 15 | 0.... | 7 | |
| Coach to Perth and hotel..... | | 15 | 0....45.. | 1 | |
| Excursions to Dundee..... | | 12 | 0....44.. | 1 | |
| " to Scone and Dunkeld..... | | 16 | 0....36.. | 1 | |
| Coach to Stirling and hotel..... | | 13 | 0... 40.. | 1 | |
| do. to Callender and do..... | | 10 | 0....24.. | 1 | |
| do. to Loch Achray and do..... | | 10 | 0....18.. | 1 | |
| Boat, &c., on Loch Katrine..... | | 6 | 0....8.. | 1 | |
| Boat on Loch Lomond and poney..... | | 7 | 0....15.. | 1 | |

| | L. | s. | d. | Miles. | Days. |
|--|---------------|--------|-------|--------|-------------|
| Cars and boats from Tarbet to Inverary and Hotel at Inverary..... | 19 | 0 | 30 | 1 | |
| Boat to Glasgow and hotel..... | 13 | 0 | 0 | 2 | |
| Coach to Edinburgh via Falkirk and Linlithgow.. | 10 | 0 | 40 | 1 | |
| Hotel at Ed. and St. bt. to London..... | 4 | 0 | 0 | 400 | 3 |
| Excursions from London and board..... | 4 | 0 | 0 | 150 | 7 |
| Cost..... | <i>L.</i> | 40 | 3 | 2 | 1657.79 |

FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND GERMANY.

| | Francs. | Miles. | Days. |
|--|---------|--------|-------|
| To Paris, via Dover and Boulogne with hotel, &c. | | | |
| at Boulogne 3 days..... | 113 | 292 | 5 |
| Hotel at Paris 2 days..... | 14 | ... | 2 |
| Apartments at do. 2 weeks..... | 15 | ... | 14 |
| Passports, meals, &c. | 46 | ... | |
| Diligence to Geneva via Lyons..... | 68 | 370 | 4 |
| Hotels, etc., on the road..... | 16 | ... | |
| Do. and board at Geneva, 5 days..... | 26 | ... | 5 |
| Excursions with a party to Chamouni, Martigny, and St. Bernard, back to Lausanne, in all..... | 75 | 210 | 7 |
| Diligence to Beine, and hotel..... | 25 | 72 | 2 |
| " to Thun and do..... | 8 | 18 | 1 |
| Boats, mules, guide, &c., to Luzerne..... | 47 | 90 | 3 |
| Exc. to Rhigi, and hotels | 21 | 10 | 1 |
| Boat, etc., to Zurich, and do..... | 18 | 35 | 2 |
| Diligence to Schaffhausen, and hotel..... | 19 | 30 | 3 |
| " to Offenbourg, and do..... | 31 | 120 | 1 |
| " to Carlsruhe, and do..... | 18 | 60 | 1 |
| Steamboat to Mayence, and do..... | 22 | 75 | 1 |
| Diligence to Frankfort, and do..... | 13 | 25 | 2 |
| " Leipsic, and do..... | 81 | 212 | 4 |
| " Returning to Mayence..... | 99 | 237 | 4 |
| Steamboat to Cologne, and hotels..... | 28 | 112 | 2 |
| Diligence to Aix, and do..... | 13 | 46 | 1 |
| Do. to Liege, and do..... | 12 | 25 | 1 |
| Do. to Namur, and do..... | 10 | 41 | 1 |
| Do. to Brussels, and do..... | 13 | 40 | 3 |
| Railway to Antwerp, and do..... | 16 | 24 | 3 |
| Diligence to Ghent, and hotel..... | 15 | 32 | 1 |

| | Francs. | Miles | Days. |
|---|------------|------------------|-------|
| Diligence to Ostend, and do..... | 14.... | 60..1 | |
| Steamboat to London..... | 45.... | 150..1 | |
| Cabs and sundries..... | 40.... | | |
| Cost..... | 5)981 | 2382.76 | |
| | | or \$196. | |
| In England and Scotland as above, 40 <i>l.</i> say..... | \$200... | 1657.79 | |
| Add fees, guides, passports and sundries, say..... | 100... | | |
| Passage both ways..... | 325... | 7000 65 | |
| 7½ months,..... | Total..... | \$821..10939 220 | |

For which you may make the extensive and varied European tour described imperfectly in this work ; i. e., this sum covers all *necessary* expenses of travelling and living *respectably*; but it is of course no difficult matter to spend five times as much, if you choose, especially if you are a lover of wines, which in England are expensive, but on the continent the *rins des pays*, through which you pass, cost comparatively little.

Ireland, Wales, excursions to the Northern Counties and lakes of England, and some other places which you may wish to visit, are not included in this table.

ITALY.

For those who intend going to ITALY, (and who would not, if it were possible?) I annex the following tables of expenses of tourists from London :—

FIRST TOUR.

| | L. | s. | d. |
|--|----|----|----|
| Expenses from London to Calais by steam, including all charges of portage, and meals on board..... | 2 | 6 | 6 |
| Hotel at Calais, and journey by diligence direct to Paris..... | 3 | 5 | 10 |
| Ten days at Paris, lodging at the Portugal Hotel, Rue du Mail | 4 | 17 | 6 |
| Travelling expenses through Lyons (where I slept) to Turin, over Mont Cenis..... | 7 | 8 | 6 |
| Turin one night, and travelling to Genoa by vetturino..... | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Three nights at Genoa..... | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Travelling by vetturino to Florence..... | 2 | 12 | 0 |

| | <i>L. s. d.</i> |
|---|-------------------|
| Florence, two months' residence, including every expense..... | 11 0 0 |
| Travelling expenses from Florence to Rome, vetturino..... | 2 0 0 |
| Rome, four months, lodging nine crowns a month, every additional expense, including a trip to Tivoli..... | 22 0 0 |
| Travelling through Ancona, Bologna, and Ferrara, to Venice..... | 4 0 0 |
| Venice, one month..... | 5 0 0 |
| — to England, through Vicenza, one night, Verona, one night, Milan, two nights, over the Simplon, Lau- sanne, one night, Geneva, two nights, Dijon, through Paris, Havre, Southampton..... | 25 0 0 |
| [Say \$460.] | <i>L. 92 10 4</i> |

SECOND TOUR.

*Route from London to Naples, and return by the Tyrol and
the Rhine.*

| Miles. | Travelling Expenses. |
|--|-------------------------|
| | <i>L. s. d.</i> |
| Calais, per steam-boat..... | 100.....1 16 0 |
| Paris, per diligence..... | 180.....2 4 2 |
| Switzerland, Lausanne by Besançon, by diligence, 380..... | 3 13 6 |
| Italy, Milan by diligence, over the Simplon..... | 300.....3 8 0 |
| Bologna, through Parma, Reggio, and Placentia, by vetturino..... | 150.....1 16 0 |
| Florence, over the Appennines, by vetturino, sup- per and bed included..... | 80.....0 19 2 |
| Leghorn and Pisa, and back to Florence, by vet- turino..... | 126.....0 14 4 |
| Rome, by Sienna, by vetturino, beds and supper included..... | 200.....2 0 0 |
| Naples, by vetturino, beds and supper included..... | 180.....1 7 1 |
| Pozzuoli and back..... | 12.....0 2 |
| Share of boat to Baia..... | 8.....0 5 0 |
| Share of carriage to Paestum, and back to Naples..... | 35.....0 4 2 |
| Rome, by Caserta, by vetturino, beds and suppers included..... | 180.....1 10 0 |

| | | | | | |
|---|--|------|-----|------|------|
| Bologna, by Terni, Narni, Spoleto | Pesaro, and the Adriatic, per mail, with guards | 280 | L 4 | s. 4 | d. 0 |
| Ferrara, by vetturino | 25 | 0 | 4 | 2 | |
| Venice, by water, per the Brenta | 95 | 0 | 15 | 10 | |
| Verona, by Padua, per mail | 90 | 0 | 18 | 6 | |
| Bötzen, by the Adige, per mail | 120 | 1 | 1 | 6 | |
| Inspruck, by vetturino, bed and supper | 90 | 0 | 16 | 6 | |
| Munich, by vetturino | 105 | 0 | 14 | 7 | |
| Stuttgart, by Augsburgh, per diligence | 150 | 1 | 14 | 10 | |
| Mannheim, per diligence | 70 | 0 | 16 | 7 | |
| Mayence, per diligence | 45 | 0 | 9 | 10 | |
| Coblenz and Cologne, steam-boat in 12 hours | 130 | 1 | 4 | 0 | |
| Brussels, by Aix-la-Chapelle, per diligence | 140 | 1 | 7 | 0 | |
| Dunkirk, by Lisle, per diligence | 112 | 1 | 0 | 0 | |
| Calais | 25 | 0 | 5 | 0 | |
| London, per coach and boat | 100 | 2 | 12 | 6 | |
| Total | 3508 | L 38 | 4 | 7 | |

The whole performed in three calendar months, viz. 92 days.

| Expenses as above, | L. | s. | d. |
|------------------------------|------|----|----|
| Living, 2 <i>l.</i> per week | 38 | 4 | 7 |
| Passports | L 1 | 13 | 6 |
| Seeing places | 1 | 16 | 0 |
| Stamps for bills | 0 | 11 | 6 |
| [Say \$345.] | L 69 | 5 | 7 |

THIRD TOUR.

Route from London, by the Rhine, Switzerland and Italy.

Set off on the 8th Aug. 1829, and returned on the 1st Nov.

| | Miles. | | Miles. |
|---|--------|-----------------|--------|
| From London to Mayence, by Calais, Lisle, Brussels, Liege, Aix la-Chapelle, Cologne and Coblenz, up the Rhine..... | 600 | Heidelberg..... | 50 |
| Wishbaden..... | 5 | Carlsruhe..... | 40 |
| Frankfort..... | 22 | Strasburgh..... | 50 |
| | | Basle..... | 85 |
| | | Baden..... | 38 |
| | | Zürich..... | 14 |

| | | | |
|---|-----|--|------|
| Rapperswyl..... | 17 | Milan..... | 120 |
| Wesen..... | 20 | Como..... | 20 |
| Linstall..... | 22 | Lugano..... | 45 |
| Wesen..... | 22 | Laveno..... | 15 |
| Zug..... | 45 | Lago Maggiore..... | 35 |
| Lucern..... | 15 | Bellinzona..... | 10 |
| Sommerville..... | 40 | Coire..... | 75 |
| Thun..... | 25 | Wallenstadt..... | 30 |
| Interlaken..... | 18 | Wesen..... | 12 |
| Grindlewald and Lauterbrun and back..... | 34 | Zurich..... | 40 |
| Berne..... | 18 | Basle..... | 63 |
| Friburgh..... | 18 | Paris (by Colmar)..... | 35 |
| Vevay..... | 42 | Versailles and back by St. Cloud..... | 24 |
| Chillon and back..... | 12 | Calais..... | 175 |
| Lausanne..... | 12 | Dunkirk and back..... | 48 |
| Geneva..... | 33 | London..... | 97 |
| Chambery..... | 60 | | — |
| Turin (over Mount Cenis)..... | 167 | Miles..... | 2848 |
| Genoa..... | 145 | | — |

Absent 85 days—average 33 miles per day.

| Travelling 6 nights, Coach-hire, share of posting, &c. on the average 3d. per | L. | s. | d. |
|--|----|----|----|
| mile..... | 34 | 11 | 0 |
| Living 8s. per day..... | 33 | 1 | 8 |
| Books, seeing places, coach-hire, pass- ports, and bills of exchange..... | 2 | 7 | 4 |

[Say \$350. £.70 0 0

II. VALUE OF THE PRINCIPAL EUROPEAN COINS,

*In sterling money, and dollars and cents.**

| COINS OF GREAT BRITAIN. | Value in | | | | Value in |
|--|----------|------------------|----|---------|--|
| | L. | s. | d. | \$ cts. | |
| Penny..... | .. | 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ | | | Crowns of Tus'ny. 0 4 8 .. 1 5 |
| Shilling..... | .. | 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ | | | Pistole..... .. 3 20 |
| Crown, or 5s..... | .. | 1 12 | | | Carlin..... 0 0 4 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 9 |
| Sovereign, or 1l.... | .. | 4 44 | | | Roman Paoli..... 0 0 5 $\frac{1}{4}$.. 11 |
| Guinea, or 2ls..... | .. | 4 67 | | | |
| | | | | | GERMANY. |
| | | | | | [Accounts are made |
| | | | | | in rix dollars, flo- |
| | | | | | rins and groschen.] |
| Piece of 1 centime 0 0 1-10.. 0 1-5 | | | | | Austrian Kreutzers, 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| " 1 sou..... 0 0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 1 | | | | | " Groschen 0 0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 3 |
| " 5 " $\frac{1}{2}$ franc 0 0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 5 | | | | | " florin..... 0 2 9 .. 62 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| " 10 " $\frac{1}{2}$ " 0 0 5 .. 10 | | | | | " rix dollar 0 3 5 .. 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| " 15 " $\frac{3}{4}$ " 0 0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 14 | | | | | Hamburg rix dollar 0 4 6 .. 100 |
| " 20 " 1 " 0 0 10 .. 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ | | | | | Prussian do 0 3 0 .. 68 |
| " 40 " 2 " 0 1 8 .. 38 | | | | | " florin..... 0 1 0 .. 23 |
| " 20 " 5 " 0 4 2 .. 94 | | | | | Leipsic do 0 2 2 .. 48 |
| Napoléon 20 " 0 16 8 .. 3 81 | | | | | Saxon dollar..... 0 3 1 .. 69 |
| Louis d'or..... 0 16 8 .. 3 81 | | | | | |
| | | | | | HOLLAND. |
| | | | | | Kreutzer..... 0 0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 1 |
| | | | | | Batz..... 0 0 1 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 3 |
| | | | | | Livre..... 0 1 2 .. 27 |
| | | | | | |
| | | | | | ITALY. |
| Ducat of Naples.... 0 3 9 .. 81 | | | | | |
| Livre of Florence.. 0 0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$.. 16 | | | | | |

* N. B. The value is not always given exactly to a fraction, though near enough for the purpose of the tourist;—and it is the *par* value, exclusive of exchange. Thus the pound sterling, for instance, at the *par of exchange*, is worth \$4 80 to \$4 87 $\frac{1}{4}$. The best *hard* money for the tourist, is the English Sovereign, French Napoleon, and five franc pieces. These will pass for their full value in any part of the Continent; but the coins of other States had better be disposed of where they belong.

III. LIST OF SOME OF THE MORE RECENT BOOKS OF TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

Beattie : *Switzerland* and *Scotland* illustrated. Each in 4to, with fine engravings. London, 1837.

Beckford : *Italy*; with Sketches of Spain and Portugal. Philadelphia, 1834. 2 vols. 12mo.

[This work was written seven years since.]

— Brooks, (Jas.) : Letters from *Europe* in 1835. [Published only in the papers.]

Bulwer, E. L. : *England* and the English. New-York. 2 vols.

——— : Pilgrims of the Rhine. New-York. 12mo.

Conder : *Italy*. 3 vols., 18mo. London, 1833.

— Carter : Letters from *Europe*. N. York, 1837. 2 v.
(One of the best books on Europe.)

Codman, (Dr.) : Visit to England, &c. 1836.

Cooper, (J. F.) : *England, France, Switzerland and Italy*. 10 vo's. 1836.

Colton, (Calvin) : Four Years in *Great Britain*, 1831-5. 12mo. New-York, 1836. [Contains valuable statistics, &c.]

Dewey, (Orville) : The Old World and the New. New-York, 1836. 2 v.

(A delightful book, by an elegant writer)

Grant : The *Great Metropolis*. New-York, 1837. 12mo.

Haussez, the Baron d' : *Great Britain* in 1833. Phila. 1833. 12mo.

-
- Head : Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of *England*. New-York, 1836. 12mo.
- Hoppus : The *Continent* in 1835. New-York, 1837. 12mo.
- Irving, (W.) : 'Sketch Book,' etc.
- Jameson, (Anna) : Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad. New-York, 1836. 2 vols.
(The works of *art* in Germany and Italy are copiously and gracefully referred to in these volumes)
- Peale, (Rembrandt) : Notes on *Italy*, 1829–30. Philadelphia, 1831. 8vo.
- Puckler, (Muskau) : Tour in *England*, *France*, &c., in 1829. 1 v. 8vo. Philadelphia, 1833.
- Pompeii. 2 v. 18mo. Boston, 1833.
- Quin, (M. I.) : Steam Voyage down the *Danube*, etc. New-York, 1837. 12mo.
- Raumer : *England* in 1835. Philadelphia. 1 v. 8vo.
- Rush, (Richard) : Memoranda at London. 8vo.
- Slight Reminiscences of the *Rhine*, *Switzerland*, &c. Philadelphia, 1835. 2 vols.
- Slidell, (Lieut.) : An American in *England*. New-York, 1836. 2 vols.
- Stewart, C. S. : Society in *Great Britain*. 1834. 2 v.
- *Switzerland*, *France*, *Italy*, etc., illustrated by Prout and Harding, with letter-press by Roscoe. Landscape Annual, 1830–7. Also in quarto.
- Thorburn : Men and Manners in *Great Britain*. New-York, 1835. 12mo.
- Tour in *Holland*. 18mo, [Family Library.] London 1833.

Trollope, (Mrs.) : *Paris and the Parisians.* 8vo. New-York, 1837.

——— : *Belgium and Western Germany* in 1830. 8vo.

Willis, (N. P.) : *Pencillings by the Way. Europe generally.* 2 v. 1837.

Guide Books, etc.

1st. *General*: Brochedon's Road Book to Naples ; Hand Book for Travellers on the Continent ; Starke's Directions, &c. [See p. 23.]

England: Leigh's Road Book ; Leigh's Picture of London.

Scotland: Leigh's; 'The Scottish Tourist:' Picture of Edinburgh, etc.

Ireland: Leigh's Road Book ; Picture of Dublin.

France: Reichard's Itinerary ; Galignani's or Planta's Paris.

Switzerland; Ebel's

Italy: Reichard's: Vasis, Rome and Naples. Picture of Florence, etc.

Germany: Reichard's.—Panorama of the Rhine, etc.

Belgium: Boyce's.—Romberg's Brussels, etc.

IV. TOUR FOR HEALTH.

DR. JAMES JOHNSON, in his admirable work, "Change of Air, or the Pursuit of Health and Recreation," gives the following "Sketch of a Tour of Health." The following were the regular journeys and the points of nightly repose. 1. Sitting-bourn. 2. Dover. 3. Calais. 4. Boulogne. 5. Abbeville. 6. Rouen 7. Along the banks of the Seine to Mantes. 8. Paris, with various excursions and perambulations. 9. Fontainebleau. 10. Auxerre. 11. Vitteaux. 12. Dijon, with excursions. 13. Champagnole, in the Jura mountains. 14. Geneva, with various excursions. 15. Salenche. 16. Chammouni, with various excursions to the Mer de Glace, Jardin, Buet, &c. 17. Across the Col de Balme, to Martigny, with excursions up the Valais. 18. By the valley of Entrement, &c., to the Great St. Bernard, with excursions. 19. Back to Martigny. 20. Ivian on the lake of Geneva, with excursions. 21. Geneva. 22. Lausanne, with excursions. 23. La Sarna. 24. Neufchatel. 25. Berne, with excursions and perambulations. 26. Thoun. 27. Valley of Lauterbrunen, with various circuits. 28. Grindenwalde, with excursions to the Glaciers, &c. 29. Over the grand Scheidee to Meyringen, with excursions to waterfalls, &c. 30. By Erientz, lake of Brientz, Interlaken, and Lake of Thoun, with various excursions to the Giesbach, and other waterfalls, back to Thoun. 31. Berne. 32. Zoffengen. 33. Lucerne, with various excursions. 34. Zoug and Zurich. 35. Schaffhausen and falls of the Rhiae. 36. Mewstad in the Black Forest. 37. By the Vallée d'Enfer to

-
- Offenburg. 38. Carlsruhe, with excursions. 38. Heidelberg.
40. Darmstadt. 41. Frankfort on the Maine, with excursions.
42. Mayence, with excursions. 43. Coblenz, Bingen, Bonn,
&c. 44. Cologne. 45. Aix-la-Chapelle, with excursions.
46. Liege. 47. Brussels, with a week's excursions. 48.
Ghent and Courtray. 49. Dunkirk. 50. Calais. 51. Dover.
52. London.

This tour occupied the months of August, September, and October, being taken by slow journeys to suit invalids.

MEMORANDA

MADE DURING A TOUR OF EIGHT MONTHS IN GREAT BRITAIN, AND ON
THE CONTINENT, IN 1836.

I.

The Voyage—Liverpool.

Liverpool, April 6, 1836.

DEAR MOTHER:—Nineteen days only have passed since the last link which bound us to home and the steamer Hercules was severed from our goodly ship England off Sandy Hook, and with the usual feelings of all generous and patriotic hearts on such occasions, we bade you and

“Our native land, good night!”

And now we are three thousand miles apart, and an ocean rolls between us.

The voyage was very like others which have been ‘written of in books’ by Geoffrey Crayon and his numerous successors. It was short and sweet, and had ‘a plentiful lack of incident;’ and you will certainly not expect me to make any new disclosures of the wonders of the great deep. Our gallant captain, ‘rough, bluff, and seven and twenty,’ (i. e. when the representative of Juliet Capulet sailed with him,) was as courteous and popular as ever; the life of the company, the genius of good order, and the leader of all the fun. And then the mate, who

was always teaching our noble ship the ‘push along, keep moving system,’ was the same Curtis* whom Fanny has immortalized—the hero who shook her roughly by the arm, to awake her to the glories of New-York harbor by sunrise. And we had, too, a well-assorted variety of passengers, including a young couple, going forth on a bridal tour—and all inclined to be merry and sociable. And like the rich man in the parable, we fared sumptuously every day. Truly it was a pleasant time we had. I almost concluded that the terrors of a sea voyage were fabulous ; for we could scarcely have been more *comfortable*, even, at our best hotels. You well know how famous are our packet ships, particularly those of the Liverpool line, for beauty, fast sailing, and elegant accommodations ; and the ‘England’ is second to none.† ‘She walks the water like a thing of life.’

You may perhaps be interested in the few *mems* made during the passage, but as to “*story*, bless me ! I have none to tell, sir !”

March 16th, (first day) : steamer left us at 3 1-2 P. M. Before dark, the last faint glimmering of land had disappeared, and we were alone on the vast expanse of ocean, with the heavens for our canopy. At dinner, the worthy captain, the despotic sovereign of our little world for the time-being, introduces its inhabitants to each other, with some occasional *bon-mots*, ‘taking wine’ with each at the

* Then of the ‘Pacific.’

† I was gratified to find that the New-York packets are visited among other lions at Liverpool, as models and curiosities in naval architecture.

table in succession, and ‘doing the honors’ with both dignity and good-humor.

17th. Awakened by the lowing of the cow, crowing of chanticleer, and gabbling of the ducks,—strange sounds for a morning at sea. We go ‘ten knots;’ sea begins to swell.

* * * *

18th. I must acknowledge a queer feeling, a little anti-salubrious, for a couple of hours, but now I am well as ever, though the ship rolls, and pitches, and thumps me and the moveables about most unmercifully. Saw for the first time what the sailors would call a ‘heavy sea;’ which tosses our huge vessel like an egg-shell, and but for the nonchalance of the captain, and the coolness of the sailors standing on the ropes and yards a hundred feet above, and projecting over the dark abyss, a landman might think there was danger in’t. You know my propensity for quotations:—did you ever appreciate Byron’s apostrophe to the Ocean?—

“Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty’s form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made: each zone
Obeyst thee; thou goest forth dread, fathomless, alone.”

And then how *accurate* are the lines:—

“O'er the glad waters of the *dark blue sea*,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free.”

The water is literally of this color, and looks very different from that near the shore. But the sublime, the awful commotion ; the dark waters lashed into snow-white foam, rising into vast hills and forming fearful chasms between ; and yet our gallant bark rides proudly over them and goes on her way ‘ rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.’ Splendid sunset—it looked ‘ for all the world’ like a pillar of fire, resting on the water. We have sailed five degrees in twenty-four hours.

19th. N. W. snow, rain, and hail storm—cold and dreary. Sea looks magnificently. Helped the captain assort the ship’s letters ; there are 6,159 ! and yet there is a packet from New-York to Great Britain seven times a month. While the men were discussing whiskey-punch for the ‘ health of sweethearts and wives,’ (as usual on Saturday evenings at sea) I was ungallant enough to be revising the ‘ London catalogue of books,’ and heard a whisper of one of the carousers :—

“ A ‘chiels’ amang us takin’ notes,
An’ faith he’ll prent it.”

22d. By the captain’s “observation” we are in long. 54 deg. or 1000 miles from New-York. Ladies still ‘ under the weather.’ After dinner, a concert of ‘ sweet songs’ from Zip Coon to Barney Brallaghan, and the captain’s ‘ Old England’s on our lee, my boys.’

25th. We do not lack diversion, and to-day we had fun extraordinary. Mr. —, a good-natured soul, not overstocked in his ‘ upper deck’ was formally indicted for divers misdemeanors, and brought before a regular court in

the ladies' cabin, with a jury of four, and the captain in suitable robes, perched on the bench as 'my lord the judge.' The district attorney, Mr. —— opened the prosecution with five 'counts'—charging the prisoner with entering the ladies' cabin without permission—riding a broom-stick on deck, etc., thereby putting said ladies in great bodily fear, etc., etc. Witnesses were called and cross-questioned, the case 'for the people' was ably argued, and I, as counsel for the prisoner, made out the defence, closing by a hint to his worship and the gentlemen of the jury, that

"The quality of *mercy* is not strained,
It dropeth as the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath." etc.

The judge 'summed up' and 'charged,' the jury retired, and brought in a verdict of guilty—his lordship put on his black cap, and pronounced sentence "that said —— shall not speak to said ladies for the space of twenty-four hours!"—It was all done with grave and legal form, and though you may think such chiid's play very silly, perhaps you would readily join in it to relieve the monotony of being day after day cooped up even in a floating palace like this. Long. 38 deg., or half-way to Liverpool; clapping of hands.

Sunday, 27th. Episcopal service in the cabin, and sermon by Rev. Mr. J.—We all joined in an appropriate hymn to the tune of Old Hundred.

28th. Dancing, games, singing, and recitations on

deck. Had a gale last night, which swept us along at the rate of 14 miles per hour. Breeze still fresh and fair.

31st. The sea has changed to deep green, so we must be near land.—P. M. We are now sailing along the coast of Ireland ; at three o'clock we first saw land distinctly, just *fifteen* days after bidding adieu to our own shores. The passage seems like a dream. It has averaged 233 miles per day. Sundry speeches and toasts at dinner, complimentary to the gallant seamen who had thus, as it were, ‘annihilated time and space !’

April 1st. As if in keeping with the day, we are cheated of our brilliant prospects by a storm and head wind. This Irish channel is the worst part of the voyage*—the motion of the vessel is much more disagreeable than in the sea, ‘the open sea’—‘the blue, the fresh, the ever free !’ Saw two steamboats—one bound from Bristol to Waterford ; also, a ship seemingly just dismasted, on the Welch coast. Eve. ; passed the ‘Columbus,’ bound out, and ‘signalized’ ourselves by two rockets. * * * *

4th. Well,—not to be too prosy, I will only ‘sum up’ the voyage with a ‘curtailed abbreviation’ of our ‘making’ Holyhead, the rocky point guarding like a sentinel, the entrance to Liverpool Bay ; and how we unkindly deserted our noble ship, which had borne us so gently and safely over the great deep, and stepped on board a pigmy steamer for the sake of landing a few hours sooner ; and how beautiful the dear old England looked as we thus left her in

* Vessels after crossing the Atlantic in 15 days, have been detained 17 more, by foggy storms in this channel.

the silence of a starry night, bearing up bravely against the tide with every inch of her canvass spread to the breeze, and seeming to reproach us with our ingratitude. Passing a fleet of vessels and a host of light houses, (one of which, a revolving many-colored luminary, guided us into the Mersey) we were landed at 11 P. M. at St. George's dock. By the way, what docks are those, my countrymen ! Substantial, spacious, well covered, and well paved : what a contrast to those in New-York. But hush ! I will not abuse home on my first day in Europe. Coachman drove us to the Adelphi—‘ quite full’—very sorry, ‘ recommended the Waterloo’—and so thither we posted, the Spaniard, the German, and I, the rest of us being scattered to the ‘ King’s Arms,’ ‘ Star and Garter,’ etc. And here I am, comfortably quartered in Liverpool !

5th. Rained all day of course—I expected no other introduction to ‘ merry England.’ The city looks much as I expected—buildings high, and of a smoky, sombre color. Store houses on the docks, immense piles, seven or eight stories high, gloomy as prisons. Town Hall, a handsome Corinthian edifice in a large square ; ciccione as portly and dignified as an alderman ; hardly dared to offer the *shilling* to so stately a personage, but he took it nevertheless, with a gracious bow. The halls are magnificent ;—the mayor’s ‘ receiving room’ alone, is as large as our ‘ Masonic Hall.’ Statue of Canning by Chantrey ; paintings by Sir Thomas Lawrence : and thus ends my first lesson in European lions.

There are no public tables at hotels in England, as you are aware. Each guest orders whatever he pleases, and dines by himself at whatever time he pleases: a custom convenient, though rather unsociable. And how *nice* every thing is—no gaudy show, but every thing appropriate and *good*. Some of the servants look more like a French dancing master in a ball dress, than like subordinates ordered here and there at your pleasure. And how respectful and obliging they are.

6th. So far as I have seen, Liverpool is less to be liked than New-York, the docks only excepted. The streets have a dark, dingy appearance, which makes one melancholy. But a glance under an umbrella is scarcely a fair test.

II.

Ride to Birmingham—Warwick Castle—Kenilworth—Stratford-on-Avon.

BIRMINGHAM, April 7. At seven yesterday morning, I stepped into one of the cars of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Near the dépôt we passed through a tunnel several hundred feet long, cut through a solid rock, and dark as Egypt. The speed varied from fifteen to twenty-five miles per hour. We passed eight or ten trains, some with passengers, others with coal or cotton goods. From the American packets at Liverpool they obtain the raw material, take it to Manchester, and return it in the shape of cases of calicoes, etc. Having travelled thirty miles in an hour and a half, before breakfast, we were at the 'Palace' hotel in Manchester, the busy city of factories and warehouses. I lacked curiosity enough to stay there more than a few hours, and therefore perched myself for the first time on the 'outside' of an English stage coach for the place of 'hardware.' Passed through Stockport, 'an ancient town,' noted for makers of hats. Some of the streets there, cross *under* the stage road, so that we rode *over* the houses and people below. Amusing notices along the road—'This land to lease for 999 years.' 'Vagrants and beggars beware!' 'Richard Shakspeare, licensed retailer of beer, porter, etc. *to be drunk* on the premises.' In a shabby little country village there was a 'Druggist to the Queen' in flaming letters; (query, does her Majes.

ty send there for her medicines ?) The country generally level, and the roads excellent ; some high hills in the distance. Passed several ‘gentlemen’s seats’ just observable from the road—with verdant lawns, neat ‘porter’s lodges’ and beautiful ponds, clear as crystal, and occupied by the graceful white swans. Coachee, strange to say, gave us time to discuss a tolerable dinner at Stafford, and then, driving through Buxton, famed for its mineral springs, Wolverhampton, and two or three more places, I was set down at the Albion in Birmingham, the best town I have seen yet in Albion’s isle, and we have a fine day to see it in. The market building is immense ; imagine *three* of the Boston market houses put together side by side, and open in the interior up to the roof of skylights, and you will have a pretty correct notion of this. The town-hall has an elegant Corinthian colonnade on all sides.

WARWICK, 8th, 4 P. M. I have just returned from a visit to the castles of Warwick and Kenilworth—excitement enough to make one speechless for the rest of the day. Need I describe what a host of learned *authors* have already made familiar to you ? However, you wished me to tell my own story in my own way, and now you may bear the infliction.* Warwick Castle is on a rock overhanging the Avon, but a few minutes’ walk from the town, and is not to be seen as you come near the grounds, till you arrive at the very walls. A well-dressed elderly man with a cockade like our ‘seventy sixes,’ answered my

* We say a few words more of Warwick as being a republican’s first lesson in such matters, and a fair sample of other ‘noble’ residences.

summons at the porter's lodge, and with a glance at his watch (strangers are not admitted after 11 A. M., while the family are here) took me into the 'lodge' to see the porridge pot of Guy Earl of Warwick ! (an iron bowl which would contain half a barrel) and the walking stick (eight feet long) and spear and helmet of this same Guy, and then sent me up to the castle itself, through a long circular pathway cut out of a solid rock, the walls on each side green with the creeping ivy. Novice as I am in these matters, you may well suppose me awe-struck by the imposing grandeur with which the lordly towers first burst upon the view. I passed under the battlements into the area, and found myself surrounded by massive structures of stone, forming a quadrangle, and covering *three or four acres*. Bewildered by the number of entrances on all sides, and not venturing to storm the castle by the principal portico, I finally found myself in the beautiful chapel, where a person was standing before the altar whom I charitably concluded was the Earl at his devotions. Presently entered the cicerone, a lady-like and intelligent person,* and I commenced exploring. Expecting to see nothing but dreary, antique halls, how was I delighted, when ushered into that magnificent range of apartments, extending three hundred and thirty-three feet in a line, on one side, only, of the castle, overlooking the river, and furnished in a style of which the epithet *superb* scarcely gives you an

* I was told that the cicerones at some of these 'show places,' pay several thousand pounds per annum for their situations, so profitable are the fees !

idea, as we apply it to things insignificant in comparison. And what is more, they looked *comfortable*; a bright coal fire in each room, with ottomans, and every modern elegance. Not to tire you with a catalogue, I will barely allude to the valuable paintings—*this* by Rubens, *that* by Vandyck; tables, curiously inlaid with brass, and others of variegated marbles, beautifully polished; an antique head of Minerva, truly exquisite in finish; ‘Queen Anne’s bed;’ tapestries; and sundry other luxurious articles which adorn these stately halls. I was shown all the rooms, save that at the moment occupied by the earl’s family; i. e., all in the *inhabited* part of the castle, which is only one-fourth of the whole. The views from these apartments are extremely pretty. The Avon meanders through the grove, one hundred feet below the castle: and

“Birds on the branches are singing,
While echo repeats their lay:
In an enchanting grove.”

Before taking leave, I was escorted (by special favor) to the armory, a long hall, and about six feet wide, actually *cut out of the thickness of the castle walls!* Here they had ancient armor of all sorts—Roman swords, helmets, spears, bows, and coats of mail.

You are aware that this is much the finest of the old English baronial castles—the most perfect and complete in all its parts, and the only one now remaining entire. It is the very *beau ideal* of strength, durability, and the picturesque, in happy unison. Its walls have been standing eight hundred years, and they look capable of existing as

much longer, and of defying the world with impunity. But now, the visiter, instead of being welcomed at the ponderous portals by warriors bold, is received by a pretty blue-eyed damsel, who will

“ Bow him through donjon-keep and hall
For three and sixpence sterling.”

And I departed, musing on ages past, when after a pleasant ride of an hour from Warwick, I was set down amidst a swarm of juvenile sellers of guide-books, at the entrance to the RUINS OF KENILWORTH. Here was a castle, once as extensive and impregnable as the one I had just visited : but now the massive walls are fast falling to decay, and the sheep are grazing in peace and quiet where all the magnificence of the Elizabethan age had been concentrated. A good-natured old man, who makes a business of showing the place, admitted me by the same portal through which passed England’s virgin queen, when she came to honor the princely entertainments of her favorite Leicester. The ruins are extremely picturesque in their present state, and show that the castle was of prodigious extent. I climbed up ‘ Cæsar’s tower,’ and looked down on the sites of the ‘ presence chamber’ and the little lake and floating island, where the ‘ water-nymphs’ had their aquatic sports to amuse the haughty, sensible, and capricious queen. The place is now a meadow for pasturing cows. And I peeped into the dungeons of Mervyn’s tower, ‘ where,’ said the old man, ‘ they put the bad folks, and they couldn’t get out,’ which seemed quite probable. What a pity, said I, that the walls of the castle should have been so battered

down. ‘Yes,’ said my ancient guide, ‘you may thank old Cromwell for that.’ These walls encompassing an area of *seven acres*, were ‘so spacious and faire that two or three persons could walk together upon most places thereof.’* But as Shakspeare says—

“The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like an unsubstantial pageant faded,
Or like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a rack behind.”

Well, after seeing so much I am going, the same day, to the house of him whose name and works will live long after these mighty castles shall have crumbled to the dust. Yes—like all dutiful travellers, I of course added my name to the list of illustrious pilgrims in the album at Stratford-on-Avon. The birth-place and the tomb of Shakspeare! Who would go to England and pass them by without a visit? What a host of grandissimos, besides the multitude of humbler gentry, have deigned to worship at this intellectual shrine!—or, in other words, to follow the old cicerone up those narrow back stairs to the lowly apartment where the Bard of Nature was cradled, and there to scribble their names on the rude walls, or in the goodly quarto. There I saw the autographs of ‘William Henry, Duke of Clarence,’ ‘Walter Scott,’ ‘Countess Guicciolli,’ ‘Coleridge,’ ‘Charles Lamb,’ with scores of similar names, and an army of them from the United States. I copied some

* Description published in 1539.

of the many inscriptions in the ‘Ollapod’ of an album, which you may like to have :

“ Of mighty Shakspeare’s birth, the room we see,
That where he died, in vain to find, we try;
Useless the search; for all immortal He,
And they who are immortal, never die.

WASHINGTON IRVING.”

“ Shakspeare! Thy name revered is no less,
By us, who often reckon, sometimes guess;
Though England claims the glory of thy birth,
None more appreciate thy pages’ worth,
Nor more admire thy scenes well acted o’er,
Than we of ‘states unborn’ in ancient lore.

JAMES H. HACKETT.”

‘The esteemed and lamented Carter :

“ Think not, Britannia, all the tears are thine,
Which flow, a tribute to this hallowed shrine;
Pilgrims from every land shall hither come,
And fondly linger round the poet’s tomb.”

‘1825. Nov. 18.

N. H. CARTER,
H. J. ECKFORD.

Not being ‘wise above what is written,’ I shall spare you a rhapsody of my own on the occasion. To tell the truth, as ill-luck would have it, I could not get up a fit of enthusiasm. I was not inspired even by the *impressive* little sign which is poked out over the door, and tells the heedless urchin of Stratford, as well as the eager pilgrim from foreign climes, that

“ The immortal SHAKSPEARE
Was born in this house.”

And then to be bowed up stairs and down,

“ For only sixpence sterling!”

'Twas cheap, to be sure ; but there was something droll in the idea. Of course, I spent half a crown beside, for seeing the tomb in the church, which, by-the-way, is a fine old edifice of its kind ; and mine host has also shown me, *gratis*, the mulberry tree in his garden, which was planted by the great bard himself. They are going to have a 'grand jubilee' here shortly ; and an oration is to be delivered by somebody whose name I have forgotten ; but as he styles himself *the American Tragedian*, you will know, I suppose, to whom this title belongs.

III.

LONDON.

Amusements—Paintings—Music—Princess Victoria—The King and Queen—Noted Singers—Literary Residences—The Tower—House of Commons.

London in May.—The 'fashionable season' is now in its prime. Parliament is sitting, and every body is in town. How strangely they arrange, or rather disarrange, the order of nature here in England ! Come to town in May, for the winter season, and go into the country in December, to spend Christmas ! Yes, if you wish to see London in all its glory, come here in the blooming month of May. The queen of cities then puts on her gayest attire, and all her thousand attractions and amusements are ready to draw on your purse. First, if you like *paintings*, there is the Royal Academy exhibition in Somerset House, which, by.

the-way, is soon to be removed to a part of the new National Gallery at Charing Cross, where you will see the collection of old masters recently exhibiting in Pall Mall. Then there is the Society of British Artists in the latter street, and two societies of painters, in water-colors; all of whose exhibitions are crowded with fashionables. They seem to pay special attention to this water-color department, and the present collections are really brilliant. In books, sculpture, natural curiosities, etc., there is that immense repository, the British Museum, freely open to all visitors. The Benevolent Society Anniversaries take place this month, at Exeter Hall; and there is always a great musical treat at St. Paul's for the charity children, and also for the sons of the clergy. Speaking of music, I was thrifless enough to go to Exeter Hall last evening, to the great musical festival, where six hundred performers, beside the organ and big drum, concerte together a ‘concord of sweet sounds.’ I wonder what a Connecticut singing-master, fortified with a pine pitch-pipe and a ‘Musa Sacra,’ would have said to it! The Dutchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria were to be there; and when they appeared in the front gallery seat, the whole audience rose, and gave them three cheers, which were, of course, ‘graciously acknowledged’ by their highnesses, with sundry bows. The princess is now seventeen, unnecessarily pretty, and dresses with a neatness and simplicity which would be a pattern for New-York belles. She appears to be intelligent, sensible, and unaffected, and is doubtless very thoroughly educated; they say she can speak nearly all

the languages of Europe. She is evidently the darling of the people, and, I hope, deservedly so ; but she must be a *very* fine girl, if she can wear all her honors, and sip all the flattery which is paid to her, and yet not be spoiled. Her mother, the Dutchesse, seemed to be a restless, bustling sort of person, and I set her down as being, at least, no more than a woman.*

Among the distinguished vocalists of the day, HENRY PHILLIPS is pre-eminent. His voice is rich and highly cultivated, and he uses it in the best taste. He sings in Balfé's new opera, 'the Maid of Artois,' in which I had also the fortune to hear the celebrated MALIBRAN. Those who saw her when she visited New-York, some years since, would scarcely recognise the present brilliant tones, and great compass of her voice, so much has it improved : and not only does she astonish and delight you by such sweet and thrilling strains of harmony as you never before listened to, but her manners and acting are equally extraordinary and fascinating. She is rather small and short in figure, and her face, though not handsome, is peculiarly expressive and intelligent. I saw her several times in this opera, and

* I had an opportunity also of seeing the Queen on a public occasion, when a full vocal company, and an immense audience joined in the national anthem 'God save the King.' The effect was quite inspiring—it made every body *loyal*, at least for the moment. Her Majesty is tall and slender, and about forty-five; she looks amiable, yet sufficiently dignified, and is generally popular with the people. I heard her spoken of as 'an excellent and exemplary woman.' The king, who is now old and feeble, seldom appears in public, but I had a glance at him the other day, as he was setting off with Her Majesty for Windsor, after the levee at St. James, escorted by the 'life guards' on horseback. He is a plain, good-natured looking old gentleman.

also in ‘*La Somnambula*,’ and Beethoven’s opera of *Fidelio*, which is her *chef d’œuvre*.*

The only female vocalist who is named in the same breath with Malibran, is JULIA GRISI, of the Italian Opera. Grisi is tall, very pretty and lady-like, sings sweetly, and is evidently a great favorite. Of the other Italian singers, the most noted are La Blache, a portly good-looking personage, with tremendously powerful lungs. Rubini, whose voice is a rich and flexible tenor ; Tamburini ; and Ivanhoff. The King’s Theatre or opera-house, where they are engaged, is said to be (with the exception of *La Scala* at Milan, and *San Carlo* at Naples) the largest and most splendid in Europe. The interior presents an imposing spectacle. There are *five* tiers of boxes, all private, and uniformly decorated. None but the ‘monied aristocracy’ can afford the enormous expense of these boxes ; and no person, lady or gentleman, is admitted except in full dress ! Imagine the brilliant display of beauty and diamonds, on such an occasion as Grisi’s benefit, when the royal family, and princes, dukes, dutchesses, ambassadors, honor the entertainment with their ‘gracious presence.’ Every thing in this aristocratic establishment is on a princely scale. I counted no less than fifty-three performers in the orchestra ; and the scenery, ballets, etc., are in due proportion and excellence.

I have also had the rare treat of hearing BRAHAM, who

* This was written but a few weeks before the death of the lamented artiste. No event which occurred while I was in England, created so much sensation and deep regret as this.

is now about sixty years of age, but still looks young, and sings as well as ever. Of Liston, (whose ‘very name is the first act of a comedy and his face the other four,’) Farren, Matthews, jr., Madame Vestris, Macready, Vandenhoff, and other holders of ‘nature’s mirror,’ I might discourse extensively, but you shall be spared.

We have passed a leisure hour in finding out some of the antiquities and literary curiosities of the metropolis ; such as Boar’s Head Tavern, (Mrs. Quickly’s,) where Falstaff, Poins, and ‘Hal’ called for their cups of sack. In Buckingham-street, near us, is the house where Peter the Great lodged, when in London. 43 Lombard-street was the residence of Jane Shore. In the Old Bailey, Jonathan Wild and Oliver Goldsmith lodged. Chapter Coffee-house, where Dr. Johnson and his coterie frequented, is yet the resort of penny-a-liners and newspaper-readers. In Bolt Court, Fleet-street, we saw the literary leviathan’s residence, and we found also those of Byron, Blackstone, Cowley, Hogarth, Pope, Lord Bacon, Garrick, Gibbon, Handel, Hans Holbein, Hume, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir Thomas Lawrence, West, Sheridan, Sterne, Spenser, etc.

To-day I have visited the Tower and the House of Commons. The first is situated on the banks of the Thames, and is surrounded by a broad deep ditch, over which there is a drawbridge. The island thus formed, contains several acres, and is crowded with a motley pile of buildings, high and low, dwelling-houses and store-houses, palaces and huts, which almost entirely obscure the view of the Tower ; and this itself is composed of three or

four distinct structures. At the gate there are always several ‘warders,’ in scarlet-laced habiliments, who make a business of conducting visitors to the curiosities, for the *moderate* fee of 2*s.* sterling, each person. I was first taken to ‘Queen Elizabeth’s armory,’ where are many curious historical relics. I lifted the axe which struck off the head of poor Anne Boleyn, and despatched also ‘him of Essex.’ The hall is filled with specimens of armor, weapons, etc., of all sorts, which have been preserved from the days of Edward I., downward. ‘The Train of Artillery’ is in another building, and comprises a quantity of big guns, mortars, etc., which John Bull has at different times captured from his enemies. But the most curious and splendid sight is the ‘New Horse Armory,’ where are arranged, as if in battle array, effigies of all the kings and several nobles, in chronological order, from Edward I. to James II., in complete armor, and on horseback, thus showing the style of armor, etc., of the different periods at a glance. The horses are in spirited positions, and it seems as if you might really shake hands with ‘bluff old Harry,’ the gallant Richmond, as he appeared at Bosworth field, or my lord of Leicester, ‘and so on.’ There is an immense collection of curious affairs in this hall, arranged so as to present the most romantic and brilliant display imaginable. ‘The Small Armory’ is a vast hall, three hundred and forty-five feet in length, and very high, filled to the very ceiling with stacks of muskets and pistols, closely piled, comprising two hundred thousand, and all kept brightened and flinted for immediate use. Melancholy reflection!

that such a wilderness of deadly instruments should ever be used by man against his fellow! Not feeling half a crown's worth of curiosity to see the *crown* itself, I departed by the 'Traitor's Gate,' thinking of the tragedies which had been acted within those once dreaded portals.

The apartment at present occupied by the House of Commons is arranged much like Mrs. Willard's school-room, and is quite as plain, only on a little larger scale. The house was 'in committee' on the bill for the commutation of tithes. Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Howick, (a very 'smart' young man,) and two or three others, spoke on the question. I was struck with their singularly calm and unpretending manner of speaking. It seemed more like a familiar drawing-room conversation, than the stormy debate which might be expected on such a question, which, as was remarked, was a very important one. Lord John, in particular, who has been the leader of the house, and long conspicuous in the political world, is as plain, straight-forward a man as one could wish to see. It would seem impossible to get him excited or violent in debate. Every speaker was listened to civilly, if not attentively, and the only interruption, or rather cheering, was the cry of 'Hear! hear!' which was often heard from twenty voices at once; and occasionally there was a hearty laugh. The gallery over the speaker's chair is filled with reporters for the different papers, who will take down a long speech in short hand, at twelve o'clock at night, and the next morning at daylight you will see it in print. The houses of parliament are opposite

Westminster Abbey, and the new buildings are to be erected on the old site. The ruins of the old houses are adjoining the halls now temporarily occupied.

IV.

LONDON, CONTINUED.

St. Pauls—Rev. T. Hartwell Horne—Westminster Abbey.

SUNDAY, APRIL 16.—I have attended church for the first time in London at ST. PAUL'S. You are aware that this vast and magnificent edifice stands in the very heart of London—in the midst of the most crowded and busy portion of this busy city. What a pity that it should be thus obscured—and *smoked* too, as black as a stove pipe. I entered cautiously, with my hand in my pocket, expecting some civil, obliging person would tip his beaver, as usual, for a shilling: but, strange to say, I was suffered to pass unmolested. The greater part of the interior is one vast open space, extending into the four wings, and up to the very highest dome. As you stand in the centre and look up to the windows of the topmost cupola, it seems almost like looking into heaven. You see a truly grand and noble triumph of man's ingenuity and perseverance. The immensity of the structure is wonderful; but you must look again and again before it can be fully comprehended. On the walls, and in the niches and corners, are groups of statuary and monuments, some exceedingly beautiful, and

most of them to military and naval personages. Public worship is held only in a chapel in one of the wings, forming a mere item of the whole structure. I was guided to it by the sound of the organ, echoing back from the vast arches, and impressively grand in its effect. Men in robes, with poles, stood at the door—‘beadles,’ I believe they are called. The chapel is of much the same size and style as those at Oxford, and there were not more than one hundred persons in it—the larger part of them apparently strangers, attracted merely from curiosity, like myself. In fact, as I afterward learned, there are few or no regular attendants in this far-famed St. Paul’s. Why, I cannot imagine. The chanting was done by boys. The preacher was a short, thick man, and read his sermon off ‘like a book.’ It became so dark—being a rainy day—that he could not see to read, and he had to stop once or twice. Poor man! But they say the *officiates* here are *unbeneficed* gownsmen, and perhaps they cannot afford to study. His sermon was dull and common-place, but delivered in a pompous, affected style, as if to pass it off for genuine eloquence.

Dined with Rev. T. HARTWELL HORNE—a name well known throughout the theological world. This extraordinary man was a bookseller’s clerk, at a small salary. He distinguished himself by his industry, won the notice of a reverend Bishop, and was employed to make some indexes to a large work, which were done so well, that he was handsomely paid, and went to Cambridge and completed his education with the fruits of his labors. His celebrated ‘Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,’ in four large

volumes, was the work of twenty years, and was all done in the night, after the business of the day was over. It is acknowledged to be the most accurate, comprehensive, and valuable work of the kind in the language. Fifteen thousand copies have been sold in England, and as many more in the United States, and yet the three first editions scarcely cleared expenses : the third produced him about one hundred and fifty pounds for the labor of twenty years ! Mr. Horne is now engaged at the British Museum in preparing a catalogue of that immense collection. He is a living monument of industry and perseverance. He is rather small in stature, remarkably neat in his personal appearance, and quite active and robust, though now somewhat advanced, and gray-headed. His manner is free, cordial, and business-like. The moment he speaks, you are at once relieved of all embarrassment, and feel that you are talking to a friend—a plain, kind-hearted, unassuming friend. His wife and daughter are just like him. They spoke of the many Americans who had called on them—Bishops Chase, M'Ivaine, and Hobart, Dr. Wheaton, E. D. Griffin, Dr. Jarvis, and Rev. Mr. Potter, formerly of Boston. * * * * I was pleased to find many American books in the library, and seated myself there with Mr. H. after dinner, while he wrote his sermon for the same afternoon. He completed it in about an hour, besides talking to me the while : and a good little sermon it was too, for I went with them to hear it. * * * * The clerk drawled out the service in a monotonous and pompous tone, which was really ludicrous.

There was also a curate to read prayers, beside Mr. Horne. It seems, that in England each church must have a rector, curate, and clerk. Mr. Horne's manner in the pulpit is meek, persuasive, and engaging. He uses the best words, and no more than are necessary. Yet he would never be called a *great* preacher. His talents are more useful than showy.

Thursday.—Having an hour or two of leisure, after running about town for a week on business matters, I took a stroll into St. James's Park, through Waterloo-Place, where is a big monument to somebody, but it was so high I could not tell who. Walked through the park by the pond to the old Palace, where the king was holding a levee. As I had no court dress, and no introduction, I concluded to defer paying my respects to his majesty, and turned off to Westminster Abbey.

Every thing of this kind must and *will* far exceed the expectations of the uninitiated. I gazed with as much wonder on the gigantic and venerable pile, as if I had never heard of it before. The natural feeling of awe with which one is impressed on approaching the entrance, is not much increased, however, when he sees the sign over the door, '*Admittance three-pence.*' John Bull must have his fees, it seems, for every thing, and does not scruple to fill his pockets by exhibiting the sepulchres of the mighty dead. I thought of the man who was awakened from his solemn reverie after public worship in the Abbey, by the beadle's announcement :

' Service is done—it's two-pence now
For them as wants to stop !'

I entered by the Poet's Corner, of which you have read too many descriptions to need one from me. Having 'done' the poets, I paid an additional shilling to proceed, and was then at liberty to go where I pleased ; and it is no very short walk, that one may take through those long, losty arches and chapels. Monuments of all sorts, and to all sorts, are as thick as blackberries, in every part of the edifice. Many of them comprise three or four emblematic figures in a group—some most exquisitely designed and chiseled. I saw so many to admire, that I can scarcely remember one. There are little inclosures against the walls of the Abbey, filled with tombs and monuments, principally of kings, queens, and knights of old. It was curious indeed to see those effigies of warriors in complete armor, cut in stone or wrought in iron, laid out on the tombs, as if they were the very bodies of the renowned heroes of chivalry, preserved there to frighten or enlighten their degenerate descendants. Many of these sepulchres are four, five, and six centuries old. That of Mary Queen of Scots is beautiful. There is a counterfeit presentment of her in marble upon it, and you can easily imagine you are seeing the lovely and ill-fated queen herself, as she appeared in her death-robcs. The haughty Elizabeth sleeps in an adjoining apartment. I noticed, also, monuments and sculptures of the two princes murdered in the Tower by the bloody Richard, of Henry Eighth, and indeed of all the kings and queens since Ed.

ward First. The monuments to public individuals, and those who have distinguished *themselves*, are in the more open part of the Abbey. Folios and quartos in abundance have been filled with their history and illustration ; and to these I must refer you for ‘farther particulars.’

V.

LONDON, continued.

Zoological Gardens—Parks—West End—Military Review at Woolwich—Thames Tunnel—English Country Fair at Greenwich—General glance at the Great Metropolis.

Friday.—To-day I procured a nice little saddle-horse, and took a ride round the parks—going up the gay and splendid Regent-street and Portland Place, by the Colosseum, the Crescent, and the range of ‘terraces,’ fronting Regent’s Park. I stopped at the Zoological Gardens, which cover several acres, and are admirably arranged. Besides the immense collection of plants and flowers of almost all species, fountains, etc., here are wild animals, quadrupeds, birds, and amphibiæ, of many species which have never been exhibited in our country, and you see them almost in their natural state ; not chained up in cages and close rooms, but allowed free air and exercise. Bears were climbing poles ; and scores of water-birds were revelling in the luxuries of a pond. There are more than two hundred different

species of parrots, and all are together : what a ‘clatter’ they make ‘to be sure !’ But the chief ‘lions’ at present, are the beautiful *Giraffes* and their attending Arabs, recently arrived. Well, as I was saying, I made the circuit of Regent’s Park, and then rode down to Hyde Park, which is smaller, but more frequented. Hyde Park Corner is famous all over the world. Nothing can exceed the gayety and splendor of the scene on a fine afternoon, at this season—the superb equipages of the great, with the gold-laced and crimson-velveted footmen—the ladies and gentlemen on horseback in another path, and the pedestrians in a third,—but all mingled in dashing confusion. I rode boldly in among the best of them, and had a fine chance to inspect the interior of the carriages, and the pretty faces of my lady this, and the dutchess of that—for many of these great ladies are really pretty—and with what exquisite neatness and elegance some of them dress ! The ladies on horseback invariably wear men’s hats—literally, and without the least alteration, except that a black veil is appended. This is the fashion at present. What a luxury these parks are, in such a city as this ! To have a fine open space of three or four hundred acres, kept in the nicest order, with foot-paths, and carriage-paths, groves and ponds, etc., surrounded by a collection of palaces ! I can well believe Willis’s remark, that the West End of London is unequalled in Europe. One of Miss Edgeworth’s heroes rescued a child from drowning in ‘the Serpentine river.’ When I read it, the idea of a *river*, in what I imagined a little park, some-

what larger than Washington square, seemed laughable enough; but this Serpentine river *is* in this park, and might drown the king, if he should fall into it. The Humane Society have a house and boats close by, to receive the luckless wights who get drowned. There is good fishing in the river, and it looks fresh and clear, and it is delightful to ride along its banks on a warm day. These parks, especially Regent's, would make a large farm. They afford abundant room for an airy ride or walk without going out of the city. At Hyde Park Corner is Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's residence, and close by is the colossal statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken in the Duke's battles, and erected to commemorate them by 'his countrywomen.'

Last Saturday I took it into my head to go to Woolwich, nine miles from London, to help the Prince of Orange review the troops. By dint of active exertion, I attained a seat on the deck of a bit of a steam-boat, loaded with two hundred and fifty pleasure-seeking mortals like myself, while as many more were left disconsolate on the wharf—inadmissible. Off we went with the tide, *under* Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, Southwark, and London Bridges, *over* Thames Tunnel, and *between* a multitude of ships and steam-boats, large boats and small boats, rowed perhaps by a Jacob Faithful, or his posterity, and following the serpentine course of 'Old Father Thames' through a beautiful green meadow, passed Greenwich, and arrived at our ultimatum in good time to see the show. The prince was dressed as a general, decorated with half a dozen badges

of different orders ; and he galloped about the field in true military style, accompanied by his two sons, and a squadron of princes, dukes, lords, etc. They fired bombs, and had a grand imitation battle, with horse artillery—in other words, a *sham fight*, which was all vastly fine. Returning, I walked to Greenwich, three miles, where is the Observatory from which longitude is reckoned all over the world, as the school-girls are well aware. The Observatory is on a high, steep hill, in the centre of a large and beautiful park, filled with hills and dales, deer, trees, ponds, and every thing pretty. The prospect from the Observatory is superb. London on the left—St. Paul's and a few spires only peeping above the dun smoke—the Thames, winding about in a zigzag direction, covered with the ‘freighted argosies’ of all nations, some just arrived perhaps from the East Indies or the North Pole—others destined for Botany Bay or Nootka Sound ; *beyond*, the green hills and meadows ; and at your feet this lovely park, and the noble hospital for seamen, on the banks of the river. It is a scene for a painter.

To-day I have ‘done’ Thames Tunnel, and laughed at the humors of an English country fair, in the old fashioned style, at Greenwich. The Tunnel is just like the pictures of it. You have to descend as many steps to get to it as would take you to a church steeple. I walked to the end of this subterraneous cavern, where they were at work, under the very centre of the river. Ugh ! Only to think of being at the mercy of those frail brick arches, under the very bed of a mighty river, on which the largest ships are

moving over our heads! What if they should come in contact with the arches, at low water! The whole place would be instantly filled, and wo to the luckless wight who happens to be in it! In case of such an accident, there is no chance of escape.*

The fair was amusing enough. The immense park I have described was the principal scene, and thousands of country beaux and lasses were cutting up all sorts of capers. Some were running down the steep hills, with dangerous velocity, and many a poor girl fell sprawling in the attempt. Some, in groups, were listening to a strolling songster—others looking through the telescopes and glasses, on the beautiful landscape. Here and there a ring was formed, in which the damsels challenged their swains, by throwing a glove, and then scampering away. The favored one gives chase, brings back the blushing fair one, and gives her a kiss in the centre of the ring. There were many very well dressed and passably pretty girls in the collection. I took place in the circle without ceremony, determined to make the best of the sport. It was marvellous what a sensation I produced! The girls threw the gauntlet as fast as I could overtake them, and merry chases they were.†

* A slight breach has since been made in the works, but no lives were lost. The tunnel is now completed beyond the deepest and dangerous part of the river. There are two arches for passengers in each direction, partly open to each other and lighted by gas. This undertaking, it is estimated, will cost about \$5,000,000.

† I presume *our* village damsels would scarcely take part in such unfeminine amusements.

You will recollect the funny meeting of good 'King Jamie' and Richard Monoplies in this same park, veritably related in 'the Fortunes of Nigel.' The great Elizabeth also kept her court in Greenwich, and it was from here to Deptford that she went in a barge to visit the Earl of Sussex ; which voyage I have just finished, but there is no Sussex there now.* Speaking of Nigel, my lodgings in Norfolk-street are in the near vicinity of the Temple and the classical *Alsatia*, the ancient 'city of refuge,' or sanctuary for delinquents ; but I doubt whether it would *now* be a safe retreat from either court warrants or the police.

To-morrow I propose to leave for Scotland, and I shall have something more to say of London, perhaps, on my return. Meanwhile, if you are not already versed in the peculiarities, topography, and general appearance of London, a recent work called the Great Metropolis, with a good map, will picture the huge city before your mind's eye as vividly as any thing short of a visit to it.† As you will

* See *Kenilworth*. The *inn* where the scene of that splendid romance opens at Cumnor, is yet used as such, but the *sign* had been altered. When the novel was published, the Oxford students sent a deputation to mine host at Cumnor, and persuaded him to reinstate the original portraiture of 'the Bear.' The bishops Ridley and Latimer were burnt in Broad-street, Oxford, and Antony Foster there acquired his nickname by firing the faggots.

† The following extract from a review of this work in the North American, is so graphic and beautiful, that we cannot refrain from copying it :

" We have an affection for a great city. We feel safe in the neighborhood of man, and enjoy the 'sweet security of streets.'

easily imagine, there is every variety, from the palace to the hovel, from St. James to Billingsgate ; mud, smoke,

The excitement of the crowd is pleasant to us. We find sermons in the stones of side-walks. In the continuous sound of voices, and wheels, and footsteps, we hear 'the sad music of humanity.' We feel that life is not a dream, but an earnest reality ; that the beings around us are not the insects of a day, but the pilgrims of an eternity ; they are our fellow creatures, each with his history of thousand fold occurrences, insignificant it may be to us, but all-important to himself; each with a human heart, whose fibres are woven into the great web of human sympathies ; and none so small, that, when he dies, some of the mysterious meshes are not broken. The green earth, and the air, and the sea, all living and all lifeless things, preach unto us the gospel of a great and good providence ; but most of all does man, in his crowded cities, and in his manifold powers, and wants, and passions, and deeds, preach this same gospel. He is the great evangelist. And though often-times, unconscious of his mission, or reluctant to fulfil it, he leads others astray, even then to the thoughtful mind he preaches. We are in love with Nature, and most of all with human nature. The face of man is a benediction to us. The greatest works of his handicraft delight us hardly less than the greatest works of Nature. They are 'the masterpieces of her own masterpiece.' Architecture, and painting, and sculpture, and music, and epic poems, and all the forms of art, wherein the hand of genius is visible, please us evermore, for they conduct us into the fellowship of great minds. And thus our sympathies are with men, and streets, and city-gates, and towers from which the great bells sound solemnly and slow, and cathedral doors, where venerable statues, holding books in their hands, look down like sentinels upon the church-going multitude, and the birds of the air come and build

fog, narrow lanes, and stately terraces ; omnibuses, cabs, boatmen, great men and rogues.

their nests in the arms of saints and apostles. And more than all this, in great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities. We see ourselves in others. We become acquainted with the motley, many-sided life of man ; and finally learn, if we are wise, to ‘look upon a metropolis as a collection of villages ; a village as some blind alley in a metropolis ; fame as the talk of neighbors at the street door ; a library as a learned conversation ; joy as a second ; sorrow as a minute, life as a day ; and three things as all in all, God, Creation, Virtue.’*

“ Now of all cities is London the monarch. To us likewise is it the Great Metropolis. We are not cockneys. We were born on this side of the sea. Our family name is not recorded in the Domesday Book. It is doubtful whether our ancestral tree was planted so far back as the Conquest. Nor are we what Sir Philip Sidney calls ‘wry-transformed travellers.’ We do not affect a foreign air, nor resemble the merry Friar in the Canterbury Tales, of whom the Prologue says ;

“ Somewhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English sweet upon his tongue,”

Nevertheless to us likewise is London the monarch of cities. The fact, that the English language is spoken in some parts of it, makes us feel at home there, and gives us, as it were, the freedom of the city. Even the associations of childhood connect us with it. We remember it as far back as the happy days, when we loved nursery songs, and ‘rode a-horseback on best father’s knee.’ Whittington and his cat lived there. All our picture-books and our sister’s dolls came from there ; and we thought, poor children ! that every body in London sold dolls and picture-books, as the

* Jean Paul.

country boy imagined that every body in Boston sold gingerbread, because his father always brought some home from town on market days. Since those times we have grown wiser. We have been in Saint Paul's church-yard, and know by heart all the green parks and quiet squares of London. And now, finally, for us, grown-up children, appears the *New London Cries*, this book of *The Great Metropolis*.

Forty-five miles westward from the North Sea, in the lap of a broad and pleasant valley watered by the Thames, stands the Great Metropolis, as all the world knows. It comprises the City of London and its Liberties, with the City and Liberties of Westminster, the Borough of Southwark, and upwards of thirty contiguous villages of Middlesex and Surrey. East and west, its greatest length is about eight miles; north and south, its greatest breadth about five; its circumference from twenty to thirty. Its population is estimated at two millions. The vast living tide goes thundering through its ten thousand streets in one unbroken roar. The noise of the great thoroughfares is deafening. But you step aside into a by-lane, and anon you emerge into little green squares half filled with sunshine, half with shade, where no sound of living thing is heard, save the voice of a bird or a child, and amid solitude and silence you gaze in wonder at the great trees 'growing in the heart of a brick-and-mortar wilderness.' Then there are the three parks, Hyde, Regent's, and St. James', where you may lose yourself in green alleys, and dream you are in the country; Westminster Abbey, with its tombs and solemn cloisters, where with the quaint George Herbert you may think that, 'when the bells do chime, 'tis angels' music;' and high above all, half hidden in smoke and vapor, rises the dome of St. Paul's.

"These are a few of the more striking features of London. More striking still is the Thames. Above the town, by Richmond Hill and Twickenham, it winds through groves and meadows green, a rural silver stream. The traveller who sees it here for

the first time, can hardly believe that this is the mighty river which bathes the feet of London. He asks perhaps the coachman, what stream that is; and the coachman answers with a stare of wonder and pity, ‘*The Tems, sir.*’ Pleasure boats are gliding back and forth, and stately swans float, like water-lilies, on its bosom. On its banks are villages, and church towers, beneath which, among the patriarchs of the hamlet, lie many gifted sons of song,

“In sepulchres unhearsed and green.”

In and below London the whole scene is changed. Let us view it by night. Lamps are gleaming along shore, and on the bridges, and a full moon rising over the borough of Southwark. The moonbeams silver the rippling, yellow tide, wherein also flare the shore lamps, with a lambent, flickering gleam. Barges and wherries move to and fro; and heavy-laden luggers are sweeping up stream with the rising tide, swinging sideways, with loose, flapping sails. Both sides of the river are crowded with sea and river craft, whose black hulks lie in shadow, and whose tapering masts rise up into the moonlight like a leafless forest. A distant sound of music floats on the air; a harp, and a flute, and a horn. It has an unearthly sound; and lo! like a shooting star, a light comes gliding on. It is the signal lamp at the mast-head of a steam-vessel, that flits by like a cloud, above which glides a star. And from all this scene goes up a sound of human voices—curses, laughter, and singing—mingled with the monotonous roar of the city, ‘the clashing and careering streams of life, hurrying to lose themselves in the impervious gloom of eternity.’ And now the midnight is past, and amid the general silence the clock strikes—one, two. Far distant, from some belfry in the suburbs, comes the first sound, so indistinct as hardly to be distinguished from the crowing of a cock. Then close at hand the great bell of St. Paul’s, with a heavy, solemn sound—one, two. It is answered from

Southwark, then at a distance like an echo; and then all around you, with various and intermingling clang, like a chime of bells, the clocks from a hundred belfries strike the hour. But the moon is already sinking, large and fiery, through the vapors of morning. It is just in the range of the chimneys and house-tops, and seems to follow you with speed, as you float down the river between unbroken ranks of ships. Day is dawning in the east, not with a pale streak in the horizon, but with a silver light spread through the sky, almost to the zenith. It is the mingling of moon-light and daylight. The water is tinged with a green hue, melting into purple and gold, like the brilliant scales of a fish. The air grows cool. It comes fresh from the eastern sea, toward which we are swiftly gliding; and dimly seen in the uncertain twilight, behind you rises

"A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Can reach ; with here and there a sail just skipping
 In sight, then lost amid the forestry
Of masts ; a wilderness of steeples peeping
 On tip-toe, through their sea-coal canopy ;
A huge dun cupola, like a foolscap crown
 On a fool's head—and there is London town.

DON JUAN, Canto X.

VI.

VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

York Minster—Melrose Abbey—Abbotsford—Dryburgh.

YORK MINSTER.—I did not repent varying my route a little to see the ancient city of York, and its noble cathedral, unquestionably the finest gothic structure in Great Britain, if not in the world. This grand edifice is five hundred and twenty-four feet in length, and, of course, exceeds St. Paul's on this score; but in other respects, they can scarcely be compared, as the style of architecture is entirely different. It stands in bold relief above all the rest of the town, albeit not on a rising ground. To use the words of the book, it is like ‘a mountain starting out of a plain,* and thus attracting all the attention of the spectator. The petty, humble dwellings of men appear to crouch at its feet, while its own vastness and beauty impress the observer with awe and sublimity.’ It dates its origin as far back as A.D.642;† but the present walls seem to have been erected in the thirteenth or fourteenth century. The screen and the choir particularly are elaborate and exquisite specimens of the Gothic style. It seems strange

* Rather more like an *elephant* in the midst of a flock of sheep.

† In the crypt I was shown the elephant's tusk on which the first deed of the land was inscribed.

to us, who make the most of our room, that they should only use so small a portion of these cathedrals for what one would suppose was their chief purpose—divine worship. Service can only be held in what is called the ‘choir,’ an inclosure near the centre of the church, which has seats for perhaps from one hundred to two hundred persons. I went in, during the evening prayers, and had an opportunity of hearing the gigantic organ, accompanied by the choir, in some fine anthems. The whole of the east wing of the cathedral was fired in 1829, by Martin, a lunatic, who secreted himself behind the organ during service, and so thoroughly effected his purpose, that the whole interior, including the choir, was destroyed. The great painted glass window, seventy-five feet by thirty-two, (capable of admitting a large three-story house,) was saved as if by a miracle. It is remarkable, that the whole of this wing has been restored, so precisely in the original form, as scarcely to be suspected for a modern work. The architect was Robert Smirke, Esq. It is asserted by the knowing ones, that a work of equal magnitude to York Cathedral could not be performed at the present day, for ten millions of dollars, nor in less time than fifty or even a hundred years.

MELROSE, June 6, 1836.—In the sanded parlor of ‘The George,’ where lodged in days of yore that industrious and worthy antiquary, Captain Clutterbuck, I now date my first epistle from the ‘land o’ cakes.’

The ride from Newcastle to the ‘border,’ over barren moors and the Cheviot Hills, passing the scenes of ‘Chevy

Chace,' was cold and dreary. But, arrived in Teviotdale, a change came over the face of things, and for three or four miles near Jedburgh, there is a series of lovely pastoral landscapes. Swiss scenery may be more wild and majestic, but it cannot surpass in quiet beauty this charming region about the Tweed—rendered so interesting, too, by its 'classical associations,' as some tourist sagely said of Rome. Here, within the space of fifteen miles, are Melrose, Dryburgh, and Jedburgh Abbeys, Abbotsford, the Eildon Hills, the scenes of the Monastery, the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and of songs and romances innumerable.

Melrose is situated in a delightful vale of the Tweed, environed on three sides by verdant hills, and flanked by the gloomy, heath-covered peaks of the Eildon, which seem to rise directly in the rear of the village; but I had to walk nearly two miles to the base of them, and the ascent was an afternoon's work. The wind was so strong at the top, that I really feared being blown off. On the summit are the remains of a fortification, chronicled in the books as a Roman praetorium, and I saw no Edie Ochiltree to exclaim, 'I mind the bigging of it.' The view from the top is worth the ascent. It extends twenty or thirty miles on each side, and takes in the cream of the region so familiar to Scott and his readers. The path is across a rocky glen, where a 'stream is gently laving,' and through a grove to 'the mountain's brow,' where the sheep are gently grazing !

Evening.—At dusk, I went alone to ‘the ruins gray’ of ‘fair Melrose.’ The cicerone, (a son of the ‘honest Johnny Bower,’ who escorted Mr. Irving there,) has the history of the Abbey and the Lay of the Last Minstrel all by heart; and he repeated several passages fluently and feelingly, as he guided me through the ruins. We stood on the tomb of Michael Scott, which William of Deloraine so valorously explored at midnight. A ‘wizard figure’ is carved on it. We trod on the graves of the Douglas and of the heart of the Bruce. One window only remains entire; indeed the whole of this once splendid fabric is in ruins; but the very ruins are beautiful; they are just in the state to be most interesting; and the specimens of ornamental stone work which yet survive, are the admiration of those skilled in such matters. The sculptured *hand* holding a boquet, is, as Lockhart remarks, most exquisite. It is wonderful to me, that so much perfection and taste in architecture should have existed at the time these cathedrals and abbeys were built. It would be difficult in these days even to raise the *funds* for an edifice of this extent and magnificence.

I was not sure, until my guide told me, that Melrose was ‘the Monastery’ of the novel. Here, then, Abbott Boniface, Father Eustace, and their two hundred ‘brethren,’ counted their beads, and feasted on venison. A mile distant, is the bridge over the Tweed, and the place where the ‘white lady’ frightened the Sacristan. Glendearg is three miles farther, near the ‘banks of Allan Water.’

Midnight.—In order to be in the fashion, I have just been again to see

——‘ Fair Melrose aright,
By the pale moonlight,’*

or rather by starlight, for there is no moon now. It is truly an excellent time for visiting such a place. I was quite alone, and all was still as death. Not even

“The distant Tweed was heard to rave,
Or the owlet to hoot o’er the dead man’s grave.”

The flapping of the night-birds’ wings on the towers was the only sound. I walked round the venerable pile, (which is now almost obscured, on the village side, by a cluster of unromantic cottages,) and found myself in the grave-yard, under the noble oriel window of the chancel. A fine scene and hour is this for a believer in ghosts ! But what a place it is to cogitate in !

Tuesday.—I have spent the whole forenoon at *Abbottsford* ! Is not that saying enough ? It is easy to understand the feeling which prompts one to say nothing, when it is so impossible to express the thrilling delight or the thousand associations which a place like this calls up. But there is *no* place like this. It is unique in its situation and beauty ; it stands alone, in every point of view ; a hallowed shrine, to pilgrims of all nations, for ages to come.

It was a fine clear morning—the air as bracing and

* I was told that Scott himself never saw Melrose by moonlight. He had a moonlight picture of it, which I saw at Abbotsford.

pure as that of our favorite Brattleboro', (Vt.) a place which Melrose resembles somewhat in its situation and appearance. * * * * I set off after breakfast, and had a charming ride of two miles over the hills and dales which the poet was wont to frequent, the Tweed being now and then in view, until the turrets of the house, or castle, as you please, are distinguishable amidst a grove, near the banks of the river. The building is then lost sight of, until you arrive at the very gate—or as a Frenchman says, *vous tombez sur le chateau*, which is approached by a circular carriage-path through the grove. The arched gateway is very handsome, and is substantially built, as is the whole edifice, of a native gray stone. The house cannot be mistaken; the architecture is so *quaint* and unique, and yet, on the whole, so pretty and even imposing, and the pictures of it are so accurate, that it looked quite familiar. I was admitted by the solitary tenant, who acts as housekeeper and cicerone, for the remainder of the family are now scattered abroad. The entrance hall carries you back, as it were, to the days of chivalry: it is just such a place as you would suppose the author of 'Marmion' and 'Ivanhoe' would contrive. Blazoned shields and armor of the knights of old; gothic windows of painted glass, and curiosities and relics innumerable, are arranged in this 'most picturesque of apartments.' Thence crossing a vestibule, in which are figures of 'grim warriors in armor,' I found myself in the *study*—the sanctum sanctorum of the 'author of Waverley,' and in the very chair in which he wrote. The books and furniture in this and

the other apartments remain in *statu quo* as the poet left them. There is a melancholy air about these now silent and deserted halls which every one must feel: even the cicerone seemed impressed with it. As an Edinburgh lady, of a party here with me, remarked: ‘How differently one regards this and Newstead! *There* we may be interested, but *here*, every thing is venerated. Scott left no poison for his fellow men: his works may be read by old and young, both with pleasure and profit.’

Adjoining the study is a closet in the northwest tower, where is preserved the last coat Scott wore, together with his arms, swords, etc., neatly arranged. Next, we enter the library, the largest and most splendid apartment, where, with other things elsewhere described, is a fine bust of Scott, by Chantrey—the best likeness, it is said, ever taken. I should like to spend a month in that library. What treasures there are on those shelves!—the rarest and choicest gems of the bibliographer, and presentation-copies from authors, all over the world, for the last thirty years. We proceeded to the drawing-room, which contains some beautiful ebony chairs, presented to Scott by George IV.; a copy of the Warwick Vase, and some fine paintings; next, to the breakfast-room, looking toward the Tweed on one side, and the Yarrow and Ettrick, famed in song, on the other. Here are beautiful drawings by Turner and Thompson, a fine oil painting of Wolfe’s Craig, (Bride of Lammermoor,) etc. Then we passed to the dining-room, where are several fine pictures, and to Miss Anne Scott’s room, as it was when she died. The

book-cases in it are filled chiefly with poetry and romances. In the armory I saw Rob Roy's gun, and had my hand in his purse ; Bonaparte's pistols, taken at Waterloo ; Hofer's blunderbuss ; the work-box of Mary, queen of Scots, and many similar rare matters, all tastefully arranged and labelled. Most of the furniture, and the ceiling in the various rooms, are of rich carved oak, for which Scott seems to have had a particular fancy. I was taken, by special favor, to the chambers, in all of which are curious and interesting paintings. Indeed, every part of this abode of romance is a museum in itself, and every article has a legend or a history. Miss Scott's bed-room looks into the front inclosure, but Sir Walter's commands the Tweed and landscape for several miles. In the dressing-room of the latter, is a curious old oaken cabinet, containing human skulls, among others Michael Scott's, taken from his tomb in the Abbey. I explored every room up stairs and down, and most of them twice. It is idle, however, to attempt giving an account of all I was shown—such as Ralph Erskine's pulpit ; a chair made of the wood of the house where Sir William Wallace was betrayed, with an inscription to Scott ; a lion-skin sent from Africa ; bamboo from India ; the keys and door of the Tolbooth, ('Heart of Mid-Lothian ;') ancient armor, swords, etc. ; the urn containing bones brought from Greece, and presented to Scott by Lord Byron, when he repented of the sweeping attack in the English Bards, and courted the friendship of his great contemporary. The letter accompanying this gift was affixed to it in the library, and stolen

by a guest!—a theft as silly as it was outrageous. It would take months to examine every thing to one's satisfaction in this intensely interesting spot. The gardens, grounds, walks, etc., are beautiful exceedingly, and made so entirely, it is said, by the late proprietor—the site being, twenty years ago, barren and uninviting. I took leave reluctantly, and with feelings which those who have been there only know. The only relic I could obtain, was a twig or two from the bush under the study window.

Having seen Abbotsford, it is meet that one should visit Dryburgh-Abbey. This picturesque ruin is much more beautifully situated than Melrose, being in a retired and lovely spot, on the banks of the river, in the midst of gardens and groves of trees, and thus obscured, like Abbotsford, until *you tumble upon it*. It is covered with ivy, and is in a state to please the most romantic. The ruins are scattered over several acres, and show that the Abbey must have been immensely large, and the architecture very noble, though not so rich and delicate as Melrose. St. Mary's aisle is now covered with turf. Scott sleeps in a retired corner, near the graves of his wife and his ancestors, the Haliburtons. The arch above the grave is represented in the pictures, but as yet there is no monument or stone 'to mark the spot.' Do you recollect Scott's own lines in the fifth canto of the Lay of the Last Minstrel?

"Call it not vain; they do not err,
Who say that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies :

Who say tall c'iff and cavern lone
 For the departed bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill,
 That flowers in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves, that breezes sigh,
 And oaks in deeper groan reply :
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.

"Not that in sooth o'er mortal urn,
 Those things inanimate can mourn,
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those who, else forgotton long,
 Lived in the poet's faithful song ;
 And with the poet's parting breath,
 Whose memory feels a second death.
 The maid's pale shade who wails her lot,
 That love, true love, should be forgot,
 From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
 Upon the gentle minstrel's bier.
 The phantom knight, his glory fled,
 Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with dead :
 Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain,
 And shrieks along the battle plain.
 The chief whose antique crownlet long
 Still sparkled in the feudal song,
 Now from the mountain's misty throne
 Sees in the thanedom once his own
 His ashes undistinguished lie,
 His place, his power, his memory die ;
 His groans the lonely caverns fill,
 His tears of rage impel the rill :
 All mourn the minstrel's harp unstrung,
 Their names unknown, their praise unsung."

How strikingly appropriate seem these lines, as one stands on the spot where the minstrel that shall strike the lyre no more, is mouldering to dust !

Two miles above Dryburgh, are the ruins of Smaill.

holme Tower, where Scott spent his boyhood; the scene of his ballad, ‘The Eve of St. John,’ and the Avenel Castle of ‘The Monastery.’

The same party I met at Abbotsford had preceded me to Dryburgh. A young lady—a very pretty one—climbed with me to the top of one of the highest tottering towers, which threatened to tumble over with us, some hundred feet or so. As we returned toward the ‘Temple of the Muses,’ a pretty bower on the grounds, we met Sir George Ascot, son of the late Earl of Buchan, and proprietor of the Abbey and its vicinity. He stopped and tipped his beaver very courteously, ‘hoped every attention had been paid to us at the Abbey,’ inquired if we noticed this and that part, and especially the busts of eminent characters, an eccentric collection made by the earl, in one of the remaining halls. His residence is near the ruins, and he has built a picturesque suspension-bridge across the Tweed from his estate. The river is fordable, however, in most places, and clear as crystal, the pebbly bottom being easily seen, even from a distance.

VII.

SCOTLAND.

Edinburgh—Calton-hill—Castle, etc.—Scott—Sir D. Brewster—Holyrood—Jeffrey—Slavery—Excursion to Roslyn, Dalkeith, etc.—High Church—Politics—Effect of Scott's Works on Scotland.

EDINBURGH, *Wednesday evening.*—Had a fine ride from Melrose. Set off at ten, crossed the bridge just above Abbotsford, took a last farewell of that ‘romance in stone and lime,’ and for twenty miles kept along the banks of Gala Water, (a nice little brook for trout,) enjoying a variety of pretty views. Twelve miles from Edinburgh, the dim outline of Arthur’s Seat is discovered, above the nearer hills. The environs are level and highly cultivated. We passed several noble mansions, among others Dalhousie Castle. At a turn of the road, the city suddenly comes in view, and a splendid view it is. On the right, the Frith of Forth, studded with sails and steam-boats; Arthur’s Seat and Salisbury Crags flank the city on the north-east, and its strong hold, the castle, on the opposite side. Beyond, rises Calton-Hill, and its noble monuments. Nothing can be more imposing than the approach to Edinburgh. We entered a fine street of neat modern houses, of stone, shaded with trees, crossed the bridge over the gulf between the old and new towns,

turned into Princes-street, and were set down before the granite buildings of Waterloo-Place.

Walked up Calton-Hill. The splendor of the prospect in which one here revels, cannot be imagined. It is said to be unequalled in Europe, even by the glorious view of the Bay of Naples. Appropriately is Edinburgh styled the modern Athens ; it is at least very like my ideal of the *ancient*: and, as if to heighten the resemblance, they are building on the top of this model of Mars'-Hill a superb monumental temple, copied from the Acropolis. The massive Doric pillars of the front portico only are finished, and from a distance they look like the ruins of the Parthenon. The view from this eminence on all sides, is rich and varied. No combination of nature and art could produce a more magnificent panorama.

It was sunset when I went up to the Castle—the scene of so many chivalrous exploits. Passing three or four ‘outward walls,’ on which no ‘banner’ of defiance was now waving, the sentinels admitted me to the battlements. From these there is another extensive and interesting prospect. The interior of the castle is very queerly constructed. The towers, batteries, and barracks rise one above another, till you almost despair of reaching the highest. At nine, the band perambulated the whole, playing the evening salute. The fortress is at present garrisoned by the ‘Royal Highlanders,’ and I met them at every turn in the street, with their ponderous bushy black caps, plaid *kilts*, bare knees, and buskins, as in the days of Rob Roy and Fergus McIvor.

At the foot of the castle, looking up, it appears like a mere cap on the head of a giant mountain of rock ; but when you get up to the *cap*, lo ! it covers seven acres, and contains a little village of barracks and ramparts. There is a big gun in the yard, nine feet in circumference, and twenty feet long—which is called Mons Meg, and thereby hangs a tale. The ancient Scottish regalia is exhibited in one of the rooms of the castle. Going down High-street, there was a crowd around a zealous itinerant preacher, who was holding forth somewhat in the Muckleraith strain. I saw announced, in glaring letters, a Panorama of Jerusalem and of New-York ! and Herschel's Wonderful Discoveries in the Moon, which I found were really believed, with credulous simplicity, by many in this city of science, twelve months after that ingenious hoax had been invented and laughed over in New-York.

Friday, 10th. Called on Mr. W —, an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott's, of whom he had much to tell me. ‘No man,’ he observed, ‘could have worn his honors so meekly. Unassuming to all, he never affected literary character or distinction. He had always at command an exhaustless fund of anecdote and humor, and made every one about him feel quite at home, and at their ease. His principles of honor were worthy of imitation. Involved largely in debt, by unforeseen circumstances, for which he could not be blamed, he labored night and day, at his advanced age, at the drudgery of revising the new edition of his works, from the profits of which, his own share being 67,000*l.*, he honorably paid every penny ; but

the exertion cost him his life. The present publisher of his works has also himself amassed from them a handsome fortune.

Having a packet to deliver to the celebrated Sir DAVID BREWSTER, I called at his lodgings in Dundas-street. The worthy and learned knight, who is well known as the editor of the Edinburgh Encyclopedia, and one of the ablest scientific writers of the age, is a good-looking man, about fifty ; his hair being quite white, he looks older. He speaks with a slight Scotch accent, and his manners are quiet, easy, and gentlemanly. He received me very kindly, suggested the best tours, and gave me an introduction to an antiquarian gentleman of Perth, an order for the Royal Institution, etc. He is said to be very retiring, and even bashful, in public.

Among other curious things, I passed to-day the house where John Knox lived, in High-street. It has a projecting window, from which he used to preach to the populace. His rooms are now used for a barber's shop.

You have seen pictures of this same High-street, and the other parts of the old town, and are aware that many of the buildings are from seven to eleven stories high. They are of dark coloured stone, and have a gloomy aspect. The upper stories were formerly considered the most genteel and fashionable for the drawing-rooms of the wealthy, and the lower floors were usually occupied by the poorer classes ! How changeable is this arbitrary dame Fashion ! You will suppose I was little interested even in the *printing office* of the Waverley Novels. It is

in the Canongate, a continuation of High-street, toward Holyrood palace. The old Tolbooth is now no more : it stood near the Parliament square.

After a walk through the splendid streets, squares, and gardens of the ‘new town,’ with an admiring glance at the classic taste of the Grecian ‘Institution,’ and at the noble University ; with a visit to the blood-stained apartments of Mary and Darnley, and the hall where Prince Charlie gave balls and kept court at Holyrood, with its one hundred and thirty-one portraits of Scottish kings, back to three hundred and thirty years before Christ, including Macbeth, Duncan, etc., all painted at the same time ! I proceeded to the old Parliament House, now fitted up for the courts of law. The hall where the Scottish parliament assembled, is very large, and has a curious oak ceiling. It is now a sort of public ‘*change*’ for ‘limbs of the law’ and their clients. The advocates, and ‘writers to the signet,’ *alias* attorneys, were pacing about, or reclining on the benches, talking to their customers. Adjoining this hall, are the minor courts, in small rooms, where causes are decided by single judges without juries ; but from their decisions appeal can be made to the general court, where all these judges officiate together with a jury. On one of the doors was inscribed ‘*Lord Jeffrey*,’—and stepping in, I was fortunate enough to see on the bench, in his wig and red gown, this celebrated character, for many years editor of the Edinburgh Review, and exerting more influence on the literature of the day than any other person living. His famous critique on Byron’s Hours of

Idleness, which called forth the biting satire of English bards, contributed, no doubt, to make Byron a poet. Jeffrey's physiognomy indicates all the *acuteness*, penetration, and ability, for which he is distinguished. His very glance is enough to silence all duplicity and prevarication. He sifted the argument of the pleader in a cool, business-like style, worthy of his station.

Dined with Mr. —. No visiter here from the United States, escapes an attack on the subject of Slavery. Mr. Thompson has made us all appear such cruel brutes to the poor blacks, that the kind-hearted Scotchmen have taken up the matter with the warmest and most disinterested benevolence, and think they are called upon to *move* in their behalf. They seem to marvel greatly that we should not consider the blacks quite on an equality with ourselves; and when they have one here, which is but rarely, they treat him with all sorts of respect and attention—give him dinner parties, and escort him about in their carriages.*

I had an opportunity of seeing the appurtenances of a city dwelling-house of the better class, which, in many respects, would be a model for our builders. Every thing seems intended for use and *comfort*, rather than for mere *show*, in the residences of the trading classes of England and Scotland. The buildings are *substantial*, the walls varying from eighteen to thirty inches in thickness. The walls of

* I was told of several such instances—though perhaps they occurred under peculiar circumstances.

some of the old castles are from five to even *nine feet* thick. They were not designed to tumble down, as an Irishman would say, before they were up. Hence the reason why fires are here so unfrequent, and so easily subdued. I was in London three months, and had not a single opportunity of seeing a fire, and only one of seeing a fire-engine. There is evidently much less destruction per annum by the devouring element, in all that vast metropolis, than there is on an average in New-York. Insurance in London costs next to nothing.

Saturday.—Rusticated a little, over to ROSLYN, etc. Stepped into a rail-road car at St. Leonard's Hill, where a Jeannie Deans was spreading her newly-washed linens on the grass ; passed the ruins of Craigmuller Castle, and the seat of the wealthy Marquis of Abercorn, and in twenty minutes was at Dalkeith, where I stopped to see the beautiful and extensive parks, gardens, and palace, of the Scottish Croesus, the Duke of Buccleugh—the Walter Scott, at the request of whose mother, a greater man of the same name wrote the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel.’ The parks, inclosed with the palace, cover eight hundred acres, in a picturesque spot ; the rivers North and South Esk both flowing, or rather tumbling in water-falls, through the centre. Near their banks in a grove, and ‘far removed from toil and strife,’ is a rustic bower, in a capital place for students or rhymsters, or philosophers of the school of Jacques, who read the brooks and trees. From thence, passing through Springfield, (where there is a paper-mill,

but not Ames,) I walked seven miles to Hawthornden, the seat of Drummond the poet, and now occupied by his descendant.

“ Who knows not Melville’s beechy grove,
And Roslyn’s rocky glen :
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden ?”

It was here that Ben Johnson came on foot from London, to visit his brother bard. It is on the banks of the Esk, in a romantic and beautiful situation. From the rear of the house, there is a private walk along the lofty, fir-covered, and picturesque banks of the river, to Roslyn chapel and castle :

“ Sweet are the streams, oh passing sweet !
By Esk’s fair banks that run ;
O’er airy steep, by copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.”

This chapel is another of those fine ancient ruins with which Scotland abounds. It is remarkable, that so costly and elaborate an edifice should have been erected as a private chapel to a single baronial establishment. The castle is also in ruins—very little of it being left ; but the views from its site are very pretty. A mile or two below, is Woodhouslee, the seat of the late A. Fraser Tytler, (created Lord Woodhouslee,) author of ‘ Universal History.’ Above is Melville Castle, Newcastle-Abbey, and Dalhousie Castle. Scott’s cottage of Lasswade, it will be remembered, was on the banks of the Esk.

Sunday, June 12.—Went to the HIGH CHURCH of St. Giles, where the ‘authorities’ attend officially. The

preacher was Dr. Gordon, an elderly man, considered, was told, next to Dr. Chalmers as a pulpit orator and theologian. They have no organ, and the church, as well as the service, in strong contrast to the imposing splendor of the English cathedrals, is as plain as the most zealous puritan could wish. They use the quaint old Scotch version of the psalms, and sing, sitting, the real old-fashioned ‘down-east’ tunes. The ‘Magistrates,’ *alias* the Common Council of the city, with the Lord Provost, occupy the front gallery seat, near the pulpit, on one side, and on the other, are the judges and chief justice. Jeffrey was not among them; I presume he escapes to the Episcopal church. The ‘Magistrates’ wear crimsoned robes, and three-cornered caps, and are escorted to and from the church in procession, by men in uniform, with lances, and two in black, who bear the sword and the mace. Before taking their seats, the magistrates and judges bow to each other, as if to intimate the harmony between the makers and executors of the laws.

Afternoon.—Attended St. John’s Episcopal Church. The building is very handsome, the singing and organ very fine, and the preaching very dull. Dined with Mr. M—. It is remarkable how many of the middle classes, even of the mechanics and tradesmen, in England and Scotland, support the tory principles. I had supposed the tories were only found among the wealthy and the nobility; but this is a great error. O’Connell and his measures are denounced, even by the majority of the Whigs. None but the ultra-radicals ‘go the whole figure’ in reform, with

him. It is singular, too, that so few of the *intelligent* people have seen their own fine scenery and curiosities. I asked a young lady here, who had painted a view from the 'Lady of the Lake,' if she had been to Loch Katrine. 'Oh, no!' she replied, in a tone which implied that such an expedition would be considered quite uncommon. They would think as much of it as we should of going to Ohio.

When 'The Lady' first appeared, the continent was blockaded by the armies of Napoleon; so that English tourists, now first hearing of the romantic scenery painted in this poem, were attracted in swarms to Scotland. What a benefactor was Scott to his country! The good she will derive from his works, for centuries to come, is incalculable. It is already felt in every part of the land. New roads, hotels, and even villages, have sprung up in hitherto solitary places among the hills and valleys of which he has written, supported almost entirely by inquiring visitors from every quarter of the civilized world.

VIII.

SCOTLAND.

Tour to the Highlands—Lochleven—Perth—Dundee—Dr. Dick—Palace of Scone—Dunkeld—Ossian's Hall—Stirling Castle—Bannockburn—Ride to the Trosachs.

Tuesday, June 15.—At 7 o'clock, on a fine morning, I left Edinburgh for the lakes and highlands. My route for the day was the same as that of the Antiquary and Lovel.* The coach, however, was much more prompt than in the days of Mrs. Macleuchar, and started off while the clock of St. Giles was striking, from Waterloo-place instead of High-street. Arrived at Queensferry, seven miles, after a beautiful ride, modern improvements were again visible; for, instead of waiting for the tide, as did Oldbuck and his friend, we drove down a stone pier, at the end of which the water is always deep enough, and transferring our luggage and ourselves to a sail-boat, just sufficiently large to contain the coach's company, guard and coachee included, the canvass was spread, and in a few minutes we were at North Queensferry, on the other side of the Frith of Forth. Here we breakfasted; the landlord, who could produce a dinner ‘peremtorie,’ has been succeeded by one who has it already on the table at the moment the coach drives up.

The ride from this place to Kinross is not particularly

* See ‘The Antiquary,’ by Scott.

interesting ; neither is the scenery around Loch-Leven. I stopped, however, of course, at the village, and walking down to the lake, over some marshy flats, made a bargain with a couple of fellows to row me over to the castle, on the same side from which Queen Mary escaped. There is a boat, it seems, kept by the cicerone of the place, who charges five shillings sterling to each visiter—a great imposition. My men had to keep out of sight, lest they should be fined for trespass ! The whole lake is owned by one person—Lord Somebody, who leases the privilege of angling in it, for 500*l.* per annum, and the lessee charges a guinea per day for sub-privileges ! It abounds with fine trout. The castle, which is quite a ruin, only one tower remaining entire, looks more like a prison than a place of residence.

“No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth ; no more the glance
Of blazing taper through its window beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave :
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lashed by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
Which whistle mournfully through the empty halls,
And piecemeal crumble down the tower to dust.”

The door of the chamber pointed out as Queen Mary's is not more than four feet high, so that you have to stoop in entering it. The gate through which she escaped with Douglas, is on the opposite side of the castle from her apartments, and not the usual place for leaving the island. The spot where she landed is yet called Queen Mary's Knoll.*

* See ‘The Abbott,’ by Scott.

After leaving Kinross, there is some fine scenery, particularly near Perth, where I arrived about half-past two. It is a large and handsome town, on the banks of the Tay. In my first walk through it, I noticed, as rather singular, a number of ‘fair maids.’ There is one, however, an inn-keeper’s daughter, who seems to bear the palm, and is distinguished, I was told, *par excellence*, as ‘The Fair Maid of Perth.’ I saw several vessels, coaches, etc., thus named ; and yet I could not find in the whole town a single copy of Scott’s novel ! Wandering down to the river, I saw a steamboat just starting for Dundee,* twenty-two miles’ sail on the beautiful river and frith of Tay, and the fare nine-pence ! So, not being very particular in my destination, I jumped on board, and was off in a trice, without my dinner, which I had ordered at the hotel. The trip was very pleasant, for it was a lovely day ; and at six o’clock I dined in the best style, on ‘three courses and a dessert,’ in a handsome parlor, at the Royal Hotel, Dundee, for two shillings—the cheapest dinner and trip I have had in His Majesty’s dominions. Dundee is a very large and flourishing place, and carries on more trade and commerce than any other town in Scotland, Glasgow perhaps excepted. It is admirably situated, and has quite a city-like appearance. The docks would be an honor to New-York. After dinner, I walked out to Broughty Ferry, four miles, along the banks of the Frith, to call on Dr. Dick, the author of the *Christian Philosopher*, and several other very

* The ‘Fairport’ of the ‘Antiquary.’ Within the last twelve years it has doubled in size and importance.

able and popular works. He has a little of the pedagogue in his appearance and conversation, but seems to be a very plain, kind-hearted man. He is very much interested in our country and its literature, and had many questions to ask respecting his American correspondents. He thinks we are far before Great Britain on the score of education; and says that such a work as Burritt's Astronomy would be quite too deep and scientific to be used in schools there. Of course, he touched upon slavery. He did not understand why the blacks should not be admitted into society, and considered as equals in intellect with the whites! In the little attic room, are a variety of scientific instruments, orreries, etc. Among the books were his last one, 'The Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind,' English and American editions. After tea, it being ten o'clock, and yet light enough in this northern latitude to read without a candle, the doctor kindly escorted me nearly three miles on my way back to Dundee.

Thursday morning, at six o'clock, I mounted a coach returning to Perth, with a fine clear sky, and the warmest day I have experienced in Britain. The road is along the banks of the Tay, and is very quiet and pleasant, passing several splendid seats; among them Kinsauns Castle, (Lord Gray,) in the midst of a grove on an elevation, fronting the water. Near this, on the banks, are found fine onyxes, cornelians, and agates. There is a handsome stone bridge over the Tay at Perth. This is a lovely river, the current being very swift, and the water deep, clear, and dark. After breakfast, I walked two miles along the banks north

to the palace of *Scone*, where the Scottish kings were formerly crowned. I saw the celebrated *stone* on which they were crowned, in Westminster Abbey, whither it was removed by Edward I. in 1296. The present palace is a modern and very splendid edifice, the finest I have seen of the kind, situated in an extensive park or lawn sloping to the banks of the river. It is occupied by the Earl of Mansfield, grand-son of the famous Lord Mansfield. The apartments on the ground-floor are very magnificent, particularly the drawing-room, which I imagine is the *ne plus ultra* of modern elegance. The tables and cabinets are inlaid with brass, the ceiling carved with great taste, and the walls covered with superb silk furniture, embroidered in the richest manner. It is as large as four or five good sized parlors. The library is of the same size. This, and some other rooms, contain paintings by Lady Mansfield herself, which are vastly creditable to her ladyship, and would be to a professed artist. There is also a noble gothic gallery, one hundred and fifty feet long, with a floor of polished oak, and a large organ. In the chambers, are bed-curtains, etc., wrought by Mary, Queen of Scots, when at *Loch Leven*.

Rode in the afternoon to *Dunkeld*, fifteen miles. Near this town, we enter the grand pass to the highlands, which here commence in all their beauty and grandeur. On the road, we passed *Birnam Wood*, which it seems has not all ‘moved to *Dunsinane*,’ a mountain twelve miles distant, and seen from the top of *Birnam*.* *Dunkeld* is beautifully

* See *Shakspeare*; *Macbeth*.

situated, in a vale on the banks of the Tay, which is here even fairer than at Perth, surrounded by lofty and picturesque mountains, which closely overlook the town. The scenery here exceeds any thing I have seen ; yet this is but the mere gate to the highlands ; and I may as well reserve my enthusiasm.

The principal landed proprietor in this region, is the Duke of Athol, whose pleasure-grounds alone are said to extend fifty miles in a straight line. We walked through the charming garden on the banks of the river, to the half-finished palace which had been commenced by the present duke, but now remains *in statu quo* ; for the ‘ poor rich man’ became insane, and is now confined in a mad-house near London. Crossing the rapid current of the river in a boat, we climbed up to ‘ Ossian’s Hall,’ a pretty bower on the brink of a deep precipice, and in front of a beautiful waterfall, which comes tumbling down a rocky ravine from an immense height, and is enchantingly reflected in the mirrors of the bower.* From this height is a fine view of the Grampian Hills, where

“ My father feeds his flocks.”

Stirling, June 17, P. M.—The Abbey of Dunblane and the battle-field of Sheriff-Muir were the only objects of interest during the ride from Perth : and there is little to excite curiosity in the old and irregular town of Stirling,

* See Colton’s description of this romantic spot. Also ‘ Waverley,’ the early scenes of which are in these same Highlands of Perthshire ; and perhaps this is the very spot described as the bower of the high-souled Flora McIvor.

except its noble castle, scarcely second to that of Edinburgh in fame and importance. Entering the esplanade, I happened to meet the commanding officer, who inquired if I was a stranger, and politely escorted me to every part of the extensive fortification. ‘In *that* room,’ said he, ‘James VI. was born;’ *this* palace was built by James V., (the ‘Knight of Snowdon, James Fitz James,’) who often travelled alone in various disguises. In *those* dungeons the prisoners were confined after the battle of Bannockburn. The views from the ramparts of the castle are very extensive, and in many respects have been pronounced unrivalled. They reach from Arthur’s Seat, on one side, to the highlands of Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond on the other, a distance of sixty-five miles. Eleven counties, comprising most of the places celebrated in Scottish history, may be seen from these battlements. On the south, two miles distant, is the memorable field of Bannockburn, where thirty thousand Scotchmen under Bruce, routed the English army of one hundred thousand men, thirty thousand of whom were killed. During the battle, when victory was yet doubtful, the boys (‘*gillies*’) who had charge of the Scotch luggage, curious to know the result of the contest, came with their carts to the top of the hill near by, and the English, supposing them to be a fresh army, took fright and scampered. So the place is called ‘Gillies’ Hill,’ to this day.

At five P. M., set off for Callendar, fifteen miles, crossing the Forth, and passing ‘the Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doune,’ (but not Burns’,) and the ruins of Doune Cas-

tle, a strong fortress, where Waverley was confined. A little farther, we ride along the Teith, and pass the seat of Buchanan, where Scott spent much of his boyhood, and his taste for the sublime and beautiful in nature was inflamed into a noble passion, by contemplating the scenery spread before him.

Callender is a retired and quite a rude little village, at the south-west entrance to the highlands, and is the usual stopping place for tourists. The people here generally speak Gaelic, and the children wear the highland kilt. The inn is the only decent house in the place. Joined an agreeable party from Edinburgh, and walked out to Bracklinn Bridge, and a beautifully-romantic waterfall. For eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, at this place, at present, (June) it is light enough to read without a candle; and at eleven P. M., it is as light as our twilight.

IX.

SCOTLAND—HIGHLANDS, ETC.

Scenery of 'the Lady of the Lake'—Lochs Vennachar, Achray, and Katrine—The Trossachs—Lochs Lomond, Long, and Fine—Inverary.

*Stewart's Inn, Lock Achray, Friday eve.—*This has been a most delightful day. It was a soft and brilliant morning, and we walked eight miles before breakfast to the celebrated Pass of Leven, one of the grandest in the

highlands. Ben Ledi, ‘the Hill of God,’ (where the natives are said to have worshipped the sun,) lifts its lofty summit on one side, and at its base are two lovely little lakes, their glassy surface reflecting clearly the splendid picture around.

After an excellent breakfast, M‘Gregor, our host, furnished us with the ‘Rob Roy’ car, and we were soon ushered into the classic and romantic region of the ‘Lady of the Lake;’ Ben Ledi being on our right, Ben An and Ben Venue frowning upon us in front. Riding along the banks of Loch Vennachar, on our left we passed Coilantogle Ford, where was the ‘combat,’ in which Fitz James mastered Roderick Dhu :

“By thicket green and mountain gray,
A wildering path ! they winded now
Along the precipice’s brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling’s turrets melt in sky.”

Our course was the same as that of the Knight of Snowdon, reversed ; and every turn of the road brought new beauties to view, in the splendid landscape. On the opposite shore of Loch Vennachar, we saw the ‘Gathering Place of Clan Alpine’ where, at the shrill whistle of Roderick Dhu, and to the surprise of Fitz James :

“Instant through copse and heath arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe :
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart;

The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand ;
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior, armed for strife."

Every visiter here must remark the singular *accuracy* of the pictures of scenery throughout this poem. So closely has the bard copied *nature*, and the peculiarities of identical places and things which, you supposed, existed only in his imagination, one would almost conclude that he had more talent than genius in this case—i. e. taking the doctor's definition, '*genius invents, talent combines.*'

The 'plaided warriors' are now scarcely to be seen this side of the Bracs of Balquiddar. How similar is their case to that of our American Indians ! Like them, they were the original possessors of the soil, and roved in lawless freedom :

" Far to the south and east, where lay
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between ;
These fertile plains, *that* softened vale,
Were once the birth-right of the *Gael* ;
The *stranger* came, with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land."

And as Roderick continues, addressing the king :

" Think'st thou we will not sally forth
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey ?"

A short distance beyond Loch Vennachar, we came to Loch Achray, about half a mile long, and so placid and

beautiful, that an Englishman took it for a work of art, and remarked that it was ‘very well got up !’ On the banks of this lovely lake, surrounded by the grand and lofty *Trosachs*, is the rustic little inn of *Ardchinchrocan*, where we stopped for the day. It ‘takes’ a Scott to do justice to this charming spot, and the wild but majestic scenery around. It seems far removed from the noise and trouble of the ‘work-day world.’

After dinner, we took a walk to *Loch Katrine*, through the most sublime and difficult of all the passes through the Grampians—that formed by the *Trosachs*, or ‘bristled territory.’ All that is wild and stupendous in mountain scenery here unites :

“High on the south, huge Ben Venue,
Down to the lake its masses threw ;
Crags, knowls, and mounds, confusedly hurl’d,
The fragments of an earlier world.”

Not a shrub nor a plant can be seen on these heights. Their rough, gloomy sides form a strange contrast to the green vales below. The *echo* from them is remarkably distinct. We passed through the shady ravine, where the green knights’ ‘gallant gray’ fell, exhausted after ‘the chase.’ A few steps from this, the charming *Loch Katrine* suddenly appears. The upper part only is visible at first, ‘the Island’ obstructing the view, so that new and varied beauties are discovered at every step. The scene is calculated to inspire and elevate the nobler feelings of the visiter. Passing along the banks, we came to ‘the

beach of pebbles white as snow,' opposite 'the Island,' where Fitz James first saw Ellen :

'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,
'I well believe that ne'er before
Your foot hath trod Loch Katrine's shore.'

The 'promontory,' 'the bay,' 'the brake,' 'the pebbles,' are all here ; and to enliven the scene, there was an old man who might have been Allan Bane, playing wildly on a flute ; and he gave us some fine old Scotch airs, which were quite a treat. We had a thunder-shower, too, and taking shelter in a cave, we heard 'heaven's artillery' echoed through these mighty mountains, with most impressive grandeur. On our return, with much exertion, I at length achieved the summit of one of the minor heights, and was amply repaid by the prospect therefrom. It was at sunset ; and the whole of the three Lochs Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar, with the snow-capped Grampians on the north, and the distant ocean on the west, were distinctly seen. The cattle on the nearest mountains appeared not larger than cats.

Inverary, Head of Loch Fine, Saturday, 11 P. M.—
With the moon-lit lake under my window, I resume my disjointed narrative. Yesterday we had seen the Trosachs in the clearest atmosphere, but to-day they were encircled with the mists which rolled majestically along their sides, while their summits were 'bright with the beams of the morning sun.' Our hostess at Loch Achray

provided us with a boat and oarsmen, and we proceeded through the pass from which

"Loch Katrine lay beneath us roll'd—
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light ;
And mountains that like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land."

How accurate and graphic the picture ! This lake is about seven miles long, and perhaps half a mile wide. We sailed over its smooth and brilliantly-dark transparent surface, and touched the banks of Ellen's Isle :

"The stranger view'd the shore around,
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,
Nor track, nor path-way might declare
That human foot frequented there."

Our boatman here gave us a specimen of the wonderful echoes.* His shrill call was answered *three times*, with perfect distinctness, and apparently from a great distance. He had a pithy way of talking, this rower. 'Do the sun's rays,' I asked, 'ever reach that glen under Ben An ?' who here

"Lifts high his forehead bare."

'Yes,' he said ; 'they give just a peep, to say 'How-d'y-e-do ? and are off again.'

'Is it five *English* miles across the next pass ?

* " 'Father !' she cried ; 'the rocks around
Love to prolong the gentle sound !'"

‘English miles, but a *Scotch road.*’

We passed the goblin cave, and enjoyed all at which ‘the stranger’ was enraptured and amazed; ‘that soft vale,’ and ‘this bold brow,’ and ‘yonder meadow far away.’ On landing, our boat-party found ponies in waiting to take us over the rough and dreary pass to Loch-Lomond. Our cavalcade, with the guides, straggling along between these wild hills and precipices, was a subject for the pencil. There were some odd geniuses among us, too, who contributed much to our amusement. Arrived at Loch-Lomond, we descended a rocky steep, to the banks where the steam-boat from Glasgow was to call for us. The place is called Inversnaid; but the only habitation in sight was a little hut, at the foot of a pretty cascade, where Wordsworth wrote:

‘And I, methinks, till I grow old,
So fair a scene shall ne’er behold,
As I do now—the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the water-fall,
And thou the spirit of them all.’

The boat took us to the head of the loch to see *Rob Roy’s Cave*, (which also once gave shelter to Robert Bruce,) and then reversed her course toward Glasgow. As we proposed to see Inverary, and some of the Western Islands, we landed at Tarbet, opposite Ben Lomond. The sky looked too black to warrant an ascent; but with glasses we could see several persons on the sugar-loaf summit. A tourist wrote on the window of the inn here, in 1777, a chapter of metrical advice to those

‘Whose taste for grandeur and the dread sublime
Prompt them Ben Lomond’s dreadful height to climb.’

From Tarbet, we took a car and rode through the grand but dreary pass of Glencroe, Ben Arthur frowning upon us for six miles, and went round the head of Loch Long to Cairndow, on Loch Fine, where we again took boat for Inverary, and had a charming moonlight sail. This is a very neat and pretty little village, belonging almost entirely to the Duke of Argyle. The houses are mostly white, and evidently arranged for effect, being clearly reflected in the quiet lake, like Isola Bella, in Italy. The duke's castle, near the village, is an elegant modern edifice, of blue granite, with a circular tower at each corner. We had a ride through the extensive parks and pleasure-grounds, which are filled with every variety of valuable exotic trees. The owner of this fine estate has not been here for fifteen years; no great argument for his grace's good taste, or justice to his tenants. Some of the most eminent British artists have found ample employment for their pencils in this neighbourhood. The loch is celebrated for its fine herrings, which is the chief article of trade of Inverary.

X.

SCOTLAND CONTINUED.

The Western Isles—Sail up the Clyde—Dumbarton Castle—Glasgow—Cathedral, University, etc.—Linlithgow—Return to Edinburgh and London—Steam Ships—Waverley Novels.

MONDAY MORNING.—At three o'clock we were awakened for the steam-boat, and were not more than half dressed, when the steam ceased from growling, and the bell from tolling ; nevertheless, we caught up what garments remained, leaving a few as wind-falls to the chamber-maid, and fled to the dock. The steamer was off, sure enough, but came to, and sent a boat for us, on seeing our signals. It is now broad day-light, and was, indeed, at two o'clock ! The sail down Loch Fine is rather tedious. It is a salt-water lake, from thirty to forty miles in length, and the shores are low and barren as the sea-coast.

We stopped at several places for passengers, and passing between the isles of Bute and Arran, (celebrated in ‘The Lord of the Isles,’) we entered the Kyles of Bute, where the shores are verdant and interesting.

At the town of Rothesay, on the Isle of Bute, we saw the ruins of the famous Rothesay Castle ; and a few miles farther we passed the Castle of Dunoon, and several pretty summer-villas on the banks of the water. Entering the Frith of Clyde, we stopped at the flourishing ports of Greenock and Port Glasgow, and the strong fortress of

Dumbarton, built on a lofty and picturesque rock, at the mouth of the river Clyde. From here, is a fine view of the Vale of Leven, and the whole outline of Ben Lomond, about fifteen miles distant. The pretty vale in the foreground is the scene of Smollet's beautiful ode :

'On Leven's banks when free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.'

In sailing up the Clyde, the most remarkable sight was the immense number of steam-boats which passed us in rapid succession. We met no less than *twenty-one*, of a large class, on the river, all bound out; and I was told that upward of eighty are owned in Glasgow alone. We landed at Glasgow, after a voyage of twelve hours, during which we had stopped at as many different places. I was surprised at the extent and elegance of Glasgow, as much as at its evident importance as a manufacturing and commercial city. It seems to be scarcely second to Liverpool, and is certainly the third city in Great Britain on the score of population and trade.

It is too far up the river for a seaport, so that Greenock is a sharer in its prosperity. The buildings, like those of the *new town* of Edinburgh, are nearly all of a handsome free-stone, which is found in great abundance near the city, and is the cheapest as well as the best material they can use. Loss by fire is especially rare. Some of the private residences would do honor to the west end of London,

The streets fronting the Clyde, on both sides, are very imposing, and are connected by four handsome stone bridges, while the banks of the river are substantially walled with granite, surmounted with iron railings. There is a public park, pleasure-ground, and gymnasium, near the river. The streets, particularly the Broadway of the town, Tron-gate-street, were literally thronged, quite as much so as Cheapside and Fleet-street in the Metropolis. In this street I saw the remaining tower of the Tolbooth, where Rob Roy conducted Frank, and met Bailie Nicol Jarvie. From thence I walked up High-street to the venerable University, of which Campbell, the poet, who is a native of Glasgow, was lately principal.* The structure is very antique, and incloses three squares. I passed through college after college, looking as learned as possible, and graduated in the ‘green,’ where Frank Osbaldistone encountered Rashleigh. Farther up the street, I arrived at the old *cathedral*, one of the largest in Britain. It is now divided into three churches for Presbyterians. The pillars which support the great tower are immense. I measured my umbrella twice on *one side* of a single square pillar. The *crypt* (basement) where Frank Osbaldistone attended church, and was warned by Rob Roy, extends the whole length of the cathedral, and is the most curious part of it. In the grave-yard I noticed monuments to John Knox, and McGavin, author of the Protestant.

* * * The Merchants’ Exchange is a splendid Corinthian edifice, and contains a noble public hall, and an ex-

* This office, as is well known, is now held by SIR ROBERT PEEL.

tensive reading-room. I was surprised at the extraordinary cheapness of rents, both here and in Edinburgh, compared with those in our good city of Gotham. The very best finished three-story houses, of stone, of the largest class, and in desirable situations, may be had for four hundred and fifty dollars per annum. Our New-York landlords would demand for a similar residence, at least twelve hundred dollars. In Edinburgh, as it is not a commercial place, rents are still lower. Very superior houses, with large gardens, etc., are let for eighty pounds per year.

After seeing Langside, about two miles from Glasgow, where the cause of the ill-fated Queen of Scots was finally overthrown, I rode to Linlithgow, for the sake of a glance at her birth-place; the palace once so famous and ‘fair.’

‘Of all the palaces so fair,
 Built for the royal dwelling,
Above the rest, beyond compare,
 Linlithgow is excelling.’

The walls remain nearly entire, but the interior was totally destroyed by fire, during one of the civil feuds. The town, as well as that of Falkirk, a few miles beyond is dull and gloomy.* Some of the old houses in Falkirk were once occupied by the knights of St John, who had a preceptory near the place. The field where the great battle was fought, in which Wallace was defeated, is a short distance from the town. I reached Edinburgh at ten P. M.,

*The house yet remains in Linlithgow, from which the Regent Murray was shot.

in the canal-boat from Glasgow, which goes at the rate of nine miles an hour, and landed under the batteries of the castle ; having passed a week in delightful weather, among the most interesting parts of Scotland. I have been agreeably surprised at the evident marks of industry and prosperity which are almost every where apparent. The Scotch are notoriously shrewd, enterprising, and thriving ; but we Yankees, like other nations, are apt to think ourselves far before the rest of the world in ‘inventions and improvements ;’ and though a foreigner would sneer at my presumption, I have really felt pleased when I have seen any thing abroad ‘pretty nearly’ as good as *we* can show at home. It is folly, at the same time, for us to flatter ourselves that we can in no wise take profitable example from our father-land !

Notwithstanding the flattering invitation from Mr. G——, (of the agreeable party I had the honor and pleasure joining in the Highland tour,) business called me speedily to London, and I therefore took berth in the ‘Caledonia’ steamer, and reluctantly bade adieu to my hospitable friends, and to

‘Edina ! Scotia’s darling seat,
With all her palaces and towers.’

The London steam-packets sail from New-Haven, one of the seaports of Edinburgh. They are very large, and are built and rigged like ships ; with a fine dining-cabin on deck, *over* that of the berths. The fare from Edinburgh to London, (about five hundred miles by water,) is three

pounds, meals included ; and they make the passage in from forty-two to fifty hours. A good library in the cabin served to relieve the tediousness of the trip ; and I found, on reference, that I had visited or passed over many of the scenes described in the Waverley Novels ; and what a gallery of pictures do those works exhibit ! They are too familiar, however, to need any reference. One of the principal charms of Scott's fictions, as has been often remarked, is the accuracy and truth to nature, both of his landscapes and his characters. He studied *scenery* and *localities*, in the course of his frequent excursions, as well as individual traits ; and as he has himself told us, he had an original in his eye for most of his apparently imaginary portraits.

As we sail along the coast, we have a distant view of several remarkable places. Preston-Pans, where the chevalier and his Highlanders routed the royal army, under Sir John Cope ; Dunbar, and its castle ; Dunglass Castle ; Berwick-upon-Tweed, near the 'Border ;' Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, which figures in 'Marmion ;' Flodden Field lies a few miles from the coast ; and Alnwick and Warkworth Castles,

'Home of the Percy's high-born race,

are but a few miles from the Border, on the English side. Carlisle and its famous castle, and Gretna-Green, are more in the interior. The finest small views of Scottish scenery may be found in 'Caledonia Illustrated,' now publishing, edited by Dr. Beattie.

On board our steam-ship, I was amused at the specula-

tions of my neighbors at the table, respecting a person at the other end of it, whom they finally pronounced a Yankee, from the sure evidence of his chewing tobacco. They never suspected me, it seems, for one of the barbarians, and looked rather blank, when I spoke to him as a fellow countryman. He was a pretty considerable thorough-bred down-easter; and it was not strange that John Bull detected him.

* * * We landed at the East India docks, five or six miles from St. Paul's, and considering myself pretty well informed in the law, and not easily to be cheated, I hired a hack, without saying a word as to the price, and had the pleasure of being forced to pay five times the lawful fare, because, forsooth, the law did not extend down the river, and, moreover, it was a '*glass coach!*'

XI.

LONDON, again—*House of Lords*—Applying for 'orders'—Duke of Wellington, Melbourne, etc.—O'Connell—Service in Westminster Abbey—Windsor Castle—Politics—OXFORD, University, Libraries, etc.

House of Lords.—There is no admittance for plebeians to this 'august assembly,' without a written order from a peer; but we were not to be daunted on this wise. We wrote a billet to some of the great 'uns, as follows:

'To his Grace the Duke of Wellington:

'MY LORD DUKE: The undersigned, a stranger from the United

States, presumes to solicit your Grace's permission to visit the House of Lords this evening.

‘I am, my Lord Duke,
‘Your Grace’s Humble Servant,
— — — .’

This circular was addressed also to the Duke of Buccleugh, Viscount Melbourne, Marquis of Londonderry, etc., for the Lords ; and to O’Connell, Hume, Spring Rice, and Sergeant Talfourd, for the Commons. To ensure success, I took a cab, and called on their graces and lordships in person. At Whitehall-Gardens, the powdered and gold-laced footman, gracefully bowing for a sixpence ‘to drink my health,’ presented me with a note, neatly sealed with the duke’s arms, which purported thus :

‘The Duke of Buccleugh presents his compliments to Mr.—, and has the honor to inclose an order for the House of Lords.’

* * * This for my friend. Now to the premier’s for myself. The viscount’s house is certainly not more ostentatious than his neighbors.’

‘On business ?’ asked the porter, as I presented my ‘little affair.’

‘Yes,’ said I stoutly.

‘Then you must take it to the office, in Downing-street. His lordship transacts no business at home.’

‘Oh !’ it is *private* business—*very* special, and requires an *immediate* answer,’ returned I, remembering the advantage of an air of consequence, with these ‘gentlemen’s gentlemen.’

The official disappeared, and soon brought me a roughly-

folded note, addressed in true great men's hieroglyphics :

‘——— Esq.,
‘18 Norfolk-street, Strand.,’
‘MELBOURNE.’

It inclosed the order. Next, to Apsley House: ‘The duke will send an answer.’ To Piccadilly : ‘The Marquis not in town.’ To Cavendish-Square : ‘The duke will be at home shortly ; an answer at two o’clock.’ To Langham-Place : Reply endorsed on the petition :

‘Finding Mr. —— is not a resident of a *slave-holding state*, Mr. O’Connell has the honor to comply with his request.

‘Admit the bearer to the gallery.’

DANIEL O’CONNELL.’

To Guildhall: Mr. Talsourd, the author of ‘Ion,’ in court, examining a witness. Asked the constable to give him my note, when he was disengaged ; but he pushed inside, before judge and jury, thinking I had something touching the case in hand. Luckily the sergeant was busy, and I escaped. A brace of orders came from him in season, so I supplied my friends ; for no member can give an order for more than one person at a time.

We went to the House of Lords at five P. M. The room is about the same size as that of the Commons, but looks, of course, a little more ‘genteel.’ The throne is a large arm-chair, under a crimson canopy, not particularly splendid. The members’ seats are elevated on each side, and covered with red moreen. The ‘ministerial bench’ is in front, near the woolsack and the bishops ; and their party (at present whigs) all sit on the same side, while the

opposition, or tories, occupy the other, facing their opponents. In *this* house, the tories, or *conservatives*, of course predominate. The members were in plain citizen's dress, except the bishops, the chancellor, and the clerks, who all wear a black gown and big wigs. When we entered, a witness was being examined in an election-bribery case : presently the house was called to order, and the chancellor (Lord Cottenham) took his seat on the *woolsack*, which is nothing more than a good sized red ottoman. An ordinary-looking man, who it appeared was the Earl of Wicklow, then rose, and made a studied speech, in which there were far more words than ideas, against appropriations for a charity-school in Ireland, which he alleged was under Catholic influence. Some one at the door announced, ‘My luds ! a message from the House of Commons !’ and on each repetition of this, the chancellor, poor man, had to leave his seat and come down the hall with a bag, which they call the *purse*, to receive the ‘message.’ One of the prelates (the Bishop of Exeter) rose and supported the Earl of Wicklow’s motion ; and then presented petitions from manufacturing districts, praying for interference in behalf of the children employed in factories, who were often required to work twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and were otherwise ill-treated. The bishop made some remarkable statements in the course of his appeal, which was manly and sensible ; and I observed Melbourne, the minister, who is a full-sized, elderly man, leave his seat and whisper to somebody, and then return with a point-blank con-

tradiction to one of the bishop's assertions, which of course produced a rejoinder.

When I revisited the house on the 17th, the Marquis of Londonderry had the floor. My object was to see Wellington. ‘Pray is he here?’ ‘Yes; don’t you see his nose?’ Ah, there’s no mistaking the duke. There he sits, between the dandy-exquisite-moustached-tory-Duke of Cumberland (the king’s brother) and Lord Lyndhurst, the intellectual giant of the house, the ablest peer of them all, and the best orator, perhaps the only orator, among them. ‘He is an extraordinary man, that,’ said my neighbor. ‘No doubt,’ thought I. His father was a native of our own Boston. ‘That tall man, with a short neck, and black hair, is Lord Ellenborough, and he in the rear, the Earl of Devon, all tories—“birds of a feather.”’ Brougham is not here; he appears to have retired of late from public life. But hush! The duke is going to speak! Lo! the great captain, who is at once two dukes, (Spanish and English,) a prince, (of Belgium,) two marquises, three generals, a field-marshal, four or five ex-premiers, knight of the garter, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Constable of the Tower, and filling I know not how many other stations; the conqueror of Napoleon; the commander of three great armies; the leader at the ball of Brussels, when

‘There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium’s capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry;’

this famous great-little man rose to speak. And he spoke ‘pretty well considering.’ He hesitates and stutters at

times, but when he gets warm with his subject, as he is now, he waxes quite eloquent. He is evidently listened to with much deference and attention. They have not forgotten Waterloo.

A few days since a meeting of the “friends of O’Connell and reform” was held at the ‘Crown and Anchor’ to raise a subscription for the great agitator in consideration of his expenses at recent elections.* Mr. Hume, one of the radical leaders in the House, presided, and made a speech. He is a Scotchman, and *looks* honest as well as able and talented. At another meeting, in reference to the case of Dr. Beaumont, an Englishman who had been imprisoned in France for some political offences, O’Connell himself was in the chair, and exhibited his peculiar powers of satire and bitter invective in an harangue against Louis Philippe and the whole French nation. In person he is very large and tall: with a full, broad, and strikingly Irish face, and his style of oratory is well adapted to work on the passions rather than the reason of the populace.

I usually attend church on Sunday afternoons at Westminster Abbey. I love to go there. One can read sermons on the walls. The very tombs discourse history, poetry, and philosophy. The verbal preachers are usually sufficiently dull. Among others, I have heard the Bishops of Hereford, Chester, and Exeter; and (in his own church) the Rev. George Croly, the poet, author of ‘Salathiel.’ Croly is a man of fifty, or thereabout, a high tory, and

* It was stated that one election had cost Mr. O’Connell, if I recollect right, £9,000 !!

distinguished for his eloquence; yet according to my humble opinion, neither of these great guns will compare with our Dr. H—— as pulpit orators. But there is something impressive in the church service in such a place as this venerable abbey. Here you may sit within a few steps of the spot where sleep the mortal remains of the royal Edwards, Henrys, Richards, of old; the knights of chivalry repose at your feet; from the valiant deeds of the Black Prince, the bloody career of the monster Gloucester, the mad pranks of Falstaff's dearly beloved 'Hal,' the brilliant court of Elizabeth, and the woes of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, your thoughts turn, on a glance at other tablets, to the lofty strains of him who sung of

‘Things invisible to mortal sight,’

and to the splendid creations of the Bard of Avon; the epitaphs of the time-honored Chaucer; ‘O Rare Ben Jonson;’ and the whole host of poets, statesmen, and philosophers—stars of the first magnitude in English literature—meet your eye on every side; and while you are so forcibly reminded that

‘The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave;’

the rich, full notes of the organ, softened by the voices of the juvenile choir, are echoed through the lofty and venerable arches, as they chant in harmonious chorus:

‘Glory be to God on high!—on earth peace, and good will toward men!’

Windsor Castle, July 11.—At the ‘White Horse Cellar,’

Piccadilly, I perched myself on a Windsor coach, and off we rattled by Apsley-House, Hyde-Park, and Kensington Gardens, our coachee skillfully threading his way between the innumerable omnibuses and other vehicles which ply between the modern Babel and the hundred-and-one villages in its environs. We passed through Kensington, Kingsbridge, Hounslow, Brentford, Hammersmith, Kew, Turnham Green, and a series of gardens between. The castle is first seen from the road, crowning an elevation about three miles distant, on the left, and, even so far off, it makes a display, truly imposing and picturesque. The coach made a short turn through the town of *Eton*, where is the celebrated school, or college, in which noblemen are proud to have been educated; and with a glance at its curious Gothic chapel, we crossed a bridge over the Thames, and were at once in the respectable old town of Windsor, where there are no doubt as many ‘merry wives’ as in the days of Shakspeare and sweet Anne Page. There are several approaches to the castle, the chief one being from the Great Park; but the public are admitted only on the side of the town, through the two ‘outer walls,’ each of which are well flanked with towers of stone. The castle itself covers as much space as a small village, and a novice is somewhat puzzled in its labyrinths of arches, donjons, inner and outer walls, towers, and gateways. It is indeed a magnificent and kingly structure, or rather assemblage of structures, for the various parts have been built at widely different periods, and in every variety of form; but the whole seems most happily combined in one vast edifice,

in which the strength, grandeur, and castellated style of the old baronial strong holds, is as remarkable, as the elegance, splendor, and *comfort* of a modern palace. It is well described by Von Raumer, in his letters. His majesty, it appeared, had not been advised of my visit, and had gone to take his *déjeuner* at Kew ; but I found that a couple of his representatives, in the shape of shilling-pieces, would introduce me at once into the state apartments ; and I can conscientiously give my full approval of the audience-chambers, the throne-room, ball-room, and St. George's Hall, as being magnificent, in the highest degree. This part of the castle has been recently renovated and modernized, at great expense. All the rooms are adorned with fine paintings and tapestries, of which latter, the 'History of Esther' series is particularly beautiful. At the Hampton-Court Palace I saw the duplicate original of those tapestries of Raphael, which we had in New-York. From the terraces of the castle, you have a thoroughly English landscape ; green meadows, winding streams, and gentle elevations. St. George's Chapel, adjoining the castle, is considered a gem of Gothic architecture. It contains the twenty-four stalls of the knights of the garter, with their banners suspended above ; and I noticed also, a beautiful monument to the late Princess Charlotte. In the park, adjoining the castle, I looked for Hearne's oak, and sure enough, there was the tree where tradition says Falstaff was enticed and pinched by the fairies ; and near it is the foot-path to Dachet Mead, where they ducked him in the buck-basket.

The approach to the castle from the great park, and the sweet little lake called Virginia Water, is through a noble avenue, extending three miles in a perfectly straight and level line, and shaded by rows of stately elms. One of the best views of the castle is from the hill, at the end of this avenue. I have made up my mind, that Windsor and Warwick cannot be equalled, ‘in their way,’ as Mr. Cooper says, in all Europe.

On the way back, there was an amusing dispute on the top of the coach between a tory, a moderate reformer, and a fiery radical. I was astonished to observe the freedom and boldness with which they settled the affairs of the nation, and railed at each other’s party, or individuals composing it. John Bull certainly allows his children *some* liberties—those of speech, the press, and conscience —(though perhaps scarcely the last,) and a stranger can gain more insight into the character and opinions of the people, in a mixed company, like that of a stage-coach, than from all the books in the museum.

* * * * *The University of Oxford*, which has existed since the year 886, comprises no less than nineteen different colleges, each distinct and independent, with a president and faculty; but united in a sort of federal compact, and governed by a Chancellor, and Vice-Chancellor, the latter being the acting and responsible officer. The Duke of Wellington, as you well know, at present fills the Chancellor’s chair. The college buildings are nearly all of the Tudor style of architecture, and most of them, indeed, were erected in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.,

and of Elizabeth ; and they bear now a stately and venerable aspect. They are in the quadrangular form, covering two or three acres, with a large area in the centre. Several of them front on High-street, which is considered one of the most imposing in Europe.

- I had no letters to Oxford ; and my reception by Mr. and Mrs. T——, with only a self-introduction, gave me a most favorable impression of English hospitality. They invited me to their house with the cordiality of old friends ; and with the most unassuming kindness, which will not soon be forgotten, took pains to show me the many interesting sights of this beautiful town. On Sunday I attended their church, which boasts no little antiquity, having been founded by Alfred the Great, in the eighth century. Its style of architecture is of course Anglo-Saxon.

In the afternoon, I went with Mr. T—— to the beautiful chapel of Magdalen college, to hear the *chanting*, which is performed by a choir of boys, in the most perfect and touching manner. It was the sweetest, most expressive, and most appropriate church music I had ever heard. The effect can scarcely be imagined by one who has only heard the Episcopal chants in our churches. In this chapel is a painting by Carlo Dolci, valued at eleven thousand guineas ! Addison was educated at Magdalen College ; and his favorite walk, on the banks of the Isis, is yet called ‘Addison’s Walk.’ Gibbon, whose stately style is so strongly in contrast with the classic ease and purity of the ‘Spectator,’ took his degree here, also. The ‘crack’ college, in size, wealth, the extent of its library, and gallery

of paintings, and the aristocracy of its members, is *Christ Church*. Most of its graduates are sons of the nobility, and the higher classes ; but yet it was in this college I was shown the room occupied by Dr. Johnson, who was certainly a plebeian, albeit an inveterate tory.

But I will not inflict on you a prosing account of this renowned University, or a catalogue of her sons ; are they not all written in books ?* I must say a word or two, howbeit, of the two *great libraries* ; for, as friend HARPER says, ‘that is somewhat in my line.’ The Radcliffe library is in a circular building, with a huge dome, and an elegant interior. It contains, besides its one hundred and fifty thousand volumes, a fine collection of casts and busts, such as the Laocoon, Apollo Belvidere, Warwick Vase, etc. The *Bodleian* is still more extensive. It has three hundred thousand volumes, and a large picture-gallery, with many noble paintings, and models of ancient temples. These immense repositories of literary treasures, and gems of art, are alone well worth a visit to Oxford. But I could not help thinking, that the world would not be much the wiser for a greater part of these books. It strikes us

* See Ingram’s *Memorials of Oxford*—containing fine views of the buildings, &c. The graduates of the two great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, of course comprise most of the distinguished names in English literature. Among those of the former, beside the above mentioned were Canning, Bishop Heber, Steele, Dr. Young, Shenstone, Collins, Warton, Sir Wm. Jones, Southey, Prof. Wilson, Millman, etc.—Cambridge boasts of her famous ‘classics,’ Bentley, Parr, and Porson ; and of Barrow, Horne, Milton, Dryden, Spenser, Sir Isaac Newton, Sterne, Prior, Gray, Horace Walpole, Mason, Horne Tooke, William Pitt, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley.

practical Yankees, that books were made for use, rather than to fill up long shelves, to be looked at only on the outside, and the mass of them never to be opened, even by the ‘favored few.’ Among the *rarities* which they show here, are an Ethiopic MS. version of the Book of Enoch, recently brought from Africa, and Queen Elizabeth’s Latin exercise-book, in her own hand-writing. Connected with the Bodleian, is a hall of ancient sculpture, containing about eighty statues, which have been brought from Greece and Italy. Near by, are kept the celebrated Arundelian marbles; and here I saw the original Parian Chronicle, made two hundred and sixty-four years before Christ! and of course now somewhat illegible. This chronicle, you know, was an important authority in ancient chronology. I must not forget the ‘Theatre,’ an edifice not for dramatic performances, but the college anniversaries, which we call ‘commencements.’ This extensive hall is elegantly decorated, and well contrived for a large audience. It was here that the Emperors of Russia and Austria, etc., were pompously received, when they visited England, in 1815. The connoisseur in paintings will find ample entertainment in Oxford; and if you come here, especially do not omit seeing the altar-piece in All-Soul’s chapel, a most exquisite ‘Magdalen,’ with an expression of countenance I can never forget. A few miles from Oxford, is the splendid palace and park of Blenheim, given by the nation to the great Duke of Marlborough, for his military services.

XII.

London Police—American Literature in England—English Authors—Intelligence amongst the ‘working classes’—Cockney Pronunciation—Prejudice against Americans.

THE police of London is, perhaps, more efficient, without being oppressive, than any other in the world. In Paris, the agents of the police are very numerous ; but they act in *secret service* : they are *spies* on the people ; and though I am not aware of having seen a policeman there, it is extremely probable that I met them daily at the *cafés* and dining-rooms. But in London, there is no disguise. They are distinguished by a uniform suit of blue and a cockade, and are to be seen at every turn and corner, day and night, always on the watch for the least show of disturbance. There must be, at least, two or three thousand of these men constantly employed for the seemingly idle purpose of walking the streets. Disorder is consequently rare, and is always checked in the bud ; and drunken vagrants, if ever seen, are soon disposed of, for a policeman is always within call. There is, also, a night horse-patrol for the environs. Each of the public buildings is sentinelled by one or more of the ‘Life Guards,’ who are richly dressed in scarlet, with tremendous black, bushy caps, *à la grenadier Francaise*. These valiant troops also attend the members of the royal family, when they visit public places. A part of them are mounted,

and have their head-quarters at the ‘Horse Guards,’ in Whitehall and St. James’s Park.

A knowledge of, and respect for, *American Literature* appear to be gaining ground in England ; but still, very few of our writers can boast *much* foreign fame ; and many a name, and many a book, familiar to us, have scarcely been heard of, in the land of Shakspeare. There are some bright exceptions, however. It is superfluous to say, that I often heard IRVING and his writings spoken of with enthusiasm ; and the *early* novels, especially of COOPER, stand as high in popular favor throughout Europe, as they ever did at home. But the English are disposed, it would seem, to claim these two writers as their own ; many, at least, never allude to them as American. The essays of Dr. CHANNING have attained a wide celebrity in Great Britain. I have seen no less than three rival editions. Add to these three names those of WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN, and you can scarcely mention another American name which enjoys a thorough European reputation. A number of our books have been re-published, it is true, and are known to some extent. I saw English editions of one or more of the works of Miss SEDGEWICK, PAULDING, SIMMS, FLINT, FAY, and Dr. BIRD. Our poets they are but little acquainted with. Mr. Irving, you know, endorsed a London edition of BRYANT, and Barry Cornwall conferred the same honor on WILLIS, whose prose sketches in the magazines, &c., have been highly praised here. He has certainly written himself into considerable notoriety. PERCIVAL’s poems were printed in England several years

since. Some of HALLECK's, and others, are well known through the various "specimens of American poets." The classical text-books on oriental and biblical literature, from Andover, Cambridge, etc., are re-printed, and considered high authority by English scholars and critics. Several American books, of a useful and practical character, such as ABBOTT's 'Young Christian,' Mrs. CHILD's 'Frugal Housewife,' etc., have had an immense sale in England and Scotland. At least twenty thousand copies of each of the two mentioned have been sold in the kingdom. The sneering question of the Quarterly, 'Who reads an American book?' is no longer asked; but English prejudice is yet slow to admit that 'any good thing can come out of Nazareth.' I was told by a London publisher, that if an American book were re-printed, it would be bad policy to acknowledge its origin. I know several instances of our books having been published in London and Glasgow as original, and without a word of the *source*, or any alteration, except the omission of local names, by which they might have been detected! In one case, an English copy of a book thus re-printed, verbatim, *except the title*, was received by a New-York house, published as an English work, and one thousand copies were sold, before it was discovered that the copy-right belonged to the author and publisher in Philadelphia! * * * * A few of our higher periodicals are favorably known here. Silliman's 'Journal of Science' is appreciated and praised by scientific men throughout Europe; and there are in London about one hundred fifty subscribers to the North American Re-

view, a work which has done more than all others to elevate our literary character in the estimation of foreign critics.

You will ask perhaps if I have met with any of the English *literati* since I have been here. At the counting-rooms of their publishers, I have been fortunate enough to see WORDSWORTH, JAMES, the novelist, and ROGERS, the poet. Wordsworth, the 'high-priest of nature,' as you once called him, is apparently about fifty-five years of age; he is tall and rather *thin*, and he looks unassuming and benevolent. Rogers, the rare instance of a wealthy-banker poet, is now quite advanced, being over seventy-six. He seems to be much respected. G. R. P. James, on whom 'has fallen the mantle of Scott,' as some of the puffers said, is a young man, active, and good-looking. He seems to be something of a *courtier*, as his historical romances indicate; and he has recently been appointed 'historiographer to his majesty.' I told you that I brought a letter to Sergeant TALFOURD, the author of that most polished and elegant of modern dramas, 'Ion.' The sergeant is rather small, very neat in his dress, and business-like in his manner. As a barrister, his reputation is of the highest stamp, and it was probably this profitable practice of his profession which induced him to decline his late appointment of Recorder of the city of Oxford. When 'Ion' was first performed the other evening for Macready's benefit, (that great tragedian, who must be at least sixty, taking the part of the youthful hero, with ELLEN TREE as Clemanthe,) Talfourd was there, with

his friends WORDSWORTH, WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Miss MITFORD, etc. The performance was of course warmly applauded, and the author being called for, was greeted with great enthusiasm. Mrs. JAMESON, whose charming 'Characteristics of Women' you esteem so much, is just about embarking, as she tells me, for New-York, so I need not discourse of her.

A few days since I was introduced to MURRAY, the celebrated publisher, whose name has been so closely identified with the literature of the last twenty years. His portrait in 'Finden's Byron Illustrations,' is very correct. His contracts with authors, as well as those of Constable, his distinguished contemporary of Edinburgh, are a sufficient refutation of the charge often made against publishers, that they are illiberal and over-reaching.—Look at the list of payments to Scott and Byron for the copy-rights of their works, and say, if you can, that *successful* authors are never properly remunerated. I was not a little curious to see Murray and his *sanctum-sanctorum*, where the literary lions are wont to meet. He has two saloons over the business office, appropriated for this purpose, elegantly fitted up, with choice books of illustrations, etc., to amuse the loungers. In these rooms are fine portraits of Scott, Byron, Crabbe, Moore, Gifford, Murray himself, the northern navigators, (Parry, Franklin, Ross, etc.,) and several others. Murray is a high tory in politics and practice; he seems to be on intimate terms with titled personages, and lives himself in aristocratic style.

You are familiar with the *names* of that *extensive* firm,

"Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green & Longmans." This has been for many years one of the most enterprising and celebrated publishing houses in the world. The members of it are all gentlemen of the highest respectability, and two or three of them are said to be quite wealthy. I have had the pleasure several times of dining with the whole firm together, save the elder Longman, who has now retired from active business. Mr. Rees* was intimate with Sir Walter Scott from his boyhood, and he told me several interesting things of him, suggested by a full length portrait of the poet in the dining-room, painted at the age of 25.

PICKERING and the Oxonian TALBOYS you are acquainted with through the medium of their publications, which display their classical taste as much in selecting materials as in putting them in a neat and elegant form. Mr. Pickering is styled the 'modern Aldus,' and he 'treads in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor.' Mr. Talboys is noted for his refined taste and judgement, and is doubtless thoroughly educated—perhaps partly by himself. At least, it is rather remarkable that he should have acquired the German language within a few years past, sufficiently to enable him to translate those elaborate historical works of Heeren, Wachsmuth, Ritter, &c. When will *our* publishers be learned and industrious enough to perform such tasks?

The working classes, and even the 'tradesmen' of England, as well as I could judge, are far from being so

* This estimable and kind-hearted man died since my return.

well informed as those of the United States. One of the most obvious reasons is, the comparatively high price of books and newspapers in England, which places these luxuries beyond the reach of such as gain the scanty pittance of their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. Many, even those who may be said to belong to the *middle* classes, appear to have access to newspapers only at the public dining-rooms ; and as to the publications of the day, they are well content with the loan of them from a circulating library, for nearly as much as the whole book may be bought for in New-York. How many of the thousands among us who get the last novel of Bulwer, James, or Marryatt, for the trifling sum of fifty cents, would make the purchase, if they had to pay one pound eleven shillings and sixpence, or seven dollars, as in London ? New novels can only be afforded *there* by the librarian, the nobility, or the millionaire. But with us, *all* classes have books ; and the mechanic's apprentice, with the penny paper in his hand, may discuss the politics of the day as wisely, perhaps, as his master, or the president himself.

I would not assume a critical nicety in matters which belong to more learned heads, but I must say, that the vulgar *pronunciation* of many words, not only among the cockney tribe, but, according to Mr. Cooper,* reaching even to the bishops, was continually grating on my ear, in London. I inquired for Holborn, which seemed to be a

* Mr. C. was asked by a bishop if he knew *Dr. Hubbart*, in New-York, and was quite at fault, till he accidentally discovered that the prelate referred to the late Bishop *Hobart*.

place unknown, until I learned that the *English* of it was *Hobun*. Lombard, you must call *Lumbud*; Warwick, *Warrick*; Thames, *Tems*; Pall Mall, *Pell-Mell*, and so on. We have even the high authority of Lord Brougham, or rather Lord *Broom*, for calling Birmingham *Brum-magm*. I really think that we Yankee rebels are far more loyal to the king's English, than his majesty's liege subjects.

There are many words which the English use in quite a different sense from ourselves, and many *articles* which they call by a different, and often more appropriate name. Every body knows that by a *clever* man, they mean a man of genius and talent; and a *very* clever man would be with them a person of extraordinary celebrity; whereas we only apply the word to a good-natured 'hail fellow, well met.' The coachman would feel his dignity insulted, if you called him *driver*; and you should be careful to say *luggage* instead of *baggage*, or there may be a whisper of scandal. *Nice* is peculiarly an English word. Several of our own coining having been endorsed in England, such as *talented*, *dutiable*, etc.

The peasantry, and others of the lowest classes in England, are a robust and hardy, but certainly an ignorant and boorish race. Their highest enjoyment would seem to be a horse-race, a mug of ale, or 'pot o' 'alf-and-'alf'; and they drink these brain-muddling beverages in prodigious quantities. With their ale and roast beef, it is no wonder that the English are not of the lean kind!

It is to be hoped that ignorance respecting the American people, and groundless prejudice against them, is daily

becoming less prevalent in England ; but a visiter from the United States is yet often as much astonished as amused, at the notions of the people there about us. A traveller is always sure to fall in with conversible companions ; and it is gratifying to find on the way many agreeable and intelligent persons, who, with but partial advances on your part, will enter into your plans, and without impertinent curiosity, will readily impart information, or render assistance. At Warwick, a few days after I first landed at Liverpool, I met with a couple of gentlemen of this stamp ; and, in the course of conversation, I mentioned that I was an American. They both seemed surprised, and remarked that I spoke English *very* well ; ‘ they should never have taken me for an American ;’* and gravely inquired if ‘ the English language was usually spoken in the United States.’ These were evidently ‘ men of substance,’ and they had just been complaining of the wretched state of public education in England ! I seldom confessed that I was any other than ‘ a native born and bred,’ but whenever I did plead guilty of being an American, I always observed an expression of wonder, if not of absolute

* I certainly never laid claim to purity of pronunciation, yet I might have travelled from Land’s End to Johnny Groats’, without a suspicion of being any other than a native of England. And there is probably not a country in the world, great or small, in which there is so much *uniformity* in dialect and accent, as in the United States. In the best society of England, the language may be spoken more correctly than it is *on an average* with us ; but in the mass of the people, (the Yankee’s ‘I guess and calculate,’ the Virginian’s ‘I reckon,’ and a few other sectional oddities excepted) the Americans unquestionably excel on this point.

incredulity. It will scarcely be believed, but it is not more strange than true, that many in this land of learning expect to see in an ‘American’ a person of different color, habits, and language, from themselves. They seem to apply the word American only to the aborigines ; and the descendants of those who have come from England, Scotland, or other European countries, they consider as still belonging to his ‘father-land ;’ and the mass of people in England have the most vague and crude notions about matters and things in this distant republic. Ten to one you may be asked what State Virginia is in, or if there are ‘many Indians in New-York,’ meaning the *city*. One good lady had an idea that the Indians were black, and that they were the same as our present slaves ! When the Americans, in Paris, joined the English residents in congratulating the king on his escape from assassination, one of the English committee proposed, that the republicans should appear in their ‘own court dress !’ One would think, that with the present facility of intercourse between the two countries, they might be better informed ; but it is certainly the fact that, in the present 1836, you will hear blunders, such as these specimens, from five persons out of eight, in England, who have any thing to say concerning the United States.

XIII.

JOURNEY TO PARIS.

Ride to Dover—The Channel—Boulogne—Diligence to the Capital—‘First impressions of Paris’—Tuilleries—Champs Elysées—Arc de Triomphe—Gallery of the Louvre—Le Madeleine, etc.

PARIS, August, 1836.—After due deliberation respecting the various routes, I chose the oldest and most frequented, by Dover and Boulogne; and in order to be in Paris before Saturday evening, (that was Wednesday,) took an outside seat in the night coach to Dover. It was a fine evening, and as we rode out of London through ‘the main artery of the right hand of the world,’ Charing-Cross, down Whitehall and Parliament-street, over Westminster bridge, and through the villages of Deptford and Greenwich, I had a beautiful sunset view of the ‘great metropolis.’ A glorious full-moon rose soon after we took leave of the more dazzling luminary, and of course the ride in such an evening was most agreeable. We passed through Gravesend, a bustling and noted town on the Thames, and our course lay for some distance along the margin of the river. At eleven, we stopped for supper at Rochester. The night which looked so promising, was not to be very delightful; a change came over the face of it, in the shape of a cold, thick fog; moreover, that useless and annoying animal, y’clept ‘the guard,’ kept us awake by his fearful blasts on a large tin-horn; and alto-

gether, I was abundantly satisfied with my first experiment in riding all night. Day-light came at last, just as we were entering the ancient and honorable town of Canterbury, as weary pilgrims as ever went there in the days of worthy old Chaucer. The cathedral is entirely surrounded by ordinary dwelling-houses, and the massive entrance was at this hour of course closed. We could only get a glimpse of its fine towers. At six A. M., we were set down at the 'Ship Hotel,' at Dover, and only had to pay five shillings more than the regular fare, beside three shillings to the guard, etc., for keeping us awake, and two shillings more for porters, ladders, etc., to the boat, a piggmy affair, y'clept the Britannia, on board of which we descended, after a poor breakfast at the hotel ; and in a few minutes we were rapidly receding from the 'white cliffs of England.' The hills along this coast appear to be entirely of chalk, and from a short distance, the shore looks as if partly covered with snow. The castle and heights tower above the town, and the latter give it the appearance of our Brooklyn. The morning was brilliant and cloudless, and the sea scarcely ruffled. So we glided over this far-famed and much dreaded channel as gently as we should cross from New-York to Jersey City, only taking somewhat longer time to do it. Before we had lost sight of Dover, the coast of 'La Belle France' was very distinct ; indeed the two coasts may always be seen from each other in clear weather. We had three or four baskets of carrier-pigeons on board, which were liberated at intervals, to announce our progress. They are used to communicate

important intelligence, and never fail of arriving on either side in about ten minutes.*

The distance from Dover to Boulogne is forty miles, which we achieved in three hours and a half. Boulogne is prettily situated on the open sea-coast, at the head of a small bay. On an eminence near the town, is a conspicuous monument, commenced by Napoleon to commemorate his (intended) conquest of England, (!) and completed by Louis XVIII., to commemorate Napoleon's downfall !

We sailed up between two long and excellent wood piers, filled with expecting friends, porters, police, soldiers, custom-house officers, etc., and stepping for the first time on the soil of Europe, at least of the continent, I was escorted by a companion through the eager crowd, amid the clamorous calls of the commissioners, ‘ Hotel du Nord ? Hotel D’Angleterre ? Hotel D’Orleans ? Portmanteau, monsieur ? ’ At a little bureau on the quay our passports were received, and we were permitted to proceed without any personal examination, the commissioner of our hotel (D’Orleans,) taking charge of our luggage, which he ‘ passed’ in an hour, without giving us a word of trouble ; but we soon found we were not to escape vexations, for the seats in the diligences had been engaged for four days to come ! This is especially provoking, in such a place as Boulogne. But repining avails not.

This is the second of ‘ Le Trois Jours,’ and the tri-colored flags are displayed from every house in town, giv-

* The death of Rothschild the banker, was thus announced a few days since, with the simple words, “*il est mort.*”

ing the streets a gay and lively face. Boulogne is a remarkably clean and orderly place, and in this respect forms a strong contrast to its rival, Calais. It is a famous sea-bathing place, and, during the summer, English residents and visitors form one third of the whole population. Indeed, the town is very *à l'Anglaise*—more so, they say, than any other in France. But still there is enough to remind a novice that he is really in another country—in the old world. The military on the docks and in every street ; the poor women, bare-footed and bare-headed, performing the labor of beasts of burthen, being in fact, the public porters, and thankful for the chance of carrying your luggage for a few sous ; the incessant jabbering in a strange tongue, (strange, alas ! to me,) for even the children here, as one sagely remarked, ‘talk very good French ;’ the streets without side-walks, and the picturesque figures in them ; the immense clumsy diligences, arriving and setting off in cautious pace ; the street harpists and music-grinders, (of which we have abundant specimens;) and sundry other petitioners for your spare change, greeting you in pathetic and musical tones at every turn of the street. The hotels form about one-fourth of all the buildings of the town, and are all crowded. Mine host has a summer pavilion on the banks of the sea, commanding an extensive view of the English coast, etc., and very similar to that at Rockaway, (L. I.,) and to this we are sent in a barouche to dine at the *table d'hôte*, in a large airy hall, which accommodates one hundred or more. The company to-day being mostly English, seemed rather

awkward in this novel mode of dining ; and there was no general conversation at the table. My neighbor, a raw Berkshire youth, stared with astonishment when he found I was not English, and still more so that I was an American, ‘the first he had ever seen ;’ and he looked on me with something of the curiosity that one would inspect an ourang-outang. The shore before the pavilion is covered with little bathing-cars, which are drawn into the water by horses, and there is a handsome assembly-hall near by, for the bathers. After dinner, walked up to the ‘barriers’ or ramparts, which surround an elevated part of the city, and serve both for fortification and a public promenade. The view from them is very fine.

Friday.—A rainy day, and the review and ceremonies in the church are given up. Strangers at the hotels have been invited by the mayor to a grand ball at the ‘Salle du Spectacle,’ or theatre, this evening. A band of music at the pavilion at dinner. Went to the theatre ; great crowd, nine-tenths spectators ; much like our Masonic Hall balls, except that there was no room to dance. The élite of the town displayed their best, but the majority were English. It was to be *très selecte*, and has been the town-talk for a week ; yet my companion said, with great surprise, that of one of the prettiest of the dancers he had bought his gloves. Made an appointment to meet him at Amiens’ cathedral at five A. M.

Saturday.—A most vexatious mistake of my own has lost me my seat again, and I must endure idleness and ennui, in this purgatory, twenty-four hours longer. Hor-

rors! What shall I do? Wandered into a museum, and killed an hour. Bought 'Diary of Desennuyée;' miserable trash! Changed it for Mrs. Trollope's 'Paris and the Parisians;' precious little better. The longest day I have known these two years.)

August 31st.—Found myself actually mounted on the *rotonde* of a French diligence, and proceeding, at the pace of six or seven miles an hour, toward Paris. Splendid morning; and the roads are thoroughly sprinkled by the late rain. The diligences of this line have been recently modified *a-l'Anglaise*, but they are yet far inferior in neatness and expedition. This one has two outside rear seats, or the *rotonde*; the *banquette*, over the conducteur's seat in front; and the interior, divided into three apartments. The front is called the *coupé*, and is the highest price. The conducteur is a respectable personage, who overlooks the whole team, delivers the passports, etc., and the fee to him, and the postilion, is always regular, and paid in advance. (The fees to waiters at hotels in France are always charged in the bills; so there is one annoyance well rid of.)

The road to Paris, by Montreuil, Abbeville, and Beauvais, is flat, stale, and unprofitable. There is little to be seen but wheat-fields and pastures, and here and there a bit of a hut, with the philanthropic announcement, 'Loge au pied et au cheval,' which is equivalent, I presume, to the similar English establishments' sign, 'Entertainment for man and horse.' Montreuil is an antique and strongly

fortified town, entirely surrounded by a high wall, and several outposts. Here we stopped to dine. Abbeville, the next, is the largest town on the route, and quite *continental* in its appearance. It was a fête-day, and the whole population were amusing themselves in the streets, some with a dancing monkey, others listening to a buffoon, or improvisatrice. Then we passed through Airaines, Granvilliers, and Marseille to Beauvais, famous for its siege in 1472, by the Duke of Burgundy, which was raised by the heroic Jean Hanchette, whose memory is still honored by an annual festival. Here we took a good breakfast, for which our night ride had created an excellent appetite. Passing next through the small villages of Puiseux, and Blaumont-sur-Oise, we came to St. Dennis, the burial-place of the kings of France, and from thence proceeded through a broad, straight, dusty avenue, to the capital, without having any general view ; and were set down at the bureaux of the Messageries Royal, where our luggage was slightly examined, and I was then escorted by a young companion, to the Hotel De Lille et d'Albion, opposite the Palais Royal.

Dined at the table d'hôte, with a company of thirty, all English. Got a cab and rode over one of the bridges to find my quondam Yankee doctor. Find it necessary to be in earnest now about learning French. My ignorance is rather awkward, but still it is not impossible to make myself understood ; and ‘necessity is the mother of invention.’

2d.—Hired a guide, or interpreter, to show me the localities, and assist me in my business. In the city, in general, I am disappointed. The narrow, filthy streets, with gutters in the centre, and without side-walks, and the antique and irregular buildings, do not realize my notions of gay, elegant Paris. But the extent and magnificence of the *public* buildings, palaces, gardens, parks, boulevards, etc., are enough to atone for the dirty streets. The general view of the city, from one of the centre bridges, (the atmosphere being wonderfully clear and transparent,) is grand and imposing in the extreme. The luxurious and superb architecture of the Louvre, Tuilleries, Luxembourg, and Palais Royal, and the *immense extent*, as well as the great beauty and elegance, of the gardens and parks, connected with these palaces, must astonish even the most sanguine.

4th.—Took lodgings with Dr. —— in Rue D'Enfer, opposite the garden of the Luxembourg, for three objects, namely: to have a guide to the city; to learn French from him and the talkative landlady, and for economy's sake, for I pay but seven and a half francs a week for a snug room with attendance, in a good situation, and can have breakfast (such as it is) for fifteen sous.*

6th.—Having disposed of most of my business, I commenced '*lionizing*.' First, I walked over Pont des Arts,

* I am particular in the mention of these pecuniary facts, believing that they will be useful to American readers, who may contemplate going abroad.

through the Louvre and the Tuilleries, to the Gardens of the Tuilleries, which I need not say, are laid out on a scale of great extent and magnificence, and are profusely adorned with fine statues, and groups in bronze and marble. Every one must admire the taste and munificence displayed in the varied avenues of this fairy spot. And then to expose those valuable and exquisite works of art so freely and publicly to all classes and conditions of the populace, and yet no mutilation or injury to them, is even thought of. Americans and Britons may well wonder at it, and go and do likewise. It is perhaps this very liberality in the display of the fine arts to the 'common people,' which creates and promotes among them such instinctive politeness, as well as taste and refinement. Although thousands and tens of thousands are admitted at all times to these public places, there is no jostling and crowding each other, and rarely the least disorder of any kind. Passed through Place de la Concorde, (late Place Louis XVI.,) and the Champs Elysées, where they were removing the lamps, etc., used in the late fete of the three days, and walked up the broad and noble avenue to the triumphal arch de L'Etoile, which was completed a few days since, and is one of the most conspicuous, and most admired ornaments of the capital. I will send you a printed description, which will save me a great many words. Suffice it to say, that the most extravagant epithets will not give you too high an idea of it. It is of white marble, adorned with exquisite bas-reliefs, and is so immense in

extent and height, that from the Pont Neuf, about three miles distant, it is conspicuous far above the tall trees of the Champs Elysées, and all the surrounding objects.

Returned to the Louvre, and spent the forenoon in its celebrated Musée and Gallery of Paintings. This gallery is one thousand three hundred and thirty feet long, and would reach from Broadway to Wooster-street! The ceiling is oval, and is elegantly gilded and adorned. The perspective of the gallery is much like that of Thames Tunnel, and the farther end appears to be only three or four feet high. As to the paintings, I have marked in the catalogue those which particularly struck me, and no further description would be worth while. The gallery of ancient sculpture is of course intensely interesting, and contains one of the finest collections in the world. (See Madame Starke.) Walked up to the Boulevards, which, with Rue Rivoli, Rue Castiglione, and perhaps two or three others, are the only streets which do credit to the city. The Boulevards are quite modern; and when the trees are matured, and the building finished, they will be much more beautiful than now. The Boulevard des Italiens is the handsomest. In the Boulevard Conti, is the superb church of *St. Madeliene*, the interior of which is not yet completed. It is on the model of a Grecian temple, of white marble, surrounded with exquisite Corinthian pillars, and ornamented with bas-reliefs, and is doubtless the largest and most costly building of the Corinthian order at present existing. It was commenced by Napo-

leon as a grand national temple, and the nation has paid liberally for it. Gorgeous as it is in design and execution, the architecture is from the best classic models, worthy of the palmy days of Athens and Sparta. In the Place Vendome, near by, is the celebrated column (on the model of Trajan's,) erected by Napoleon to commemorate his victories. What a gigantic mind was Napoleon's ! It is displayed as much in the monuments, edifices, and public works, which he planned and executed, as in his ambitious projects for the conquest of Europe. This column is made of cannon taken in his battles, and you must see it, in order to understand the difficulty as well as grandeur of such a project.

Returned to my room before dark ; for recent examples have shown, that it is not quite safe to be out alone, late in the evening, in the streets of Paris. Several persons have been attacked and robbed, and one or two killed, in this neighborhood, within a few days.

XIV.

PARIS, CONTINUED.

St. Sulpice—Versailles—Palace and Gardens—King of Naples—Queen and Royal Family of France—Palais Royal—St. Roche—Jardin des Plants—Gallery of the Luxembourg—Notre Dame—Palais de Justice—Bibliothèque du Roi—Louis Philippe—Les Gobelins—The Pantheon—Taglioni—Les Invalides—Chamber of Deputies—Père la Chaise—Prince Czartoryski—Beauty, etc. etc.

Sunday.—Went to St. Sulpice, which is ranked as the second church in Paris, next to Notre Dame. It is Roman Catholic, of course, for there are but four or five Protestant churches in all Paris! The front of St. Sulpice is grand and imposing, but the rest is not particularly so. The interior is spacious and lofty, but far less elaborately finished and decorated than the cathedrals of England. There are large niches around the walls, inclosed with a railing, and adorned with fine paintings, an altar, etc., which seemed to be private or family chapels. Several companies of children, apparently belonging to schools, were led into the church by priests in black cloth robes. These priests were reading the service in various parts of the church, and in the niches, to groups of ten or twenty; but the principal one was before the grand altar, which is gorgeous in design and decoration.

7th.—Went to Versailles, where there was to be a grand review, etc. The doctor, a medical student, a New-

Orleans gentleman, and myself, took a hack together, and started off about eleven o'clock. All the world had gone or were going ; the vehicles of all sorts, from the superb barouche of the nobility, to the go-cart of the market folks, were innumerable. Rode along the Quai des Tuilleries and the Champs Elysées. Passed St. Cloud, the favorite residence of Napoleon, and the scene of the bloodless revolution which gave him the government of France. Near the palace is a column for telegraphs, by which Napoleon communicated with Paris. A certain light was a signal that he would see nobody. Neither lord nor lady must approach.

Arrived at Versailles at one. Review just over ! The palace here is immensity personified. It can hardly be comprehended. From the magnificent gardens, the view of it is superb. These gardens will more than realize the most brilliant fairy scene of the Arabian Nights. They extend *several miles* in each direction ; laid out with the most perfect neatness and order ; and this is their only fault. There is too much trimming—too much exactness. If they were a little more like the wild beauty of nature, they would please my eye as well. Statuary, of all sorts, is liberally disposed throughout these vast grounds ; noble avenues intersect each other at half-angles in the gardens and park ; and in these the trees are so placed and trimmed as to form a grand triumphal arch ; while the squares between are occupied by fountains, curiously devised, or by a bed of flowers.

'All the world and his wife' were there. Suddenly, there was a pressing toward one of the grand avenues. It was to see the King of Naples, who is now here on a visit to his aunt, the Queen of the French. The king and the French queen were in an open car, accompanied by two good-looking youths, about sixteen and eighteen, (the Dukes of Nemours and Orleans,) and the two princesses, rather pretty, and dressed with taste and marked simplicity. An elderly gentleman, next to the King of Naples, was said to be a minister or guardian, and he looks as if he needed one. He is a mustachoed, dandyish-looking fellow, and stared through his quizzing glass in a style quite amusing. The people took off their hats as the car passed, but there was not a whisper of applause or enthusiasm.

On our return, just as we stopped at the park of St. Cloud, the French king's carriage came up, kept as close as a prison; and in a few minutes, the queen and he of Naples arrived, and stopped in the park to change horses; so we had a chance to scan them all very closely. The queen might have been handsome once, but she certainly is not now. She bowed repeatedly to some one by the carriage; but not a word was uttered, which appeared very strange.

My way to Galignani's reading room, every morning, is through the portico of the hall of the celebrated French Institute, over the Pont des Arts, and through the quadrangles of the Louvre and Palais Royal. What a world

in miniature, (and not on a very small scale either,) is this Palais Royal ! A palace that would cover *two or three of our squares*, in the heart of the city, was converted by its proprietor, the late Duke of Orleans, into an immense bazaar ; the entrance from every part being from the interior court, which is a long promenade of itself, adorned with rows of trees, fountains, and gardens. The lower floor of the palace is divided into stores, in the arcade fashion, in which are displayed every article, almost, which can be imagined or desired, for use or ornament. The jewellers are the most numerous. There are, I should think, at least three or four hundred of these shops on the first floor, and they each rent for four thousand francs per annum. The second floor is occupied by cafés, reading-rooms, and by gambling establishments, or ‘hells,’ and the upper stories by characters of all sorts, male and female. In short, there is a specimen of every thing, good and bad, in this Palais Royal ; and even the bad is made so alluring and dazzling, that, altogether, it is no very difficult matter for an unwary novice there to rid himself of his superfluous cash. The imposing *coup d’œil* of the palace and gardens you can imagine better from the prints, than from any description.

The Bourse or Exchange stands in the centre of a large square, and is one of the finest modern edifices in Paris. This, like the ‘Madeleine’ is in the Grecian style, of white marble, supported on all sides by massive pillars.

The interior is richly decorated. On the ceiling of the public hall, there are emblematical paintings, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Near the Bourse, is the Halle au Blé, an immense circular building, the dome of which is nearly as large as that of the Pantheon at Rome.

In my ramble to-day, I dropped into a church, which I found to be that of Saint Roch, one of the most beautiful in Paris. Like Saint Sulpice, it has numerous private altars in the inclosures around the walls, which are adorned with fine paintings. Near the great altar, there is a representation of the sepulchre, made with real stones, and roughly placed in the supposed manner of the original, and a group of statuary, as large as life, representing the entombment. It is so well done, that the credulous devotees who were kneeling before it seemed to think it was reality. Near it is a representation of Mount Calvary and the Crucifixion, similarly contrived.

In the aisle of Saint Roch, I met an English lady, and her three daughters, whom I had seen at Boulogne. Having travelled with the lady's husband, but not having been formally introduced, I passed without speaking to them. The lady turned and spoke to me, and politely invited me to call at her hotel. I mention this, as proving that the English are not always so tenacious about formal introductions as they have been represented.

9th.—Walked before breakfast to the Jardin des Plants, where botanical students have the privilege of studying all

the immense variety of specimens which are there displayed, in a garden of three-fourths of a mile long. A small hill in the centre is surmounted by a little bronze temple, from which there is a good prospect. On this hill are two or three *Cedars of Lebanon*, which are esteemed very rare and valuable; it is a beautiful tree, and quite *oriental*. Beside the plants in this establishment, there is a menagerie, a museum of botany and natural history, etc.

Visited the gallery of the Luxembourg, which is appropriated for paintings and sculpture by living artists. It was a rich treat. See catalogue. The garden of the Luxembourg is a beautiful promenade, but not equal to that of the Tuilleries. Nothing can exceed the gayety and brilliancy of the scene in these gardens at sunset, and early in the evening, when the thousands are enjoying the cool refreshing air, or admiring the fountains and statues. In the Tuilleries, a sculpture in bronze has been lately put up, representing a lion crushing a viper or serpent. It seems to attract much attention, as being emblematical of a strong government putting down all insurrectionary vipers.

Visited *Notre-Dame*. The interior architecture will not compare with that of York Minster, and other English cathedrals, but it has a lighter and more cheerful appearance. It is abundantly decorated with paintings, some of which are very superior. A company of priests were chanting in the choir, in the most doleful manner imaginable. Ascended by four hundred steps to the top of the towers, from which there is a fine view of Paris and the

environs. The clearness of the atmosphere renders the view much better than that from Saint Paul's. The *Palais de Justice*, where the courts, etc., are held, is near Notre Dame, on the Ile de Cité. The Court of Cassation are now engaged in the trial of persons lately arrested for supposed treasonable plots. Poor Louis Philippe ! thine is a throne of thorns ! Thou darest not show thyself in public, lest thy life should be forfeited ! Who does not envy thee ? And yet, I have never learned that the king has merited these attempts on his life. The government, in spite of some severe laws, has been as liberal as the character of the people would justify.

The *Bibliothèque du Roi* contains eight hundred thousand volumes, the largest library in the world. I noticed a work on the topography, etc., of France, alone, in two hundred and nine large folio volumes ! Connected with the library, is an immense collection of prints, and antique medals, cameos, gems, etc. I saw the armor of the Duke of Sully, Henry IV., and several of the French generals ; manuscript original letters of Racine, Molière, Bossuet, Boileau, Voltaire, Fenelon, Rousseau, etc. ; manuscripts written in the third, fourth, and fifth centuries, beautifully illuminated ; manuscripts in Turkish, Arabic, Coptic, Egyptian, etc., and paintings from the ruins of Thebes, probably done before Christ.

The papers announced a review of the troops before the Tuilleries, by the King and the King of Naples, but it was

changed to the Champs Elysées, and the King of France was not present. He is said to be very courageous himself, and it is only the urgent entreaties of his family and his ministers which keep him so close. He wished to have the review on the 29th, but they would not permit him. Just as I was leaving the Garden of the Tuilleries, the king arrived in a coach-and-six, preceded by a courier, and escorted by a party of dragoons. He looked out of the carriage and bowed, and I had a good opportunity to see him. The face was quite *natural*, and very much like the prints.

This afternoon I visited one of the most curious and interesting sights in Paris, the manufactory of the celebrated *Gobelin Tapestry*, where those copies of the Cartoons of Raphael, exhibited in New-York, were made. The operation appears perfectly simple, and yet not very easy to be learned. The picture to be copied is hung on the wall behind the loom ; the weaver sits with his back to it, and works on the *back of the tapestry*. It is done entirely by hand, and of course it is very slow work, six years being spent on one piece. There are about ten or twelve rooms, some of them containing two or three looms. Several of the pieces now on the looms are very beautiful, but rather too costly for any but kings and *millionaires*. Annexed to the tapestry rooms, there is a manufactory of *carpets* of a most princely description, uniting the thickness and durability of the Turkey carpets, with the softness and elegance

of the Wilton. The colors and patterns are really superb. The carpets are always made in one piece. These, also, are such as the most wealthy only can buy.

The Pantheon, once called the Church of Saint Genevieve, is a sort of national monument. It is an elegant building, in the form of a cross, supported within and without by Corinthian pillars. The dome is particularly lofty and beautiful. On the walls, are four gilt tablets, on which are inscribed the names of two hundred and eighty-seven citizens, killed in the revolution of 1830. The crypt is fitted for the purpose of receiving monuments of distinguished persons. Our guide, with a lantern, escorted us to this subterranean region, ‘where we meditated among the tombs.’ Suddenly he came to a statue, and raising the lantern to the face, discovered to us features expressing a scornful sneer, which made me start. It was a statue of Voltaire. While there, another party came in, preceded by the guide and lantern, and dodging every now and then from behind the pillars of the crypt; it seemed like being in the regions of the dead.

In the evening, I went to see the celebrated *Taglioni*, at the Académie Royale de Musique, being her first appearance for some time. So eager were the multitude for seats that the doors were blockaded by hundreds, several hours before they were opened. The house is very large and very elegant—And what a brilliant array of dancing nymphs in the *ballet*; surely Taglioni herself cannot surpass those fairy creatures. Ah! here she comes,—and

what a bound was that!—Surely she is not of flesh and blood!—Such airy lightness—such exquisite grace—the very ‘poetry of motion.’ “She’s quite a *spry* little thing,” says the worthy doctor, “but I rather guess it ‘a’nt worth while to be squeezed to death for the sake of seeing a *gal* hop and skip ever so well.”

Visited an exhibition of Sevres porcelain; should like to send home a set, but it rather exceeds my purse. *The Hotel des Invalides*, is the largest building in Paris, if not in the world. It is an asylum for maimed and superannuated soldiers. The chapel connected with it, and especially the dome, is much admired, and is considered the finest thing of the kind in Paris. The old soldiers of Napoleon are here to be seen in their cocked hats and military dress; some with one arm, others minus a leg. They are all well taken care of, and have nothing to do. Near the Invalides, is the Ecole Militaire, and the Champs de Mars, where one hundred and fifty thousand men have been paraded.

On the banks of the river, facing the Place de Concord, is the Palace of the *Chamber of Deputies*, or Palace Bourbon. The Hall of Sitting is in the form of an amphitheatre, the seats raised above each other. It is very elegant, and even gay, in its decorations. The front benches are inscribed *Ministres*. The session of the chamber does not commence till winter. We were also shown the other apartments of the palace. Next to this is the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and farther on is the Hotel des Mon-

naies, or Mint. This afternoon, at five o'clock, stepped into an omnibus, in order to be at *Père La Chaise* at sunset. It is on an eminence near the barriers of the city. The street which leads to it was filled with women, who were making and selling those yellow wreaths, (of which I send you a specimen,) for the visitors to decorate the tombs of their friends. Great numbers of these were placed on the tombs, some fresh, and others faded and dried. The cemetery is on the same plan as that at Mount Auburn, or rather Mount Auburn is on the plan of this, but preferable in situation, and much more beautiful in its arrangement. There are no less than thirty thousand tombs here, displaying every variety of taste and whim in the style and pattern, and filling a space of some hundred acres, the walks through which form quite a labyrinth, insomuch that the guides charge three francs to go through it, which I did not choose to pay. I found the tombs of Abelard and Héloïse, Molière and La Fontaine (which are side by side, and very simple, and covered with names of visiting scribblers,) Rousseau, La Bruyère, La Place, (the author of *Mécanique Celeste,*) Moreau, Volney, (a plain pyramid,) and several other distinguished names. Many of the monuments are very splendid, particularly that of General Foy, and others, which I have forgotten. The inscriptions are as various as the monuments. Some are very simple : à mon père ; 'á notre cher ami ;' 'á notre petite Julie,' etc. Many of the monuments are little chapels, with altars, candles, chairs, etc., and some even with paintings ; having an

iron door, of open work, so that you can look in and see the taste and superstition of the founder. It requires a whole day, at least, to take even a passing view of all the monuments. The view from the highest ground in the cemetery is very fine.

12th. I had sent a note to Prince Czartoryski, desiring to know if it was his pleasure that I should call on him. This morning I received a polite and elegantly-written note, in French, saying : ‘ Le Prince Czartoryski présente ses compliments à Mr.—, et a’sempresse de le prévenir qu’il aura le plaisir de l’attendre chez soi, demain à 11 h. dans la matinée. Ce 10 Août, 1836. 25 Faubourg du Roule.’

I did not receive it till the day after that designated, but still I went. There did not seem to be even a porter or a servant on the premises. An old man escorted me up stairs, and knocking, the door opened where a good looking gentleman was writing. I was at a loss to know whether he was the prince or not, but he seemed to expect me. ‘ Monsieur—?’ ‘ Oui, monsieur.’ He escorted me to the next room, and took my card into another. In a few minutes, a noble-looking man, about fifty-five, came out, and taking my hand, was ‘ very glad to see Mr.—;’ ‘ walk in;’ and so I was seated on a plain gingham-covered sofa, with the Prince Czartoryski. The apartments, furniture, etc., are plain almost to meanness, and the prince’s pantaloons themselves looked as if they had been washed five or six times ; a fact which I consider highly creditable to him. He has

decidedly one of the finest, noblest countenances I ever saw. It is expressive at once of dignity, energy, and benevolence. It indicates a contempt of every thing mean.

I must confess I felt rather awkward in this my first tête-à-tête with a prince. It was so hard to have to say ‘your highness’ at every sentence, that I finally dropped it entirely for the plain republican ‘Sir.’ He evidently expects this form, but does not insist upon it. He inquired about the condition of his countrymen in the United States; if they had obtained employment; if they conducted themselves well; what gentlemen had interested themselves for them. I mentioned among others, our respected and munificent fellow citizen S. V. S. Wilder, Esq., and he told the secretary to take his address. He asked if any association for the Poles existed in New-York, and if one could not be formed; if the Americans were not rather partial to Russia, and thought she had done right. This I answered very warmly, and said that, on the contrary, our country had watched with astonishment the conduct of the other powers of Europe in not interfering in behalf of Poland. That the wrongs of Poland were a favorite theme for our school-boys and girls, declamations.

After a conversation of half an hour or more, I took leave, the prince inviting me very cordially to call on him when I returned to Paris. The morning papers state that ‘the government (of France) yesterday made an application to Prince Czartoryski for three hundred Poles to go to Spain’—for which ‘party,’ I did not notice.

I have marvelled at nothing more, in Paris, than the rarity of female beauty. I have been in the Boulevards, and other fashionable resorts, at fashionable hours, many a time and oft; but I do not recollect having seen a single French woman decidedly pretty. In some of the Galleries, I observed occasionally a lady who might be called so, but they always proved to be English. It seemed more singular, as the prevalent notions of Paris with us led me to expect a brilliant display ‘in this line.’ But if the French damsels are deficient in personal attractions, they certainly are not in graceful and fascinating manners; and this remark will apply almost equally to the peasant girl and the queen. The style of dress of the Parisian ladies seemed to me very neat, simple, and tasteful, and certainly much less *showy* than that of the belles of Gotham, who, it must be owned, are apt to be somewhat *ultra* in the *extremes* of foreign fashions. There is sound policy, no doubt, in the practice of employing young women as clerks in the shops; they have an irresistible way of recommending their wares, charming you by their ineffable sweetness and apparent naïveté, while they draw as liberally as possible on your purse.

They have a queer way of naming, or *dedicating* their shops; such as ‘á la belles, Anglaise,’ ‘á la ville de New-York,’ etc. In many of them there is a notification that the prices are *fixed* and unchangeable; but I understand they generally take care that the *Anglaise*, (who seem to be proverbial as a wealthy nation,) shall pay a suitable ad-

vance. ‘*Combien?*’ proves to be a very useful word, and answers just as well as ‘*Quel est le prix?*’ The bill of fare at the restaurants is quite a curiosity. You may have, in the medium establishments, an excellent dinner for twenty-five or thirty cents, including two or three ‘plates,’ and a choice from nearly one hundred and fifty, beside the desert and the *vin ordinaire*. Omnibuses originated in Paris; and they are now very abundant, convenient, and cheap. You may ride from the Gobelins to Mont Maitre, about five miles, for six sous; and if you wish to stop on the way, they will give you, gratis, a *correspondence-ticket* to proceed. They are regulated by government, and taxed and licensed for so many passengers.

While admiring the palaces and public buildings in Paris, one cannot but be surprised that the meanest huts should be permitted to remain in their immediate neighborhood, as at the Louvre, Tuilleries, Luxembourg, and the palace of the Institute, where bits of book-stalls and shoemakers’ shops are placed against the very walls of those stately edifices.

An American, of course, notices as something strange, the *military* government, which is every where so apparent. Wherever you go, in public buildings, in the parks, or in the streets, you are always sure to meet soldiers, policemen, or ‘secret service’ spies. The members of the ‘National Guards’ are, (apparently for a politic purpose,) interspersed among the ‘troops of the line,’ or standing army. The National Guards are citizen volunteers, who serve by

turns a certain length of time. Their whole number is about two hundred and fifty thousand, and hence their immense importance to the government.

Paris affords an inexhaustible fund of topics for the travelling letter-writer, but I must recollect that it *has* been spoken of, *occasionally*, before. Let me remind you again, my dear ——, that these rough memoranda are not intended to edify any one but yourself.

XV.

SWITZERLAND.

Ride from Paris to Lyons—Alternative—Contrasts—Approach to Geneva—Distinguished Genevese—Lake Leman—Lord Byron—American Reputation—English Chapels.

Geneva, (Switzerland,) August 19, 1836.—Yes, it is even so! After a rather tedious journey of three days and four nights from Paris, I find myself in Switzerland; in Geneva, looking out upon Lake Leman by moonlight, on a lovely summer evening.

To retrace: at four P. M. on the 14th, I seated myself in the diligence for Lyons. One of my companions was a very *nice* and pretty young lady, who proved to be Paulina Celeste, a Signorina of Milan, returning with her mother from an engagement at the Italian Opera, in London. She was quite intelligent, but could not speak a

word of English, except 'very warm,' (and indeed it was;) but I managed to amuse myself, if not her, in some funny attempts at conversation in French.

We rode out of Paris over Pont Neuf, passing Notre Dame and the Jardin des Plants, and proceeded by a dull level road, (leaving Fountainbleau and St. Dennis on either side,) along the banks of the Yonne to Villeneuve, Pont-sur-Yonne, Sens, Joigny, etc., without any remarkable incident, except that I had the pleasure of being left behind at one of the stopping places, at eleven o'clock at night. The conducteurs, when they have taken your money for the whole route, care very little whether you proceed or not; and I was indebted to a long hill for detaining the diligence till I overtook it, after a *hot* chase of a couple of miles. The next morning at eleven o'clock, we were graciously allowed time to break our fasts of twenty-seven hours; and a very ordinary *déjeuner* was despatched, as you may imagine, with considerable zeal.

Nearly two-thirds of the journey is through corn-fields and vineyards, affording no fine scenery, but entering a score of petty villages, made up of the most uncouth and wretched huts imaginable. The only places worth mentioning, were Auxerre, an ancient town, fortified by the Romans; Autun, which we entered under a Roman arch or barrier; Melun, Avallon, Ville-Franche, and Chalons-sur-Soane, which latter is quite a pretty place, in a fine situation on the banks of the Soane. We dined there on poulet, pigeon, potage, melon, bits of lobsters two inches

long, and a variety of dishes so disguised as to be nameless ; with fresh prunes, pears, and grapes for a dessert. Delicious fresh prunes and grapes may be had here almost for the taking, but apples, pears, and melons, are scarce and dear.

At eight A. M., on the 17th, we entered Lyons, the second city in the kingdom, celebrated for its silk and other manufactories. A great portion of all the French finery which you wear, comes from Lyons. This city is built between the Rhone and the Soane, which are here about an eighth of a mile apart, and both very rapid ; so there are abundant facilities for water-power machinery. The bridges and quays are of stone, and very handsome. Lofty heights, surmounted with fortifications, flank the city on either side, and give it an air of strength and importance. Eagerly looking forward to Italy, there was little to detain me here. I was disappointed, however, in not finding any conversible travellers here, on their way to the sunny land ; and ten minutes were allowed me to decide whether I would go alone to Marseilles, and take the steam-boat for Genoa and Naples, in the face of the cholera, and at the risk of horrible quarantines ; or turn off to Geneva, with the chance of finding a companion across the Simplon. The *safer* alternative was adopted ; and taking leave of the pretty *danseuse*, with a promise to call on her at Milan, I mounted the banquette, and had another uncomfortable night-ride.*

* Geneva is about one hundred and fifty miles from Lyons ; and yet the fare was but ten francs.

The next morning, however, was beautiful, and we already began to have a taste of Swiss scenery, which appears to extend forty or fifty miles into France. The remainder of the journey was over long hills and dales; and we walked a considerable portion of it, enjoying occasionally a noble view of rough mountains and green valleys. At every hamlet and village, our passports were examined by epauletted officers. Near the frontiers of Switzerland, the Rhone comes tumbling down between two steep and lofty hills; those referred to, probably, by ‘Childe Harold’:—

“Where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear like lovers who have parted
In haste—whose mining depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted.”

This is the only pass to this quarter of France, and is rendered impregnable by a strongly-fortified castle, lately built on the side of the crag, *over* the road; so that all travellers must pass through the court-yard, and submit to close examination. At five P. M., our passports were received by an officer in more simple uniform than usual; and this was the first intimation that we had left the dominions of Louis Philippe, and entered those of his republican neighbors. We soon saw other changes. The neat and comfortable cottages, and the taste and industry displayed in the adjoining grounds and gardens, in approaching Geneva, form a striking contrast to the miserable huts and farm-houses of the peasantry of France. Verily, the lower classes of the French are a filthy people. They seem

to have no idea of neatness, propriety, or comfort, in any thing. As farmers, and in nearly all the *useful* arts, they are a century behind the English. Madame Trollope, methinks, might here indulge her satirical pen, to her heart's content. But we were entering Geneva.

It was on a 'soft and lovely eve,' at six, when this pretty town and prettier lake, with the charming walks and gardens of the environs, first greeted our admiring vision. The frowning Jura looks down upon the lake on one side, and the distant snow-capped Alps, with Mont Blanc duly conspicuous, bound the horizon on the other. At the gates of the town, which is strongly walled, those important documents, our passports, were again given up for inspection at the Bureau of the 'Confederation Fedérale.' The diligence passed round the famous great Hotel des Bergues, and over the pretty bridge which you see in the pictures, and set us down at the Hotel de l'Europe, where I was *favored* with a bit of a room on the fifth floor, for the hotels are all crowded. The Bergues, by the way, is considered the best public house on the continent. There you may mix with the lords, princes, pretty ladies, and handsome equipages, from all parts of Europe. This place being the head-quarters for tourists to Italy, and noted for its delightful situation and pure air, is always a favorite resort, especially for the fashionable and wealthy English.

I was so fortunate as to find a vacant room at Monsieur W——'s beautiful place in the environs, where I have the society of two or three English and American

families, besides the Misses W——, who are intelligent sensible girls, and speak English ‘like a native.’ It is a most interesting family—uniting the simplicity and *strength* of the Swiss character with the refinement and grace of the French.

Geneva, you know, traces her origin far back into antiquity. It is mentioned by Julius Cæsar as a place of strength and importance. It now contains twenty-four thousand inhabitants. The city cannot boast much of architectural beauty. There are few public buildings of elegance, and the houses generally are antique and grotesque. The cathedral, (the same in which Calvin used to preach,) is the most conspicuous edifice in the town; but there are some large and substantial modern buildings on the banks of the lake. The Rhone, which enters the lake at the other end, leaves it here, and, ‘as if refreshed by its expansion, again contracts itself, and rushes through the city in two branches, with the impetuosity of a torrent.’ On the little artificial island adjoining the bridge, is a bronze statue of one of Geneva’s gifted sons, JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. Besides CALVIN, she can also boast of BEZA, CALDERINI, and PICTET, among her theologians. SISMONDI, the distinguished historian, now resides here. The library of the college, (which has twelve professors, and six hundred students,) was founded by BONNIVARD, the ‘prisoner of Chillon.’

After rambling about to the Hotel de Ville, Botanic Garden, and the beautiful ramparts, from whence there are charming views, I walked along the banks of the lake

toward VOLTAIRE's Villa, at Ferney, but by mistake took the road to Lausanne, equally noted as the place where GIBEON wrote the 'Decline and Fall.'

"Lausanne and Ferney ! Ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name."

In the course of this solitary stroll, I found a retired little cove, and had the luxury of a bath in the lake, from the bottom of which I obtained several rather curious pebbles. After dinner,

"Lake Leman wooed us with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect, in each trace
Its clear depths yield of their far height and hue;"

and a small party of us, therefore, took a small boat, and rowed a few miles over its glassy surface. The lake is literally as clear as crystal ; the bottom is distinctly seen in every part of it ; and you recollect Byron says in a note, that he once saw the distant reflection in it of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière, which are sixty miles distant ! We pushed out into the centre of the beautiful expanse of water, and 'lay on our oars' to enjoy a scene which must be almost unique in its loveliness, especially at this hour, when the distant, snow-white peak of the mighty Blanc is tinged with the rays of the setting sun. The picturesque buildings of the town rise above each other at the head of the lake ; the banks on each side studded with villas, embosomed in trees, on green and verdant lawns ; while the 'dark frowning Jura' forms an effective back-ground of the picture. In our sail, we passed the villa at Coligny,

where Byron lived nine months, and wrote the third canto of ‘Childe Harold.’ He used often to go out on the lake alone, at midnight, in violent storms, which seemed to delight and inspire him. The change in the elements described in the third canto, might be a counterpart of the author’s mind :

“ Clear placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me with its stillness to forsake
Earth’s troubled waters for a purer spring ;
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction.”

Mark the contrast :

“ The sky is changed ! and such a change ! Oh night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman. Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !”

We were threatened with ‘such a change,’ which are said to be frequent and sudden ; but it proved a false alarm.

But we must return :

“ It is the hush of night, and all between
The margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.”

Miss B——, one of the American ladies at Monsieur W——'s, has resided four years in Italy. Among other anecdotes, of which she has an entertaining and extensive fund at command, she was telling us one, illustrating the reputation of our 'great republic' with the common people of Europe. Near the Hotel de Secherons, on the banks of the lake, one mile from Geneva, she met a small boy at the gate of a cottage, and amused herself by a little talk with him. He seemed much surprised on learning the two facts, that she was an American lady, and that she boarded at the Secherons, 'where they paid more money for one dinner than he ever had in his life.' 'Did you ever hear of America?' 'Oh yes, father told me all about it. There was a famous Frenchman, Monsieur Lafayette, went there once, and conquered the country.' 'Indeed! well, what did he do then?' 'Why, they wanted him to become king, but he would n't.' 'Why not?' 'Because,' said the boy, hesitating, lest he should give offence, '*because the Americans are so poor!*' And thus he marvelled that one of them should be rich enough to patronize the Hotel de Secherons.

Sunday.—Attended the English Episcopal chapel, to hear the celebrated Rev. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, author of the 'Velvet Cushion,' etc. He enjoined upon his audience, mostly English travellers or residents, to conduct themselves abroad as best became 'British Christians.' There are chapels of this kind for the English, in nearly all the large cities of Italy, and throughout Europe.

XVI.

SWITZERLAND, CONTINUED.

Chamouni—The Alps—Frozen Sea—Chamois—Glaciers—Coleridge—Pass of the Tête Noire—Valley of the Rhone—Simplon Road—Visions of Italy—Disappointment—Convent on the Great St. Bernard.

CHAMOUNI, (*Foot of Mont Blanc,*) *August 23.*—Those who describe Swiss scenery, with a feeling sense of its beauty and grandeur, are apt to incur the charge of coloring the picture under the influence of an inflated imagination ; but I am sure of one thing, that no mere words ever did or could give me a correct and full impression of the scenes I have passed to-day, or of the one now before me. To say that I am in the valley of Chamouni, at the very base of the stupendous Mont Blanc and his gigantic neighbors, on a moonlight evening, is to say enough for your own imagination to fill up the picture. Well does Rogers remark of the distant view of the Alps from the Jura, where they are scarcely distinguishable from the vapors :

“ Who first beholds those everlasting clouds,
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon and night,
Still where they were, steadfast, immovable ;
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth,
But instantly receives into his soul,
A sense, a feeling that he loses not,
A something that informs him 'tis an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever.”

It certainly is a school, where the egotist may learn humility.

Our party, (Mr. and Miss M——, and myself.) left Geneva in a ‘carry-all’ yesterday morning at five o’clock. It was another clear and brilliant day, and the ride, of course, was delightful. Lake, hill, mountain, valley, cascade, river, in their happiest combination, presented a splendid panorama, during the whole distance to this place, fifty-four miles. By way of variety, I must tell you my troubles, also. About five miles from Geneva, we were made aware of having left the Swiss, and entered the Sardinian territory, by a summons, at a little frontier bureau, for our passports. When lo ! it was discovered that mine was minus the signature of his Sardinian majesty’s consul at Geneva,* and I was politely requested to return for it ! This was particularly pleasant ! For to do it would be to lose the whole day, and the party beside. After some useless debate, the *carbinier* kindly permitted me to send back the document by a loafer who happened along, knowing that I could not go far without it ; and the next day I received it at Chamouni, and had the pleasure of paying five dollars for not heeding Madame Starke’s directions.

We breakfasted at Bonneville, a little village on the Arve, worthy of its name ; and we were soon ushered into a region of sublimer scenery than we had as yet visited. The craggy summits, even of the minor mountains, liter-

* This personage has the brief authority to demand four francs for affixing his cognomen to the passports of all who leave Geneva for this route.

ally touch or rise above the clouds, while their sides, up to a fearful height, are covered with verdure, and studded with cottages: and the valleys below are laid out in squares of varied green. At St. Martin, we changed our vehicle for a *charbanc*, better suited to the rough and narrow path, for we were now coming where nature displays some of her wildest scenes :

— “ Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche, the thunder-bolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man below.”

The village of Chamouni is situated in the middle of the valley of the same name, which is ten miles long, and forms one of the most popular ‘lions’ in Europe, for the botanist, mineralogist, and all nature’s students. Our first expedition was to the celebrated *Mer-de-Glace*. We set off from our inn on mules, headed by a guide, and shortly came to a steep and laborious ascent of some thousand feet, on Mont Anvert, from which, as we looked back, the objects in the valley appeared dwindled to atomies. In about three hours, that wonderful phenomena, the *frozen sea*, suddenly burst upon our view :

“ Wave upon wave ! as if a foaming ocean,
By boisterous winds to fierce rebellion driven,
Heard, in its wildest moment of commotion,
And stood congealed at the command of heaven !

Its frantic billows chained at their explosion,
 And fixed in sculpture ! here to caverns riven—
 There, petrified to crystal—at His nod
 Who raised the Alps an altar to their God."

When you reflect that this sea is eighteen miles long, and that the waves rise in abrupt ridges ten, twenty, and even forty feet, frozen to extreme solidity, with chasms between, some of which have been found to be three hundred and fifty feet deep, you will believe the poet has not exaggerated its appearance. It is surrounded by high mountains of dark-colored rock, which taper off in fantastic and beautiful cones ; and, altogether, it is a scene of striking and awful magnificence, which must leave an abiding impression on every visiter. The ice in the chasms is very clear, and of a beautiful vitriol tint. It is remarkable that this great natural curiosity was first made known to the world in 1741, by two adventurous English travellers, Windham and Pocoke. Its origin, of course, remains a fearful mystery.

At the little hut on Mont Anvert, I obtained of the guides some specimens of minerals, fine stones, and a *chamois cane*. By the way, you will excuse me, perhaps, for copying these ‘Lines on liberating a Chamois :’*

“Free-born and beautiful ! The mountain
 Has nought like thee !
 Fleet as the rush of Alpine fountain—
 Fearless and free !
 Thy dazzling eye outshines in brightness
 The beam of Hope ;
 Thine airy bound outstrips the lightness
 Of antelope.

* Quoted in Dr. BEATTIE’s beautiful work on Switzerland.

"On cliffs, where scarce the eagle's pinion
Can find repose,
Thou keep'st thy desolate dominion
Of trackless snows !
Thy pride to roam where man's ambition
Could never climb,
And make thy world a dazzling vision
Of Alps sublime !

"How glorious are the dawns that wake thee
To thy repast !
And where their fading lights forsake thee,
They shine the last.
Thy clime is pure—thy heaven clearer,
Brighter than ours ;
To thee, the desert snows are dearer
Than summer flowers."

Our excursion had given us a capital relish for dinner, and that despatched, and 'our mules refreshed,' we set off again and climbed to the *Glacier de Bossons*, an immense mass of ice, congealed in beautiful pyramids, on the side of Mont Blanc :

"Mount Blanc is the monarch of mountains !
They crown'd him long ago,
On a throne of rocks in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced.
The avalanche in his hand."

That 'mighty Alp' itself, we did not care to ascend ; it is an achievement which has never been accomplished but thirteen times, as we were told by our guide, who was one of the six that escorted an Englishman to the summit this summer. The ascent is of course one of great fatigue and danger. It takes from two to three days, and costs nine

hundred francs. It is impossible to remain on the top more than thirty minutes. The last adventurer was sick several weeks at the inn, after his return.

You may imagine something of the situation of this valley among the mountains, from the fact that, although it is two thousand feet above the Mediterranean, it receives the rays of the sun direct, only about four hours in the longest days of the year ; and the moon, to-night, was not to be seen in her whole course, though the opposite mountains were bright with her ‘mellow light.’

The people of these valleys seem to be honest and industrious, as well as a little superstitious, if one may judge from the number of crosses, and little chapels, with images of the virgin, etc., which are placed by the way-side. On one of them, near Chamouni, is a proclamation in French, to this effect :

‘ Monseigneur Rey grants an indulgence of forty days to all the faithful who humbly and devoutly strike this cross three times, saying, ‘ God have mercy upon me ! ’

August 24.—At six A. M., we mounted our mules for Martigny, by the pass of the Tête Noir. Like Dr. Beatie, on leaving Chamouni, I beg to refer you to the beautiful hymn which Coleridge wrote here before sunrise, painting its features a *little* more vividly than I can do it :

“ Ye ice-falls ! Ye that from the mountain’s brow
Adown ravines enormous slope amain ;
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge !
Motionless torrents, silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun

Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! Let the torrents like a shout of nations,
Answer, and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! Sing, ye meadow streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds?
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in the perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God! and fill the hills with praise!"

There are two passes from Chamouni to the Valley of the Rhone, viz.: the Col de Balme, and the *Tête Noire*. The latter is distinguished for its awful wildness and grandeur. The narrow path barely affords room for mules, between steep rocky heights and frightful precipices, each of some thousand feet. Rushing streams of snow-water from the glaciers, cascades from the rocks, remains of avalanches, and overhanging cliffs abound on every side. Our cavalcade consisted of twenty-one mules, and six guides on foot. A great many travel here entirely on foot, equipped in a frock of brown linen, with belt, knapsack, a flask of *kirschwasser*, and a six-foot pike-staff; and this is much the best way to explore the country leisurely.

Our speed on mules was not great; for we were all this day going twenty miles. At six P. M., we came to the last descent, from whence was spread out before us the large and magnificent valley of the Rhone, dotted with villages, of which Martigny and Sion are the principal; and traversed by the river Rhone, and by Napoleon's great

Simplon road, which may be seen for twelve miles, its course being as straight as an arrow, through highly cultivated fields and vineyards.

Martigny is the stopping place for tourists to Italy by the Simplon; and here I was to decide whether I would venture. There was the brilliant vision of Italy! —a name which called up my most ambitious, youthful dreams; and I was now separated from it but by a day's journey. But alas! there were the cholera, and the fifteen days quarantine at almost every town; and I was alone, unknown to any mortal there, and to the language itself. Then a thousand dangers and vexations rose up before me; and yet, when the last ten minutes for decision came, 'I screwed my courage to the sticking place,' and resolved—to go. My luggage was sent over, my seat taken in the diligence for Milan; but my cane, which I had left at the inn, prevented my seeing Italy! In returning for it, I met a person who had come here for the same object, learned that it was impracticable, and soon persuaded me to give it up; so, with the consoling reflection that I might still go to Naples in November, I changed my course, hired a mule, and soon overtook the party who had set off for the convent on the Great St. Bernard.

Hospice de Saint Bernard, August 25, 1836.—I am now writing before a blazing fire, in the dining-room of the convent, eleven thousand feet above the Mediterranean; and a company of about thirty fellow-pilgrims, English, Scotch, French, German, Austrian, Russian, and American, are exercising their native tongues around me.

8074

The distance to the Convent from Martigny, the nearest resting village, is twenty-seven miles, nine miles of it being the steep ascent of the mountain; of course it takes a long day to achieve it. When Napoleon made the celebrated passage of the St. Bernard, with the army of reserve in 1804, just before the battle of Marengo, the path was much worse than it is now, and the idea of transporting heavy ordnance, etc., for an army of sixty thousand, over a mountain, which even now the sure-footed mules must tread with great caution, was considered madness. But Napoleon and Hannibal were not easily discouraged, neither were the heroic ladies of our little caravan, who were content to earn their supper and lodging in these upper regions, by two days' hard work of climbing and descending.

We did not achieve the victory without bloodshed. Two of the ladies were thrown violently from their mules, and one of the animals took it into his head to stop short in the midst of a pretty strong thunder-shower; and I had a nice chance of earning a reputation for gallantry, by pushing boldly forward, and returning with another mule for the hapless dame.

We all at last arrived, however, without broken limbs, plentifully drenched by the shower, and well able to appreciate the hospitality of the monks. They provided changes of raiment for those who brought none, piled the wood liberally on the fire, and soon spread the table as liberally with an excellent supper. The ladies and their attending squires supped by themselves, two of the most intelligent of the brothers officiating, and dispensing *bon café* and

bon mots, while the supernumerary *men-kind* were entertained in another room by the other monks, headed by the Superior.

This famous convent is a very plain, large wooden building, which at a distance you would take for a barn, situated far above the regions of vegetation, and several miles from the nearest habitation. It is supported partly by the governments of Sardinia and Switzerland, for the purpose of relieving travellers over the mountain; for without it, the pass would scarcely be *passed* at all. The monks appear to be plain, sensible and intelligent men, without that austerity usually associated with that order. They freely receive all who come here, either for curiosity or necessity, without charge; but visitors contribute whatever they please to the box in the chapel. They turned out their famous dogs for our amusement; in the winter, they are used for more important purposes. They are not so large as I expected, but they are really noble animals. Many a weary traveller have they rescued from death in the snow.

Some of the monks are the same who were here when Napoleon's army came over, and they have a picture of his arrival at the convent, in the little museum of antiquities. In the hall, is a tablet with this inscription:

'Napoleoni primo Francorum Imperatori
Semper Augusti Republica Valesianæ
Restauratori Semper Optimo Ægyptiano
Bis Italico, Semper Invicto in Monte
Iovis et Sempronii Semper Memorando
Republica Valesia Grata ii. Dec. Anni MDCCCV.'

We were nearly all early to bed, and those who lingered.

ed, were packed off by the monks at ten, according to rule. We were roused before sunrise by the lusty ringing of the chapel bell for matins, which were zealously kept up for two or three hours ; but I was heretic enough to abscond, for the purpose of climbing the peak behind the convent, from which I could look down on the side of the mountain toward Italy ;

' Italia ! too, Italia ! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthagian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
Who gloriify thy consecrated pages :
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires.'

XVII.

SWITZERLAND, CONTINUED.

From the Convent to the Lake of Geneva—Castle of Chillon—Clarens—LAUSANNE—Dilemma—Morat—Traits of Tourists—BERNE—Oberlands—THUN—INTERLACKEN—Swiss Lakes—Inns.

Lausanne, August 26.—We left St. Bernard, well pleased with our hosts, and hastened back to Martigny, where we procured an open carriage, and proceeded directly to St. Maurice, there to lodge. The ride along the banks of the Rhone, in the cool of the evening, was delicious. As it grew dark, the bonfires of the chamois-hunters were lit up here and there on the distant moun-

tains; and among other things, we passed a beautiful cascade, seven hundred feet high, flowing out of a solid rock. At half past three this morning, we were aroused from our slumbers at St. Maurice, to take the omnibus for Ville-neuve, at the head of the Lake of Geneva. It was just after sunrise, on another soft and lovely morning, when we stepped on board the steamer ‘Le Leman’ to sail down this glorious lake, now placid and smooth as a mirror. The boat was well filled, principally with English tourists. We passed near the walls of the famous Castle of Chillon, where Bonnivard, Byron’s ‘Prisoner,’ lingered in chains :

‘Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for ’twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God !’

The castle is at the foot of the hill, on the very margin of the Lake, and seems almost to rise out of the water. The poet has finely pictured in his ‘Prisoner’ a striking scene of loneliness, amidst nature’s fairest works. We passed Clarens, too, the ‘sweet Clarens’ of the author of ‘*Heloise*’ :

‘Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections. ‘Tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness : here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch,* the Alps have reared a throne.’

At eleven o’clock we arrived at Lausanne, *via* its port, Ouchi, for the town is a fourth of a mile up the hill.

* Flowing in and from the lake.

This is a large but irregularly-built town, and is much frequented by the English. The house where Gibbon lived yet remains, and is now occupied by an English family. Here I took leave of the friendly party, and am to proceed alone to regions as yet to me unknown.

Berne, Aug. 28.—Had a moonlight night-ride from Lausanne, whence we departed at seven, P. M. I am now coming to the Cantons where German is usually spoken, so I suppose I must play deaf and dumb, and talk by signs, *guessing* the import of what they say to me, as I did, for example, at the diligence office, when I paid my fare; but in this case I was left in a nonplus. When I took my seat, they motioned me *out*; and I stood patiently waiting to be disposed of. My luggage was put on, the diligence was filled and started off, leaving me there, solus, in deep cogitation. Well, ‘thinks I to myself,’ they are *very* polite! Presently, however, a smart buggy came along, and the driver civilly beckoned me to take a seat. Feeling very cool and good-natured, in I jumped, at the risk of going where ‘the d—I drives;’ for I really was somewhat in the dark, and I could n’t be positive whether it was not the ‘old gentleman’ himself. Soon, however, these dismal doubts were dispelled by our overtaking the diligence, and receiving an English gentleman into the buggy; and then the simple truth flashed upon me, that the diligence was full, and they were ‘forwarding’ me in an extra, as they are obliged to do, by law of the land, all who apply before the time.

In some learned discussions about England, I happened

to say that the law securing the descent of property of the nobility, there, exclusively to the oldest son, seemed to me very unjust. My companion said he ‘gloried in it ;’ though he himself was a ‘younger son,’ he abhorred democracy and equality. And with some more talk I fell asleep, and left him to his cigar.

At two, A. M., we stopped at a place called Peterlinden, and got some coffee in a ‘loft.’ About daylight, we were riding in sight of Lake Neufchatel, and passed the little village of Morat, where the Swiss heroically defeated an invasion of the Burgundians, in 1440 ; of which Byron says :*

‘There is a spot should not be passed in vain,
Morat ! the proud, the patriot field ! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,†
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain.

* * *

While Waterloo with Cannæ’s carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon, twin names shall stand.’

It is vastly amusing and edifying to observe the ‘whims and oddities’ of the various people one meets with on these routes, or indeed any where. The English and Germans generally like each other, while both dislike the French ; and all are equally prejudiced against us poor Americans—perhaps not without reason. There are too many young Americans, who ape the *worst* traits of the English character abroad, and ‘ridiculize’ themselves by sundry foolish affectations, and a sort of haughty reserve. A couple of

* See also ‘Anne of Gierstein.’

† A heap of bones of the vanquished remain to this day on the field.

these losty youths at — our Scotchman pronounced ‘contemptible puppies, for they considered themselves too good to speak to the Misses —, because they kept a *pension*;’ and he added, rather rudely and illiberally, that ‘all Americans are alike, when they think they have got money enough to act the aristocrat.’ This sweeping charge was not worth notice, and would never be made by the better class of English or Scotch; but it must be owned, there is *some* ground for it; and it is too bad, that a few dandy upstarts abroad should excite prejudice against the whole of us.

At nine this morning, we rode through a long shady avenue, lined with elms, into the handsome town of Berne, the capital of Switzerland. It is built on a peninsula, formed by the windings of a little stream called the Aar, in the midst of an extensive and fertile plain. The two principal streets are long and uniform, the buildings being all of gray stone, projecting on heavy arches over the side-walks. In the Rue Grand are several public fountains, adorned with grotesque figures. At the city-gate, a couple of wooden ‘grisly bears,’ (the arms of Canton,) look down upon all visitors, with a scrutinizing but rather inviting glance. The cathedral is a very curious piece of antique architecture, especially the great door, which is elaborately ornamented with emblematical sculpture. But the most attractive spot in Berne is the public promenade, by the side of the river, from whence you have a magnificent prospect of the whole range of the Oberland Alps, covered with perpetual snows, probably the most imposing array of moun-

tains in the world, at least the finest to be seen at one view. A visit to some of this range, through the valleys of Grindewald and Lauterbrun, is usually a prominent object to the Swiss tourist. Near the summit of one of these peaks, where ‘winter reigns supreme,’ the Jung Frau, is the awful precipice where Byron’s ‘Mansfred’ was stopped by the chamois hunter from taking a final leap.

The city and canton of Berne have always been noted as the most aristocratic of the confederacy, both in laws and in the spirit of the people. Each canton, it seems, has a different costume :* that of the Berne damsels is marked by white starched over-sleeves, extending to the elbows, and a broad black lace ruffle stuck up over the head, which makes them look like Peter Wilkins’ flying islanders.

29th.—Like Mr. Cooper, we patronize ‘Le Faucon,’ and the Rev. Mr. Cunningham has invited me among the *Anglaise* to hear the church service read in his room. The principal topic of the day in Berne is the dispute with Louis Philippe, which at present looks rather squally.

Alpnach, Lake of Luzerne, 30th.—The ride from Berne to Thun was very agreeable, notwithstanding I was obliged to take the *interieur*, among some inveterate smokers. The scenery continued to be beautiful, but very different from that we had passed a few days since—the ‘lofty heights’ being in full view, but far distant.

Thun is a picturesque little village situated in an enchanting place on the Aar, near the head of the lake of the same name, which forms one of a series of the most

* The costume is worn only by the peasantry.

charming sheets of water in Europe. Instead of the diligence route to Luzerne, I was tempted to enjoy the luxury of a sail over these lakes; and accordingly left Thun yesterday morning in a little steamer, which plies on the 'Thuner See' to Interlachen, another pretty village, situated, as its name implies, between two lakes, Thun and Brientz. It contains several good *pensions*, and is much frequented by tourists in search of health; and well it may be; for the region round about is a paradise. 'The air itself is a nosegay, the coarse bread a banquet, and the simple whey of the Alps is worth all the elixirs of the apothecary.' You may not sympathize, perhaps, in my enjoyment of this Swiss tour—would you were here to enjoy it with me!—for I know it is tantalizing to *read* of the 'fairest places of the earth,' when one must long in vain to be in them; and yet it is pleasant to tell those we love of the pleasant things we have had the good fortune to fall in with.

On our way to Interlachen, from the boat, we passed through the queer and romantic old town of Unterseen. Interlachen is near the Lake of Brientz; and there, with the assistance of an obliging French gentleman, who volunteered as my interpreter, I hired a small boat with four rowers, to take me over the lake to the town of Brientz, a distance of ten miles, where I procured a horse and guide for my luggage, to Lungern, going myself, by way of variety, on foot, over the Brunig Alp. A violent thunder-storm, which had closely pursued us on the lake, overtook me on the summit of the rugged Brunig, and, at the ex-

pense of a thorough drenching, I had a fine chance to observe the sublime commotion of the elements ; and sure enough,

— ‘Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaped the live thunder !’

The movements of the clouds beneath me, after the shower, were extremely beautiful and grand ; rising in detached masses, gracefully and majestically up the sides of the mountains, and parting slowly from their summits, or from the green vales below, like a veil which had covered a mystery. Huge masses of rock overhang the path in several places, threatening to tumble suddenly upon the unwary traveller, or the cottages below ; and abundant are the proofs that ‘such things have been.’

I have said so much about fine prospects, that the one from the Brunig shall only be referred to, and you may read of it elsewhere. At Lungern, I dined, and hired a chaise to take me, solus, to the Lake of the Four Cantons. The ride was along the banks of two more lakes, Lungern and Sarnen, both of which are of a sea-green color, deep as the blue of the ‘Leman.’ There was little to remark, except an occasional water-fail, or the ruddy peasant girls on the banks, spinning flax.

At sunset, after traversing four lakes, and a mountain of no mean dimensions, since breakfast, I was received by mine host at the ‘Cheval Blanc,’ at Alpnach, who is much noted, it seems, as an honest, attentive, and eccentric Swiss publican ‘of the old school.’ The hotels, be it observed,

throughout Switzerland, are generally excellent. The plain but substantial fare which they give you, among the mountains, may be partaken of, after a ramble in those regions of pure and bracing air, with a better relish than a princely feast in courtly halls; and in the larger towns they will spread a *table d'hôte* which would do credit to Meurice, of the Rue Rivoli, or Boyden, of the Astor House. At all the inns, visitors are expected, and even required, to write in the 'Book of Chronicles' not only their name and residence, but occupation, destination, and 'where from:' and in the 'Highland tour' they usually add 'remarks,' scraps of doggerel, and praise or abuse of the last visited inn; such as 'Avoid the '*Epée*' at Zurich;' 'Go by all means to the '*Cygne*' at Luzerne.' Italy being blockaded by cholera and quarantines, this season, its neighbor Switzerland is more than usually swarmed with tourists; and a good many American names may be found recorded in the medley albums.

XVIII.

SWITZERLAND, CONTINUED.

Luzerne—Thorwaldsen—Swiss Mercenaries—Anne of Gierstein—Pilatus—Wm. Tell—View from the Rhigi—Sublime Spectacle—The Rossburg—Zug—‘Fair Zurich’s Waters’—Falls of the Rhine—Swiss vs. American Scenery.

LUZERNE, August 30.—In company with a couple of very agreeable English gentlemen, who had just returned from Italy, we took a boat at Alpnach, and were rowed down the Lake of the Four Cantons to this beautiful place. This lake is one of the largest, and certainly the most picturesque, in Switzerland, being irregular in its shape, and indented with little bays, and affording, in its whole extent, every variety of scenery. After doubling several of its promontories, in a sail of two hours, we landed almost on the very steps of the favorite ‘Hotel de Cygne’ at Luzerne. It is a capital house, close to the water, and as we sit at dinner, we have on one side a fine panoramic view of the Bay of Naples, and, on the other, the *real* panorama of this beautiful lake and surrounding mountains.

We dined sumptuously at the *table d’hôte*, and then walked out to a garden in the suburbs to see a famous piece of sculpture from a model by Thorwalsden, the Swedish artist. It is a colossal lion, pierced with a barb, cut

out on the side of a hill of rock, and under it are inscribed the names of the Swiss guards who fell in the French revolutions of '89 and '30. It is remarkable that Swiss soldiers are yet employed as the body-guards of the kings of France, Naples, etc., as more trustworthy than their own people. These guards are formally 'let out' by the Swiss government; but how such a proceeding is compatible with national honor, I am at a loss to conceive. There are two covered wooden bridges at Luzerne, each fourteen hundred feet long: the interiors are adorned with curious old paintings of the Dutch school, comprising a regular series of Scripture subjects.

You will recollect that this is the place from whence the travellers set out in the graphic scene of 'Anne of Gierstein.' It is in the vicinity of the scenes of Tell's exploits, of the battle-field of Sempach, and many other interesting spots. The gloomy and 'cloud-capt' brow of Mount Pilatus, where tradition says Pontius Pilate threw himself into the lake! is a conspicuous object on one side; and opposite, is the isolated Mount Rhigi, on the top of which we propose to lodge to-night, as all faithful travellers here do, for the sake of 'the most magnificent sunset and sunrise prospect which the world affords.'

Summit of the Rhigi, Sept. 1.—Yesterday, at eleven A. M., I took boat with my companion, (an intelligent young student from Cambridge, Eng.,) and we pushed across the lake to Kusnacht, near William Tell's chapel, and the place where he escaped from Gesler. Thence we proceeded without a guide, the ascent appearing to be

quite easy ; but we had the luck to lose our way and lose each other : nevertheless, we pressed forward to the goal, like Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' tugging and climbing under an intensely hot sun, up, up, up, every step seeming to be the last, until I for one almost gave up in despair, when the friendly halloo ! of some peasants pointed me to the path. At length we met each other near the top, on the side toward Altorf ; and at six P. M. arrived at the inn, almost fainting with hunger and fatigue, and well able to do justice to a good supper.

Much as report had raised my anticipations, the view from the Rhigi Kulm far exceeded them : yet perhaps that from some points half-way to the summit, if not so extensive, is more pleasing and beautiful.* From the top, the eye takes in too much ; and large towns and lakes appear like baby's play-houses and frog-ponds, much as they would from a balloon. But the grand *whole* is certainly magnificent ; a view of the *whole of Switzerland* could not be otherwise :

“ Lakes, rivers, long drawn vales, towns, hamlets, towers,
From Gothard's glacier snows to Swabia's bowers.”

Thirteen lovely lakes, of which those of Luzerne, Zug, and Zurich are the nearest and most conspicuous ; with a hundred villages scattered along their banks. On the south, the sublime and gigantic array of the snowy Alps of Unterwald and the Grisons, even to the borders of Italy ;

* The Rhigi is not remarkable for its height, being but five thousand seven hundred feet above the plain ; but being isolated from the great range, it affords much the widest view.

while on the other hand, ‘the view extends into the very centre of Swabia, presenting a richly-colored relief, over which the eye of the spectator roves in silent rapture, as the eagle, hovering in mid air or from his eyrie, in some isolated pinnacle of the Alps, looks down upon the states and kingdoms scattered at his feet. The sound of sheep-bells from the pastures, mingling with others that, with a deeper and more distant chime, call the villagers to matins; the smoke of the first fires, curling in light blue wreaths above their sheltering woods; the lowing of herds, rushing to their morning pasture; the mountain peaks, varying in tint and distinctness as the light oversteps their summits; the glaciers, gradually changing their snowy glare into a purple, and then a rosy glow; spires and pinnacles catching the first ray of light, and assuming their wonted station as land-marks in the scene; sails, half in shade and half in sunshine, skimming the lakes with their rural produce and population; the Alpine horn, pealing its signals from the pastoral bergs around; the pilgrim-troop, with solemn chant and motley costume, bringing their donations to the confessional of ‘Our Lady;’ the scream of the vulture in pursuit of his prey, and many other sights and sounds which it would be tedious to enumerate, strike the eye and imagination of the stranger so forcibly, that he feels for a time as if transported into the mysteries of a new world.’

This is in the early morning; but the most beautiful sight this evening was a sea of clouds resting on the minor hills, far beneath us, the peaks just peeping above, like so

many little islands in the ocean. Bodies of vapor also hung, like a canopy, over a part of the lakes ; but with us the sky was perfectly clear, and the sun went down in cloudless glory ; and when the last morsel disappeared, the Germans of the party doffed their beavers, and made him a low parting bow.

Zurich, Sept. 1.—Cooling as was the change of air on the Rhigi, after such a *warm* ascent, I never felt brighter than after my nap in that high position, five thousand seven hundred feet above the tide. By-the-by, the announcement at nine, of ‘*La lune ! la lune !*’ produced a rush from the supper table, but the keen, bracing atmosphere soon compelled the ladies to retreat to their rooms. At ‘four-and-a-half,’ we were roused from our slumbers by a ‘trumpet’s martial sound,’ announcing the approach of the ‘king of day.’ It was beautiful to watch the changing tints of the sky, for an hour before the sun appeared. Not a cloud was to be seen in the horizon, for we were far above them ; but when the sun’s dazzling rays began to be reflected on the hill-tops, and on the sea of vapor beneath us, and the mists began to roll away from over the lakes, gradually disclosing their varied outline, or lifting the canopy from the quiet towns, the scene was truly exquisite to look upon.

I left the ‘Kulm’ alone, at six, and came down in an hour and a half, on the side toward Goldau. This is the village that was destroyed in 1806, by the fall of a part of Mount Rossberg, when nearly five hundred persons, and property to the amount of half a million, were suddenly

buried under a mass of earth, which our Mr. Cooper ascertained to be equal in bulk to all the buildings in New-York put together!* From thence I walked along the banks of the Zuger See, to the curious old town of Zug. This lake is nine miles long. The road on its banks is lined with fruit trees, and I filled my pockets with nice fresh prunes for the gathering. Blackberries in profusion are there also. It was another delicious day, and I experienced none of the miseries so elegantly described by a scribbler at Alpnach :

"I wandered 'midst the untrodden ways
Beside the banks of Zug ;
And there I met with scores of fleas,
And there with many a bug."†

There was ringing of bells, and firing of cannon, which made a tremendous echo across the lake, but for what cause I did not learn. At Zug I got dinner, and a direction to a by-path 'across lots' of potato-fields to Horgern, on the Zurich See, where I was to take the steam-boat to this place. I was alone, and not a soul on the way could speak any thing but vulgar German. I was stared at as if from the clouds ; and albeit not conscious, like the third Richard, of any special deformity, yet,

"As I passed, the dogs did bark at me."

At one village, a cur at the first house commenced the salute, which was continued to the last, by every

"Mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And cur of low degree."

* See his calculation in figures, in '*Sketches of Switzerland*'.

† "She dwelt amid the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove."—*Wordsworth*.

The folks did not know what I meant by Horbern, because I did not *roll* it out with their horrid nasal pronunciation. I stopped to fill my flask at a spring, and had the luck to learn of a farmer that I was going just the wrong way. At length, after achieving another mountain, a splendid landscape was spread out before me ; the beautiful Lake of Zurich, bordered with vineyards, and neat villages, flanked by another range of snow-capped Alps. With staff in hand, and knapsack on back, as I approached

“The margin of fair Zurich’s waters,”

I met a posse of ‘fair Zurich’s daughters,’ and of course doffed my beaver to the fairest, whereat they were all vastly amused, and perhaps a little jealous of the favored one (a-hem !) but *bon jour*, or ‘alack-well-a-day,’ was all I could say, so I proceeded to the ‘margin,’ found there was no steam-boat, hired a boat, took in a lady, who applied for passage, and pushed off for Zurich. It was a lovely afternoon, and as pretty a sail as I have yet had. I had this morning seen the sun rise from the summit of the Rigi ; and now, after walking thirty-five miles in nine hours, under his hottest beams, I saw him set on the Lake of Zurich. This lake is nearly twenty miles long. As we came near the town, we passed several charming pleasure-gardens, on the very margin of the water. Zurich is situated much like Geneva, being built on both sides of the rapid stream which flows out at the head of the lake. It is quite a large and city-like place, and evidently a flourishing one. I saw several large buildings in the course of

erection. The walks and rides in its environs, and the sail on its waters, are delightful in the extreme.

It was eight o'clock, P. M., when my boatman landed me on the dock, and it was with no little trouble that I found the *Gastoff Zum Schwardt*, or Hotel de L'Epee, for my pronunciation of the name would not pass. It is a good inn, near the lake, but always full, and very dear. Mine host politely gave me a ticket for the town museum and reading-room. I had sent my luggage here by diligence from Luzerne, and expected to meet my Rhigi companion ; but he does not appear, and I must proceed in single blessedness to the Rhine and Germany, unknowing and unknown.

Schaffhausen, Sept. 2.—In the ride to this place, I had my first glimpse of the Rhine, at the village of Eglisan : and now I have been out to see the celebrated FALLS OF THE RHINE, near Schaffhausen. I came to them from *above*, and was disappointed ; but I found the right view is from the *bend*, on the other side. The falls are certainly beautiful and picturesque, but not very grand or marvellous. If the falls even of the Androscoggin at good old Brunswick were in Europe, they would be quite a ‘lion’ in their way.

Having now ‘done Switzerland,’ you may ask, ‘Have we not scenery at home, equal to any in that land of wonders?’ And, at the risk, as Mr. Cooper says, of being called unpatriotic and ‘spoiled by travelling,’ I must say *no*—at least so far as my knowledge goes. The ‘Notch’ at the White Mountains is *equal* in wildness and

grandeur to any scenery in *Scotland*; of course it exceeds any in England, and probably, the rest of Europe, which is saying a good deal; but *Swiss* scenery, *i. e.*, among the higher Alps, you must bear in mind, is on a vastly *larger scale* than either. Think of mountains two or three times as high as Mount Washington, in some cases rising almost perpendicularly, or overhanging valleys eight or ten thousand feet below, their summits tapering off in fantastic shapes, and pyramids of rock. It is scenery of a different character, probably, from any other; unique in its wild sublimity. So also with extensive prospects. Our Catskill Mountain House is scarcely half as high as the Rhigi Kulm, and as to the relative merits and variety of the view, I would again refer you to Mr. Cooper's comparison. But with these exceptions, we need not go abroad to discover the 'beauties of nature.' Our rivers and river scenery are as much superior to those of Europe as Niagara is to the Falls of Trenton: even the far-famed Rhine, if I may judge from this portion of it, is not worthy to be named with the Connecticut, far less with our noble Hudson.

The Swiss views, recently published, with letter press, by Dr. Beattie, are very correct as well as beautiful specimens of art. They will give you a much better notion of the country than any book I know of. You will perceive I visited most of the originals, having passed through the cantons of Geneva, Wallis, Waadt, Freyburg, Berne, Lucerne, Unterwalden, Schwyz, Zug, Zurich, and Schaffhausen, beside an excursion to Savoy and Piedmont.

How much Knowles' Marianna says in the simple exclamation :

" Switzerland is a dear country—Switzerland!"

The name will always recall to me many pleasant associations.

I am not a little puzzled in choosing my route through Germany. The most attractive is that through the Tyrol to Bavaria, Munich, Prague, and Dresden; but it is a long tour, and little travelled. 'The Glyptique' collection of the fine arts at Munich, and the great Dresden Gallery, are doubtless worthy of a visit; but on the whole, I think I shall content myself with the sights of Frankfort, Leipsic, Mayence, the sail down the Rhine to Coblenz and Cologne, and thence to Aix la Chapelle, and the cities of Belgium.

XIX.

GERMANY.

Schaffhausen—Carlsruhe—The Rhine to Mayence—Manheim, etc.—Frankfort—Great Fair—German Smokers—Despotic Courtesy—Journey to Leipsic—Mr. Tauchnitz—Book-Trade—University—Dining—Battle of Leipsic—Otho of Greece.

Carlsruhe, Dutchy of Baden, Sept. 5.—I was somewhat amused by a good-looking Irish gentleman, who, after paying some pretty sensible compliments to the flavor of the *bon vins* of mine host at Schaffhausen, very kindly offered me his confidence and friendship, ' free gratis for nothing,'

and proposed a walk to the falls, observing by the way, while telling me this, that, and the other, in the between-you-and-me sort of a way, that a rascal, whom he had unsuspectingly made his bosom friend and room-mate at Aix la-Chapelle, had, with equal good nature, very benevolently relieved him of the care of his purse and gold watch. Poor Pat! I fear he was in a fair way to be operated upon again, with equal efficacy.

Schaffhausen is a queer old Germanized town, quiet and dull. The Hibernian and myself were the only guests at the principal hotel. I had another dreary night ride from thence to the frontier of this dutchy, where passports and luggage were duly inspected. At sunset, I arrived at Offenbourg, a decent town, where I found a very nice inn, kept by a nice man, who deals in wines and broken English. He entertained me excellently well, and sent me on to this place this morning in an extra. We stopped to dine at a town, which I took for our ultimatum, and leisurely disposed myself accordingly, when lo! by mere accident, I observed the carriage starting off, with my portmanteaus safely behind. ‘Ou allez vous?’—‘a Carl-sruhe!’ So much for being among people of a strange tongue.

There seemed to be a uniformity of costume in several of the towns. Red vests and breeches and broad-brimmed hats, were universal among men and boys; *i. e.*, of the peasantry only, for *they* are a distinct order of beings on the continent. The most laborious part of farming, etc., is performed by the women; the ‘fair sex’ here are

expected to hold the plough, rake the hay, and dig the potatos. What brutes must the men be!

Carlsruhe, the duke of Baden's capital and residence, is one of the neatest towns I have seen on the continent. The streets are broad, straight, and well paved, and the buildings all of stone, painted cream-color. The chateau of the duke is in the form of a crescent, opposite a block of private houses in similar style, thus making an elegant circle, with a garden and orangery in the centre. In the rear of the chateau, is an extensive hunting-park. The whole of this dutchy appears to be one level plain, not specially fertile; and there is little to remark in riding over it, except the extensive squadrons of geese, tended by the lasses like flocks of sheep, and the battalions of *ganders*, in the shape of the duke's soldiers.

Our introduction to his Serene Lowness the Rhine, did not give us the most favorable impression of his majesty. If one should see that part of the river between Switzerland and Mayence, and no more, he would pronounce its far-famed beauties all a joke. It passes here through this flat uninteresting dutchy, the banks affording nothing more attractive than pine bushes, six feet high; and the river itself has lost its primitive attraction at Schaffhausen, for here it is of a brown muddy color, instead of its once transparent green. Occasionally, however, the monotony of the shores is relieved by a pretty town, which, the atmosphere being clear, and the view unobstructed, may be seen from a great distance. Among others, we passed

Spires and Worms, noted for their cathedrals, which are very conspicuous objects from the river; and Manheim, a handsome town, with a fine palace, (now chiefly in ruins,) in the midst of a beautiful park. Near Manheim is Heidelberg, celebrated for its university, which is the oldest in Germany. These places are in the 'Grand Dutchy' of Hesse-Darmstadt, which adjoins that of Baden. The boat stopped a short time at Manheim, and we went on shore to see the palace.

It was dusk when we came in sight of the famous and very pretty town of Mayence, our steamer passing *through* the bridge of boats over the Rhine, which was promptly opened to admit it. The spires, and domes of the town, as seen from the river, give it quite an imposing appearance. We stepped on the quay, with very little bustle, and without any obstruction or examination. The hotels near the river were all full, but we found good lodgings at the 'Trois Couronnes' in the interior. I shall proceed to-morrow to Frankfort and Leipsic, with the intention of returning here to take the Rhine to Cologne.

Frankfort on the Maine, Sept. 7.—The ride from Mayence to this city occupied three hours and a half. The approach to Frankfort is not remarkable, except for the beautiful grounds and gardens laid out on the site of the ancient walls and fortifications in the environs. Frankfort, you know, is one of the four free cities of Germany,* (Hanse-Towns,) and is entirely independent of any other

* The others are Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck.

state, being a coequal member of the Germanic confederation, and important also as the seat of the Diet. Some parts of the city are very handsome, and the whole has an air of busy prosperity: it seems to be very like Paris, on a smaller scale. The hotels are renowned for their size and excellence: and as the great semi-annual Fair is in operation, they are abundantly well patronized. This *Fair* is quite an important affair to the city: all the public squares, quays, etc., are filled with temporary stalls and ‘magazines’ of articles, manufactured in different parts of Germany, the merchant announcing himself ‘from Berlin,’ or Dresden, or Leipsic. They often bring samples, only, of their wares, and from them make extensive ‘package sales.’ I should think that one half, at least, of these stalls were filled with pipes—a fair illustration of the smoking propensities of the Germans. These pipes are long and clumsy, but most of them are very prettily ornamented. The Germans are verily inveterate lovers of the weed. They smoke every where and on all occasions; the toll-keeper puffs away while he opens the gate, the conducteur, regulating the diligence, the shop-keeper, while he makes your bill. All classes and degrees are alike in this respect—the duke, the ‘professor,’ the peasant. The charms of the practice are especially exemplified in the interior of a crowded diligence on a hot day, when three fourths of the passengers are doing their best to suffocate one another with fumes of smoke from pipes, and brimstone from matches. Reimonstrance from a novice in the science is vain,

for though otherwise polite and obliging, they seem to think smoking so much a matter of course, to prize it above their meat and drink, even above their wine, that they do not imagine it *can* be disagreeable.

The river Maine, which falls into the Rhine at Mayence, or Mainz, is an insignificant stream, only navigable by flat boats which go *down* with the current, and are drawn up by horses, as in canals. Frankfort is built on both sides of the river, but the greater part is on the north. The quays are broad, and afford a handsome architectural display, the buildings being all of a light cream color, like those of the French capital. I observed no very splendid public buildings, but the principal street, containing several of the great hotels, is very spacious and stately. In the Hotel de Ville is preserved, among other archives, the original of the celebrated '*Golden Bull.*'

Leipsic, September 10.—Here am I, in the very heart of Germany, in the centre of Europe, within ten hours' ride of Dresden, one day of Berlin, two of Prague, three of Munich, four of Warsaw, ten of St. Petersburg, and a few more of Rome, Constantinople, and Jerusalem, all of which I would fain honor with a visit, did time and the 'needful' permit; at present, however, this will be my ultimatum, and to-morrow I shall commence what the Frenchman said Napoleon did, after the memorable battle of this same Leipsic, not a retreat, but a *mouvement retrograde* toward home. My journeyings will now be toward the setting instead of the rising sun.

The ride to this city proved, as I expected, extremely tedious and disagreeable. We left Frankfort at half past nine, P. M., and were forty-one hours, including two nights, on the way; the distance being two hundred and twenty miles. I was again doomed to the *interieur*, amid five smokers, as usual, neither of whom could speak English or French; and the idea of the mistakes and vexations to which my solitary ignorance exposed me, was any thing but comfortable. I escaped, however, with nothing worse than the loss of a cloak in the Frankfort diligence; for on coming to the Prussian dominions, we were transferred to a respectable vehicle, on which was inscribed:

'Konig. Preuss,
Schnell Post.'

(Query, mail or snail? It does not merit the latter appellation so well as some of the French, to say the least.) The public conveyances on the continent are all driven by a postillion, in a kind of livery, with 'seven league boots,' a trumpet with tawdry tassels, and a leathern hat: he always rides the 'nigh horse,' and never goes more than one post, as each 'team' has its own postillion. Every diligence is superintended by a *conducteur*, who has the best seat in the coupé, but does nothing himself, except delivering the mails and small parcels on the way. The French and Swiss conducteurs are often surly and uncivil, but those in Prussia are very attentive, good-looking, and even well educated. The most learned doctors of the university will converse with them on familiar terms, with deference and respect.

There is evidently much less exclusiveness in grades, and less show of haughty superiority in the wealthy, and even the noble, in these *despotic* countries, than in *liberal* and enlightened England. From the Grand Duke downward, it is usual to give a bow and a '*bon jour*,' or '*adieu*,' to the meanest servant in return for the same salutations: and these courtesies certainly do not seem to be misconstrued into that familiarity which breeds contempt, but rather to strengthen respect and attachment to the superior.

In coming to Leipsic from Switzerland, I passed through no less than eight independent states and principalities, viz: the 'Grand Dutchies' of Baden, Hesse-Darmstadt, Saxe-Weimar, Saxe-Gotha, Hesse-Cassel, the free city of Frankfort, and the kingdoms of Prussia and Saxony. The boundaries of these great-little dutchies are marked by a stone on the way-side, inscribed, 'Weimar,' 'Gotha,' etc., as the case may be. I observed nothing else to indicate that the country was governed by so many different masters. There is nothing on the route deserving the name of scenery: even a gentle hill to relieve the dull, tame prospect of long and often barren plains, occurs but seldom. Of the towns I shall see more on my return.

I was sorry to find that the noted book-publisher, Mr. TAUCHNITZ, Senior, died of apoplexy, very suddenly, a few months since. His son, who continues the business, is a very courteous and intelligent man, and speaks English fluently. He received me very kindly, and invited me to dine with him at twelve o'clock, m.! In England, I was

several times invited to dine at seven, P. M. The usual dinner hour at hotels in Germany is one.

Before dinner, Mr. T. escorted me to the lions. In the principal Lutheran church, I was a little surprised to see paintings, altars and images!—things opposed, as I thought, to the very spirit of Lutheranism.

The booksellers have just completed a handsome Exchange, where the brethren of the 'trade' from all parts of Germany assemble semi-annually, at the Easter and Michaelmas fairs, to settle accounts, and make sales of new books, etc., by sample. The book trade is carried on here very extensively, and with a great deal of system. Leipsic is the head quarters for the business in all the German states, and all publishers in other places have their agents here. You will be surprised, perhaps, at the fact, that the number of new books published annually in Germany, is greater than all issued during the same time in Great Britain and France put together.* What a nation of book-makers! What a mass of intellect in active exercise! In a country not much exceeding in extent the single state of New-York, there are six thousand *new* works, comprising *nine millions of volumes*, printed every year, beside reprints of old works, and all pamphlets and periodicals! One would think the Germans *ought* to be a learned people!

* The average number of new works per annum, issued for the first time in Great Britain in the last three years, is about 1200; in France, 4,000; in Germany, 6,000.

Mr. Tauchnitz's establishment is one of the most extensive in the trade. He showed me the stereotype plates of his well-known editions of the Greek and Latin classics, of which he publishes a complete series, in an economical, *pure text* form, one set filling a box twenty inches square. So you may easily ascertain the exact *bulk* of all the intellect of antiquity !

The Leipsic University, which is one of the oldest in Germany, is also about to occupy a neat and extensive edifice just completed. The ancient fortifications of Leipsic, like those of Frankfort, have been removed, and the space they occupied is laid out in gardens and public promenades ; a change decidedly for the better, as every peaceable man will say.* As to beauty of architecture, this city has little remarkable ; the buildings are mostly antique and uncouth, and the streets narrow, and without side-walks.

At dinner to-day, at Mr. ——, the second dish consisted of thin slices of two sorts of fish, literally *raw*. It seemed to be regarded as a rare delicacy, but I could not stretch my politeness enough to do justice to it. The dinner, otherwise, was excellent. You know the old man who made the ‘Bubbles from the Brunnens,’ feelingly describes his consternation at the never-ending courses of a German public table ; but he does not mention two-thirds of the dishes I have tasted at a single sitting. The feast commences, all the world over, with soup ; then comes

* A happy combination of safety, beauty, and convenience, is shown in the ramparts of the city of Geneva.

the dry *soup-meat*, ‘which a Grosvenor-Square cat would not touch with his whiskers!’ but which is nevertheless rendered quite palatable by a highly-seasoned gravy; then, cutlets, omelets, and *messes* of various sorts; followed by poultry, wild fowls, beef, etc.; fisthly, pudding, which with *us* is a sign that the meat is disposed of; but lo! ‘sixthly and lastly’ comes a huge quarter of veal, roast chickens, *young* lobsters, sallad, etc.; seventhly, tarts and confectionary; ‘and to conclude,’ a desert of prunes, grapes, peaches, cakes, etc., the whole capped by sundry nibbles at a fair, round cheese, or peradventure, as to-day, with coffee, in Lilliputian cups, which looked like baby’s play-things. Verily, one has a chance of finding *something* to his taste in this variety.

After dinner, Mr. Tauchnitz ordered his barouche, with two beautiful bays, and a footman in livery, (Mr. T. is a book-seller,) and we rode out to the field of the memorable battle of 1813, about a mile from the town. The whole vicinity of Leipsic, for several miles, is one vast plain, which has always been, and probably will continue to be, the theatre of battles, when the nations of Europe see fit to fight at all. We walked to a slight elevation, where Napoleon had his head-quarters during the battle. The French had garrisoned the town for six years previous; consequently they had their choice of position. Napoleon had made a *mouvement retrograde* from Dresden, after giving up his second expedition to Russia; he was followed by the allied army, and here they met. Three

days' hard fighting, and the slaughter of twenty thousand men was the consequence. The French were routed; but their possession of the town enabled them to proceed in their retrograde toward Frankfort, (the same route I had come,) and on the fourth day the allies entered Leipsic. Mr. T. was on the field during the fight, and he gave me a graphic description of it. '*Here* stood Blucher, with his Prussians; *there*, Prince Schwartzenberg and the Austrians.' What a scene of horror must that field have been, when twenty thousand human beings lay there, bloody corpses, and half as many more had fallen, wounded and mangled, sighing for death as a relief from their misery!

Otho, the young king of Greece, is now in Leipsic on a visit. He is shortly to be married to a German princess, whose name I have forgotten.

XX.

GERMANY, CONTINUED.

Return to Frankfort—English Language and where spoken—Professor Wolff—Reminiscences on the Route—Jews—Beauty—Frankfort full—Mayence at Midnight—Sail down the Rhine—Castles—Ruins—Legends—Coblenz—Peculiar Beauties of the Rhine.

Mayence, Sept. 13.—At six, P. M., on the tenth, I was again in the diligence. There were but three passengers; one of them asked me in German to sit with him in the interior, but having persuaded him in English into a *coupé* seat, he complacently remarked that he was pretty sure, from the first, that I was English. I declined the honor, with equal good nature. ‘Scotch?’ No. ‘Irish?’ No. He looked puzzled. ‘You must have spoken English from childhood?’ ‘Yes. I never spoke any other language.’ ‘Perhaps you have resided some time in England?’ ‘Never was there but three months.’ Curious whether he would discover me, I left him room to guess.

‘From the East Indies?’ No. ‘But you are a British subject?’ Oh, no. I acknowledge no king whatever.

‘South America?’ (!) No.

And strange to say, I was the first, after all, to hint that there was a republic usually called the United States of America. It did not occur to him, at the moment, that

the English language was known to *some* extent in ‘our country ;’ but singularly enough, when the happy land was mentioned, I found him far from being ignorant of it. He had read of our ‘manners’ from his own Duke of Saxe-Weimar down to Captain Hall and the Trollope ; and he was now writing a critical essay on American poetry. In short, he was Dr. O. L. B. WOLFF, professor of belles-lettres in the University of Jena ; the author, you will recollect, of the History of German Literature in the London Athenæum, and of the other essays which have made his name well known with us. He seemed a good deal interested in our literature, and we beguiled the hours far into the night, in learned talk, parting near the battle-field of Jena, with mutual promises of future correspondence.

The road lies over several memorable fields. Near Lutzen, they pointed to a stone, ‘*Voila la Gustave tomber !*’ It was the spot where the ‘Great Gustavus’ Adolphus fell, in the thirty years’ war. We passed the house where Charles XII. of Sweden signed his treaty with the Elector of Saxony. At Erfurt is the cell where Martin Luther lived when he was an Augustine friar. At Gotha, Weimar, Eisenbach, and Fulda, the capitals of their respective duchies, are the ‘chateaux de residence.’

The approaches to most of the continental towns are through long avenues, shaded by elms or poplars, extending sometimes a couple of miles. One naturally looks for something handsome, after passing such an imposing portal ; but it does not always follow. One of the finest of

these triumphal arches leads to a filthy hamlet, which would disgrace our backwoods.

They have a peculiar costume, at one of these towns ; but in general, there is no costume in Germany. Both at Frankfort and Leipsic, I noticed two remarkable items, the Jews and the pretty girls. The Jews wear long black gowns and girdles, with beards of nearly equal length. They seem to be here a distinct and ‘peculiar people.’ As to the German ladies, there is certainly more beauty among them than I have seen elsewhere in Europe.

I was somewhat diverted with a prevalant custom of the Germans—that of embracing and *kissing* each other, when taking leave. I refer of course, to the *men*; for an affectionate salutation of this sort to the *ladies*, it would be unpardonable to omit. But to see the ‘grave and reverend seignors’ bussing each other, is a little queer.

My second entrance into Frankfort was from a better point of view, crossing the stone bridge over the Main. I had been riding four nights, *sans* sleep, and in the vulgar phrase, was ‘quite done up.’ It was of course delightful to find that the ‘fair’ had so thoroughly filled the domicils of every publican in the place, that not a nook or a corner in all those immense hotels was to be had for love or money. I wandered here and there, houseless and alone till dusk, with a fair prospect of a loafer-like lodging in the street ! This was actually the only alternative to going off at ten P. M., to Mayence. There were probably at least ten thousand strangers in the place at that moment.

The entrance into Mayence, at one o'clock at night,

was quite *impressive*. On the opposite side of the river, in Cassel, is an extensive military establishment, through the gates and court of which we had to pass. The postilion sounded a martial air on his trumpet, and the sentinel, opening the ponderous gates, admitted us to the bridge of boats, on which we crossed the Rhine to the city. Every thing was still and quiet, but our rumbling diligence ; the stars and the lights of the town were looking at their portraits in the river. At the city portals, another blast of the trumpet* procured us admission, but no living thing was to be seen, except the military ‘guardians of the night.’

To-day it rains torrents. So I will merely tell you, in guide book style, that Mayence, as well as Cologne, owes its origin to the Romans, and was occasionally the residence of some of the emperors. The city has also been an electorate of the German empire, but at present it belongs to Prussia ; and it is remarkable, that, with a population of thirty-two thousand, it has a garrison of twelve thousand soldiers. It claims the honor of being the birth-place of Guttenberg, one, at least, of the inventors of printing, of whom there is a statue in one of the squares. I have been to see the cathedral, noted only for antiquity,

* The ‘Old Man’ of the Bubbles denounces these trumpets, but verily they are preferable to the long tin horns of the English ‘guards,’ which are indeed enough to

—“break the bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound ;
He raises his head as if waked from the dead,
And amazed he stares around !”

and for the numerous monuments and statues of church dignitaries in the interior.

Coblenz, (on the Rhine,) September.—The steam-boat left the quay at Mayence this morning at six, with about one hundred passengers, mostly English, on their homeward retreat. For two or three miles, the banks of the river continued to be low and tame. We passed the palace of the Grand Duke of Nassau, a fine edifice, near the river. The classical Brunnens of Langen-Schwalbach are a few miles in the interior.

We were this day to see the only interesting part of the ‘glorious Rhine,’ that between Mayence and Cologne. Along here, there are a plenty of little islands, and the banks of the river abound with picturesque rocky crags, capped by ruins of castles, and relieved here and there by a green meadow, a vineyard, or a neat village. Johannisberg, a chateau belonging to Prince Metternich, is one of the first from Mayence. This estate has fifty-five acres of vine-grounds, from whence comes the most celebrated of the Rhenish wines. Speaking of Metternich, I need not remind you of his portraiture as ‘Beckendorf,’ in that unique production, ‘Vivian Grey.’ Then we passed the ruins of Klopp and Ehrenfels,* Vantsberg castle, at pres-

* Among the Rhenish legends, versified by PLANCHE, is one of the ‘Mouse-Tower,’ near Ehrenfels, commencing :

“ The Bishop of Mentz was a wealthy prince,
Wealthy and proud was he ;
He had all that was worth a wish on earth,
But he had not charitie !

ent occupied, from which we were saluted with a gun ; the ruins of Falkenberg, Guttenfels, Schönberg, and the

He would stretch out his *empty* hands to *bless*,
 Or lift them both to *pray* ;
 But, alack ! to lighten man's distress,
 They moved no other way.”

A famine came ; the poor begged in vain for aid, till he ‘opened his granaries free,’ and then locked them in, and ‘burned them every one.’ ‘The merry mice ! how shrill they squeak !’ said the prelate :

“ But mark what an awful judgement soon
 On the cruel bishop fell !
 With so many mice his palace swarm'd,
 That in it he could not dwell.
 They gnaw'd the arras above and beneath,
 They eat each savory dish up,
 And shortly their sacrilegious teeth
 Began to nibble the bishop !

“ He flew to the castle of Ehrenfels,
 By the side of the Rhine so fair,
 But they found the road to his new abode,
 And came in legions there !
 He built him in haste a tower so tall
 In the tide, for his better assurance,
 But they swam the river, and scal'd the wall,
 And worried him past endurance !

“ One morning his skeleton there was seen,
 By a load of flesh the lighter !
 They had pick'd his bones uncommonly clean,
 And eaten his very mitre !
 Such was the end of the bishop of Mentz ;
 And oft at midnight hour,
 He comes in the shape of a fog so dense,
 And sits on his old ‘Mouse-tower.’”

rocks of ‘the Seven Sisters’ in the river ;* Sternberg and Liebenstein, ‘the Brothers,’ etc., all famed by many a pa-

* Perhaps you may be amused by this legend. It runs as follows :

“The Castle of Schöenberg was lofty and fair,
And seven countesses ruled there :
Lovely, and noble, and wealthy I trow—
Every sister had suiters enow.
Crowned duke and belted knight
Sigh’d at the feet of those ladies bright :
And they whispered hope to every one,
While they vow’d in their hearts they would have none !

Gentles, list to the tale I tell :
'Tis many a year since this befel :
Women are altered now, I ween,
And never say what they do not mean !

“ At the Castle of Schöenberg 'twas merriment all—
There was dancing in bower, and feasting in hall ;
They ran at the ring in the tilt-yard gay,
And the moments flew faster than thought away !
But not only moments—the days fled too—
And they were but as when they first came to woo ;
And spake they of marriage or bliss deferr'd,
They were silenced by laughter and scornful word !

Gentles, list to the tale I tell ;
'Tis many a year since this befel,
And ladies now so mildly reign,
They never sport with a lover's pain !

“ Knight look'd upon knight with an evil eye—
Each fancied a favored rival nigh ;
And darker every day they frowned,
And sharper still the taunt went round,
Till swords were drawn, and lances in rest,
And the blood ran down from each noble breast ;
While the sisters sat in their chairs of gold,
And smiled at the fall of their champions bold !

thetic legend. There are also the pretty villages of Rudesheim, Geisenheim, Bingen, Oberwesel, Saint Goar, and others too tedious to mention ; and the rock of Lureley, with an echo which repeats seven times.

The steamboat is now before the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, the strongest fortress in Europe, built on a rocky elevation, commanding the river for several miles. The city of Coblenz, nearly opposite, and connected with it by a floating bridge, is strongly fortified, and garrisoned by five thousand Prussian soldiers. It was founded by Drusus, the Roman general, thirteen years before Christ.

Cologne, 14th.—I am now in the ancient and honorable city of ‘Les Trois Rois,’ and of the eleven thousand virgins.

On leaving Coblenz, the shores are again ‘ flat and stale,’ (though perhaps not ‘ unprofitable’ to the vinters,) —

Gentles, list to the tale I tell ;
 ’Tis many a year since this befel,
 Times have changed, we must allow,
 Countesses are not so cruel now.

“ Morning dawn’d upon Sehönenberg’s towers,
 But the sisters were not in their wonted bowers,
 Their damsels sought them the castles o’er—
 But upon earth they were seen no more ;
 Seven rocks are in the tide,
 Ober-wesel’s walls beside,
 Baring their cold brows to heaven :
 They are called, ‘ The Sisters Seven.’

Gentles, list to the tale I tell ;
 ’Tis many a year since this befel :
 And ladies now may love deride,
 And their suitors alone be petrified !”

until thou comest unto Remagen, when there are a few miles of the picturesque, and then the *scenery* of the Rhine is finished. On the score of natural beauty, it would take a good many Rhines to make a Hudson ; but, as Willis says, *here* we are constantly reminded of the *past* ; history, tradition, and song, have given every thing a charm, and even these rough old ruins are tinted with a *couleur de rose* ; but amidst the hills, and streams, and forests, of the so-called *new* world, our thoughts stretch forward to the *future*. We have already the rich material, and perhaps the time will come when Europe may not claim superiority, even in works of art, or in historical associations and reminiscences ; albeit we have no princely palaces or baronial strong-holds, and, thanks to our democratic rulers ! we are in no immediate danger of them.

But the Rhine is interesting—intensely so ; and I can only regret, my dear —, that you are not here to share with me this long-wished-for pleasure.

“The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,
And fields with promise corn and wine,
And scatter'd cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along their shine,
Have strew'd a scene which I should see
With double joy, wert thou with me.

“ And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise,
Above, the frequent feudal towers

Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers,
But one thing want these banks of Rhine—
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine.

“The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round,
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here,
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me more dear,
Could thy dear eyes, in following mine,
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine.”

If misery loves company, as the proverb says, why should not happiness be also sociably disposed ? There is to me a special loneliness in being in these regions of song, with a crowd of strangers, but with no ‘congenial spirit,’ who in after days would recall to us the fond recollection of happy hours passed together in the distant land ; who with a single word might bring vividly before us a glowing panorama of scenes remembered as a dream. And is there not even more enjoyment in these remembrances, than in the ‘first impression ?’

Beside the Drachenfels, there are a score of ruins this side of Coblenz, such as Rolandzeck, Godesberg, and other hard names ; and we also passed the pretty town of Bonn, the seat of an ancient and well-endowed university. From one of the castles, near the river, we were saluted with three cheers by the garrison.

To-morrow I shall write from Aix-la-Chapelle, for here I must say, albeit not in the Byronic vein,

“Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way ;
Thine is a scene alike where souls united,
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray,
And could the ceaseless vulture cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where nature, not too sombre nor too gay,
Wild, but not rude, awful, but not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.”

XXI.

PRUSSIA—BELGIUM.

COLOGNE—Government, etc. of Prussia—Cathedral—AIX LA CHAPELLE—Charlemagne—Relics—LIEGE—Quentin Durward—NAMUR—The Muse—Waterloo—BRUSSELS—Park—Churches—Superstition—Palaes—Railroads—ANTWERP—Cathedral—Citadelle—Rubens—Church Tower—Chimes—GHENT—BRUGES—OSTEND—Retrospective.

Cologne, Sept. 14th.—On the arrival of the steam-boat, (*alias, damschiffen, or le batteau à vapeur,*) the bells of the town were ringing, cannons firing, a band of music playing, and the *quays* were filled with at least five thousand people, who were kept in order by a party of soldiers. Some distinguished personage seemed to be expected in the boat, but there was none forthcoming. The military cleared a passage through the crowd, and we landed with-

out any confusion, although it was dark, and there were three hundred passengers (picked up on the way), to be supplied with porters and lodgings; and the place was known to be full. At the fourth hotel I applied to, alone, in the dark, in a strange place, I succeeded in securing an attic ; but many others were even less fortunate.

After supper, I made a sally through the principal streets, which are well lighted with gas. It seems to be a busy and cheerful place, much like Paris ; buildings irregular, streets crooked, and ill-paved. The far-famed *Eau-de-Cologne* forms a considerable article of its trade, and has contributed not a little to familiarize its name all over the world. The four brothers Farina rival each other in the manufacture ; but the most noted artist is Jean Maria Farina. I took a peep into his establishment ; and were it not that His Majesty of England would make me pay for it over again, I should like to send you some of the ‘genuine article.’

Aix la Chapelle, Sept. 15th.—My present date is from the city of Charlemagne. To begin where I left off. While writing last evening in my *lofty* apartment, looking out upon the Rhine, the music on the quay suddenly recommenced, and the enthusiastic shouts of the populace announced that the expected visiter had arrived. It proved to be the crown prince of Prussia, and his two brothers. Prussia now extends, as you are aware, this side of the Rhine as far as Aix. The present king and all his family are said to be exceedingly popular with the people. The government, although in theory despotic, is evidently

mild and liberal in practice. In education, I need not tell you, Prussia stands pre-eminent; and if you are curious for information on this point, I would refer you to the recent report of Victor Cousin.* The regulations of the police, the public conveyances, etc., in the Prussian dominions, are certainly excellent.

I was early awake this morning, in order to finish exploring Cologne before six, the starting hour for Aix. Escorted by a young cicerone, who ‘politely volunteered his services,’ I went first to the cathedral, one of the most celebrated on the continent. Five hundred years have elapsed since this edifice was commenced, and yet it is scarcely half finished! The choir only is quite completed, and this is very elaborately decorated within and without. The grass is actually growing on the towers, which have as yet attained but one third of their intended elevation, (five hundred feet,) and being connected with the choir merely by a temporary structure, they look like ruins of a separate edifice. Yet, even in its present state, the cathedral of Cologne is a wonderful specimen of human ingenuity and perseverance. I followed my cicerone to the head of the choir, behind the great altar, where he pointed to a richly-ornamented monument as the tomb of the ‘Three Kings of Cologne.’ It is to be hoped you are versed in the veritable history of these same three kings, as well as that of the eleven thousand virgins before mention-

* Report on the State of Public Education in Prussia, etc. New-York, WILEY & PUTNAM.

ed, for neither memory nor time will permit me to edify you in ‘legendary lore.’

Mass had already commenced, at this early hour, and the good people were kneeling reverently on the marble floor, saying their paternosters and counting their beads, or watching, with humble simplicity, the movements of the priests before the altar. I observed one of the boys, employed to swing the censers of burning incense, turn round occasionally, with a piteous yawn. The painted windows in this cathedral are very elaborate and beautiful. I had time to ‘drop in’ to several other churches during matins, where I saw much that was curious and dazzling, and heard some fine organ-music.

There were twenty-two passengers ‘booked’ for Aix, and according to law, they were obliged to send extras for as many as applied before the hour. This route to Brussels and Ostend is much travelled by the English, in preference to continuing on the Rhine to Rotterdam.

It was a bright morning again, and the ride proved rather pleasant, though somewhat monotonous. The country for several miles out of Cologne, is nearly level, and almost quite treeless: near the city, it is laid out in one vast vegetable-garden, without any inclosure, as is often the case on the continent. Poaching does not seem to be dreamed of. The fortifications of Cologne, and those of Juliers, our first stopping-place, are of the most substantial kind. Juliers is surrounded by three distinct walls, each about twenty feet thick, and separated by broad deep ditches,

or canals. And yet in the present *refined* state of the art of war, this fortress is far from being impregnable.

We arrived at Aix at 3 P. M., and having taken a place for an evening ride to Liege, and had my passport *vised* at the Hotel de Ville, the next thing was to visit the cathedral containing the bones of the great CHARLEMAGNE. His tomb is under the floor, in the centre of the church, and is covered by a plain marble slab, on which is inscribed in *lofty* simplicity,

‘CAROLUS MAGNO.’

After looking at the throne of the ‘grand monarque,’ and at the immense windows of the choir, (remarkable for the lightness and elegance of their frames,) we were conducted by a priest to a closet, or *sanctum sanctorum*, to see the famous cabinet of precious relics.* I send you a printed account of these veritable relics, and as to their authenticity, it is to be hoped your bump of marvelousness is too large to permit you to doubt. Will you not

* Among them are, the point of the nail with which Christ was pierced on the cross; a piece of the identical cross; the leathern girdle, and a piece of the winding-sheet of Christ; morsceaux of the hair of John the Baptist; of the chain with which St. Peter was bound; of the sponge on which they gave vinegar to Christ; a tooth of St. Thomas; the winding-sheet of the Virgin, beside relics of Saints innumerable. These are all printed in a book, and of course they must be true! But the Charlemagne relics you will not question. They are his hunting-horn, (an elephant’s tusk,) a piece of his arm, and his leg; his coronation sword, and to *crown* all, the skull of the emperor himself, taken from the tomb, and preserved in a brazen casque. And so I have actually handled the skull of this redoubtable hero and warrior, the ruler of Europe one thousand years ago!

look upon me with a ‘thrilling interest,’ when I tell you that I have seen and touched them with my bodily hands? They gravely tell you how the ‘sacred’ articles were obtained, and how they were presented to Charlemagne by the patriarch of Jerusalem. I doubt not they really find them *precious* articles of speculation, and would be grieved to hear a suspicion of their being genuine. ‘The linens worn by the virgin when Christ was born, are among those too sacred for common eyes, and are only shown in seven years, with much ‘pomp and circumstance.’

By the way, I saw also the splendid crown of Isabella of Castile and Arragon, (the patron of Columbus.) of pure gold, covered with diamonds. And in London I forgot to tell you of Charlemagne’s Bible, a magnificent folio ms., on parchment, richly illuminated, etc. It had intrinsic and unquestioned evidence of being executed for the emperor by Eginhard, the historian of that period. It was ‘bought in’ at auction, for £1500, (\$7,500,) but finally sold to the British Museum. But you must be tired of relics.

Liege, September 16.—Last evening I reconnoitred the town of Aix la Chapelle, heard two acts of the ‘Marriage of Figaro’ admirably sung in the Grecian Opera-House, and then stepped into the ‘Schnell Post.’ On the frontiers of Belgium, about midnight, we were stopped at a ‘Bureau de Police,’ our luggage was all taken off and searched, and our passports examined, during which operations we all ‘kept our patience,’ save a poor Frenchman, who had to pay duty on a couple of boxes of cologne, snugly stow-

ed in his trunk. After rewarding the worthy gentlemen for their politeness, we were suffered to proceed.

Liege, you will recollect, beside being famous in history, was the scene of the tragedy so vividly pictured in ‘Quentin Durward,’ the murder of the bishop by the ‘Wild Boar of Ardennes.’ The bishop’s palace was a short distance from the town, but no traces of it remain. His city palace, (noted for its eccentric architecture, each of the interior pillars being in a different style,) is now used as a market-house. Liege is built on both sides of the river Meuse or Maes. It is quite a manufacturing place, as well as lively and pleasant, and seems to be regaining its former importance. The shop-windows present a really brilliant display of merchandise, of every description. Two of the modern streets, strange to say, are well paved, and have side-walks four feet wide; an unusual phenomenon on the continent. In the course of my ramble, I dropped into three or four churches, for the churches in these countries are open at all times; and they have abundant attraction, at least in painting, sculpture, architecture, and music; in short, they are museums of the fine arts. The prevalence of superstition among the good people seems strange in this ‘enlightened age;’ and yet on the whole, we cannot wonder at it, if the proverb be true that ‘ignorance is the mother of devotion.’ One of the printed notices of holy days, etc., in honor of the virgin and the saints, commences on this wise: ‘*Marie la Mère de Dieu, est digne de notre homage,*’ etc.

Namur, 16.—The ride from Liege to this place (forty

miles,) along the banks of the Meuse, was delightful.* The scenery, if not *pittoresque*, in the Frenchman's sense, is at least beautiful. There was a very perceptible difference in the diligences on leaving the Prussian dominions; the Belgian vehicle being large, clumsy, heavy-loaded, and drawn by three miserable, creeping compounds of skin and bones. On leaving Liege, we passed several close-looking, high-walled convents and nunneries in the environs. There was little else to notice during the journey, except the boats on the Meuse, drawn up by horses; and the cathedral and walls of Huy, the half-way town. In approaching Namur, the road makes a broad circuit, and enters the gate on the Brussels side, giving the traveller an imposing view of the fortifications on the heights overlooking the town. It was late in the evening, when the diligence set us down near the Hotel de Hollande, in which I am now snugly disposed of, a solitary guest.

Brussels, 17th.—I was on the top of the diligence this morning at six, for another ride of thirty-six miles to the capital of Belgium, over the field of Waterloo. The only village on the route worth mentioning is Genappe. At noon we came in sight of a large mound, in the form of a pyramid, surmounted by a figure of an animal. It proved to be the Belgic lion-monument, commemorating the great victory of the allies. We soon came up to, and passed over the centre of, the battle-field, our conducteur mean-

* Classic ground, again. 'Quentin Durward' escorted the ladies of Croye on the same side of the river; and Namur will remind you of Sterne and 'My Uncle Toby.'

while pointing out the various localities which he doubtless has often had occasion to do before : ‘Le Maison ou Napoleon logée.’ ‘Wellington et Blucher.’ A tablet over the door of the cottage explained : ‘*La belle Alliance. Rencontre des Generaux Wellington et Blucher dans la bataille memorable de Juin 18, 1815.*’ On the right of the road, ‘L’armie Prusse ;’ farther on, ‘L’armie Anglais ;’ on the left, ‘L’armie Française.’ We had now come where the fight raged thickest, at present marked only by the monuments to the more distinguished victims. The field is smaller than I supposed. Those great armies must have been necessarily in close contact. This is the spot, then, where, at the expense of the lives of twenty thousand men, the mastership not only of France, but of all Europe was decided.

“ And here I stand upon the place of skulls,
The grave of France—the deadly Waterloo.”

And here, where, on that dreadful night, the groans of the wounded and dying went up to heaven, calling aloud for retribution on their ambitious fellow-man, who sought, at whatever cost, to

“ Get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone ;”

here you now see only the peaceful labors of the peasant women, planting their flax and potatoes over the graves of the slaughtered, which scarcely have a ‘stone to tell where they lie,’ or to remind you of the stirring scenes of the night when the gayety of the ball at Brussels was changed

to anxious terror, by the cry of ‘The foe ! they come !—they come !’

After leaving the field, we passed through the straggling village of Waterloo, (now the abode of cicerones and speculators in old swords, muskets, and sundry other relics of the ‘grand bataille,’ most of which are doubtless manufactured for the special benefit of credulous tourists, we entered a thick and beautiful grove, two or three miles long, and soon came in sight of the capital, which is nine miles from Waterloo. The general view of Brussels, on this side, is not more imposing than that of several minor towns ; and the quarter we entered was still less favorable for a ‘first impression.’ Instead of the fortified portal, usual in insignificant villages in Germany, the city is guarded at the ‘Porte de Namur’ by a wooden fence, scarcely fit for a cow-pasture. In the ‘Rue Haute,’ which we first traversed, the houses are neither high nor handsome ; most of them with gable-ends to the street, in the primitive Dutch style. But when I arrived at the ‘Hotel de Bellevue,’ (chosen at random from the list,) the face of things was changed. This hotel is in a large and splendid square, next to the king’s palace and the public buildings, and directly opposite the park, one of the most beautiful in Europe. The Rues Royale, de Brabant and de Loi, which inclose that charming promenade, are decidedly superior to Rivoli, the boast of Paris. The royal palace and that of the ‘prince hereditary,’ are near each other, in a corner of the square ; and on the opposite side, extending the whole length of the park, is the immense

palace of the States General. These buildings are all of the light cream color, so prevalent in Paris and Frankfort.* The park is adorned with several fine pieces of sculpture, including a series of the Roman emperors. The views from the various avenues through the trees are magnificent. In rambling through the fairy place, I heard from a building in the corner,

—“A sound of revelry by night,
For Belgium’s capital had gathered now
Her beauty and her chivalry.”

It certainly has gathered a quantity of English visitors, for the hotels are full of them, and they are now listening to ‘music with its voluptuous swell,’ at the opera, where I doubt not

“ Soft eyes look love to eyes which speak again,
And all goes merry as a marriage bell.”

18th.—Just finished lionizing. Firstly, churches; St. Jacques; Corinthian order; remarkably elegant and tasteful: Notre Dame des Victoires, Notre Dame de Chappelle, and St. Michael; cathedrals richly adorned with paintings and sculpture. The towers of St. Michael are massive and conspicuous objects in the panorama of the city; and the magnificence of the interior is really astonishing. High mass was here also in operation in more

* Why will not our builders study good taste, and abolish the abominable custom of painting the exterior of their houses a flashy red? How much better is a cream, lead, or stone color—even white or yellow is preferable to red. And then the parks and public promenades—when will the layers out and rulers of our cities learn the importance of these things, in promoting beauty and health?

than usual splendor, but I need not detail the ceremonies, with which I am free to say I was more amused than edified. In these cathedrals, as you are aware, there are no such things as pews or permanent seats. The multitude are content to kneel on the cold stone floor, or if perchance a few chairs are provided, the occupants are often interrupted in their ‘Ave Marias’ by a summons for the rent thereof. Much did some of them seem to marvel that my heretical self touched not the holy water. ‘While I stood wrapped in the wonder of it,’ comes up a battalion of about one hundred young ladies, all dressed alike, in black silk frocks and straw bonnets, respectable and intelligent-looking girls, probably belonging to some large Catholic seminary. They were escorted by two ladies into the choir.

Close by Notre Dame, I passed a grog-shop with this sign, verbatim :

‘A LA GRACE DE DIEU;

VALENTINE, MARCHAND D’EPICERIES ET LIQUEURS.’

In all these churches there are little chapels around the walls, dedicated to the different saints, with contribution-boxes at the entrance, labelled in French and Dutch, ‘*Ici on offre à St. Roch, patron contre maladies contagieuse ;*’ ‘*Ici on offre à St. Antonie patron contre ;*’ something else, I forget what. ‘*Ici on offre à Notre Dame des doleurs aux pieds de la croix ;*’ and so on.

The next curiosity is the Hotel de Ville, a large and curious old building, with a tower after the model of that

of Babel. It was in this edifice that the Emperor Charles V. signed his abdication.

The beautiful palace built for the Prince of Orange, was just completed and furnished, when the revolution of 1830 broke out. Leopold, it seems, is too honorable and conscientious to use it, so that it is kept as a show-place. The interior is superb. It is a small edifice, comparatively, but a perfect gem of its kind. Visitors are required to put on cloth slippers, and slide, not walk, over the floors of polished oak. In some of the rooms, the walls are of variegated marble ; others are covered with the richest satin damask. There is a fine collection of choice paintings by Rubens, etc., in this palace. They showed me also, in the stable, the state-carriage of the Prince of Orange, which he had not time to save when he lost Belgium.

In the king's palace the furniture is rather plain, and somewhat the worse for wear. As their majesties are at present 'absent from home,' I was permitted to invade the sanctity even of the private apartments. Some of the halls are very large, particularly the 'Salle à Manger.'

Antwerp, 18th.—At two o'clock, or an hour and a half ago, I was in Brussels, twenty-four miles distant. The flight was not in a balloon, or in a 'bateau à vapeur,' but in the car of the '*Le Chemin de Fer;*' for be it known, the Yankee notions are spreading so far, that there are two rail-roads, of twenty-four and sixty miles, actually in operation on the continent of Europe ; and moreover, there are three or four more contemplated or commenced, viz. : from Frankfort, first to Ostend, the port of Belgium ; second, to

Hamburg ; third, to Berlin ; fourth, to Basle, in Switzerland ; and from Vienna to Trieste and Milan. Verily, the tour of Europe will be no such great affair, ‘when such things be.’ It will lose all its romance ; and the book-making tourist’s ‘occupation’ will be ‘gone’ for ever ! It’s lucky I came before a ‘consummation so devoutly to be wished.’

The low countries are, of course, well adapted for railroads and canals. There is scarcely an elevation of six feet on the whole course from Brussels to *Anvers*.* This rail-road is under excellent regulations. The train consisted of fifteen cars, part of which were open ; and the fare was only about twenty-five cents. You may breakfast in Brussels, go to Antwerp to church, and return to Brussels before dinner, with the greatest ease. I had seen the opening ceremonies of the Cathelic holy-day, at the church of St. Michael, in the capital, and now I have been to see them finished in the cathedral of Antwerp. I went into this grand temple just at sunset, when they were performing *Te Deum* on the immense organ, accompanied by a large vocal choir ; and nearly thirty persons in gorgeous robes were officiating around the altar. This is one of the largest churches in the world. The spire is far-

* The French and German names of several places are puzzling—as for instance ; *Aix la Chapelle*, *Aachen* ; *L ege*, *Lutzen* ; *Mayence*, *Mentz* ; *Ghent*, *Gand* ; *Munich*, *Munchen* ; *Antwerp*, *Anvers*. The coins, too, of the various states, are a great annoyance. None but French and English gold, and five-franc pieces, are universally current. The Swiss *batzen* will not pass in Germany, nor the Prussian *kreutzers groschen*, *florins* or *thalers*, in Belgium. Each state, dutchy, and canton, has a different currency.

famed for its immense height and graceful design. Among the gems of art to be seen in the interior, is the celebrated chef d'œuvre of Rubens, the Descent from the Cross.

I walked out this evening to the *citadelle* which sustained, under General CHASSE, the terrible siege of the French, in 1832. It is a mile in circumference, and is inclosed by five bastions. The walls and the houses in the vicinity yet bear sad traces of the bombardment. During the siege, which lasted a month, including ten days of incessant cannonading, sixty-three thousand cannon balls were fired by the French into the citadel, and often no less than a dozen bombs were seen in the air at once. The interior of the fortress, and several warehouses near by, were reduced to a heap of ruins, before the resolute Dutch general surrendered. Such an affair is more in keeping with the days of Louis XIV., than with our own.

The diplomatists have not yet settled matters amicably between Holland and Belgium. King William and several of the despotic powers refuse to recognise Belgium's independence, and there is little or no intercourse between the two countries. Travellers are not permitted to enter Holland from this side, without special permission from his Dutch Majesty, for a Belgian passport is good for nothing. Leopold, *le premier*, may thank his stars if he continues secure on the throne he acquired so easily ; for there is apparently much discontent among the people, especially the trading classes, who feel the loss of the market for their goods at the Dutch sea-ports. The Antwerpers, at least, are decidedly inclined towards Holland.

Antwerp, which in the sixteenth century was one of the most important commercial places in the world, has long been on the decline. It once contained more than two hundred thousand inhabitants—now, scarcely sixty thousand; and it is said there are no less than eight hundred houses at present tenantless. Its docks, once crowded with vessels, laden with the wealth of the Indies, are now almost deserted; and the streets are strangely quiet, for a place even of its present size.

The chief curiosities are the churches, for which Antwerp is renowned. But I have already inflicted enough of this topic upon you, and the Antwerp churches are much like those I have written about, save that they are yet more rich and profuse in their decorations. Those of St. Jacques, St. Paul, and the Jesuits, are the principal. Superb altars, and pillars of the finest marble, statues and paintings, in every variety, are to be seen in them. In St. Jacques, I stood on the tomb of Rubens, who was a native of Antwerp, and of a patrician family. Over his monument is a fine picture, by himself, of his wife and children. In the churchyard of St. Paul's is a fearfully vivid representation of Mount Calvary, the crucifixion, and entombment of Christ, and of purgatory! While gazing at the lofty tower of the cathedral, I was accosted by a cicerone: ‘Voulez vous monter?’ Combien demandez vous? ‘Deux francs.’ ‘C'est trop.’ ‘Oui, monsieur; mais tres belle vue; magnifique; vous pouvez voir Bruxelles.’ ‘Eh bien, je veux monter.’ This is the way they get one's francs away; for, as the book says, the Belgian lions must be fed

as well as others. The view is certainly very extensive, though Brussels, I must say, was rather indistinct. But the Tower of Malines, or Mechlin, (that famous place for lace,) was very conspicuous, though twelve miles off. The prospects over such a country as Belgium are more extensive than varied. Antwerp is situated near the mouth of the Scheld, and the windings of the river may be seen for several miles toward Ghent and the sea-board. The tops of the houses in the city are mostly covered with red tiles.

In the tower, I saw a chime of no less than forty-six bells, and was shown the operation of winding the clock, with a weight of one thousand pounds attached. The large bell, meanwhile, struck eleven, and all the rest followed like dutiful children. Somewhat of a sound they made, sure enough! Chimes originated in this country, and all the churches have them playing in concert every half hour. This tower is ascended by six hundred and twenty-six steps. I went to the very top, thinking of some one's exclamation at the cathedral of Cologne, ‘What will not man achieve!'

From thence, made a call at Ruben's house, which still remains, and then looked in at the Museum, where are three hundred ‘tableaux,’ comprising eighteen pictures by Rubens, and six by Van Dyck. In the garden adjoining, is a bronze statue of Mary of Burgundy, on her tomb.

Ghent, (or Gand,) Sept. 19.—His majesty of Holland not seeing fit to admit me into his dominions, from his late rebellious territory of Belgium, the alternative was to cross

over Flanders, by Ghent and Bruges, to Ostend, and there embark, instead of at Rotterdam, for London. A ferry-boat took passengers over the Scheld to the 'Tete de Flandre,' where the diligence was in waiting. We 'nig-gled' over a flat, fertile country, at the five-mile pace, seeing nothing very strange until nine P. M., when we passed through a long village of one-story houses, rattled over an excellent stone-bridge, and found ourselves in the worthy old town of Ghent, or rather Gand; but if the people *are* Ganders, they have shown some wisdom, nevertheless, in making so many nice, large, open squares, in their respectable city.

Ostend, 20th.—This morning was to be my last on the continent. I rose at six from my last *coucher*, in the fifth story, took my last breakfast in the *salle à manger*, made my last visit to cathedrals, paid my bill at the Hotel de Vienne, and took my diligence seat for the last time. The last trunk was placed on the top, the last passenger took his place, the three lazy horses were affixed, the postillion mounted, the diligence rumbled forward, crossed two or three spacious squares, and as many bridges, (for the river or canals pass in several places through the town,) entered the great archway under the ramparts, and proceeded with slow and stately step toward Bruges. The whole of the road is broad, well paved, lined with rows of elms and poplars, and for several miles keeps along the banks of the broad canal, connecting Ghent with Bruges; and so level is the soil, that the towers of Ghent were in full view for six miles.

Bruges, or Brugge, is a beautiful town, replete with reminiscences of the Counts of Flanders; yet it is far from being what it once was, in wealth and importance. Like Antwerp, there is an unnatural stillness in the streets; you would almost think an epidemic had depopulated them. And yet there are many handsome private dwellings, and many wealthy people in Bruges. It has also a considerable number of English residents.

Ostend is dull enough. The harbor is bad, not admitting large vessels, except at high tide; otherwise this place would improve rapidly; for, save Antwerp and Dunkirk, it is the only sea-port of Belgium. When the railroad to Brussels is finished, Ostend will begin to look up. The Belgians have always been a manufacturing rather than a commercial people; but now they are cut off from exporting their goods from the ports of Holland, they must necessarily build up a commerce of their own. They are now engaged in improving the harbor, etc., of Ostend.

As an evidence of the discontent caused by the depression of trade since the revolution, it is said Leopold was grossly insulted by the people of Ghent, about a year since. He was on a visit there, and was going to the theatre; but the Ganders hired all the best boxes, and locked them up! The Ostenders, however, are more loyal. The king and queen were greeted at the theatre here, a few evenings since, with a poetical address. The queen is here now; but her consort has gone to England to negotiate, as the papers say, for the Princess Victoria, in behalf of his

nephew. Whether he or his *beloved* cousin of Orange will succeed, yet remains a problem.

Well—Bologne was the Alpha, and now, after travelling two thousand miles, Ostend is the Omega of my continental tour. To imitate the losty style of Chateaubriand's preface to his memoirs : I have been solitary in crowded cities, and in the recesses of the Highlands of Scotland, and the Alps of Switzerland ; I have promenaded the Regent-street of London, and the Boulevards of Paris ; the parks of Brussels, the Canongate of Edinburgh, the ramparts of Stirling and Geneva ; sailed on Loch Katrine and Lake Leman, on Loch Lomond and ' fair Zurich's waters ;' slept on the Great St. Bernard, and by the side of Loch Achray. I have gazed on magnificent panoramas of cities, mountains, lakes, valleys, from the summits of the Trossachs and the Rhigi, from St. Paul's and Notre Dame, from the towers of Antwerp, and Edinburgh, of Stirling and Windsor. I have sailed on the Tay and the Rhine, the Clyde, the Thames, the Rhone, the Seine ; scaled rocky heights on the Swiss mule and the Highland pony ; climbed to the sources of glaciers, water-falls, and the Frozen Sea. I have been in the princely halls of Windsor and Versailles, of Warwick, Sccone, and Holyrood ; the Louvre, Tuilleries, and Luxembourg ; rambled amidst the ruins of Melrose and Kenilworth ; of Dryburgh and the Drachenfels. I have heard the 'loud anthem' in the splendid temples of York and Antwerp, Westminster and Notre Dame, St. Paul's and Cologne. I have stood over the ashes of Shakspeare and of Scott ; the poets and heroes of

England and France. I have looked with silent pleasure on the works of Raphael and Angelo, of Reynolds and Rubens, of Flaxman and Canova. My hand has been in Rob Roy's purse, and on the skull of Charlemagne; on Bonaparte's pistols, and Hosier's blunderbuss; on the needle-work of the Queen of Scots, and the school compositions of the great Elizabeth; on the crown of the Spanish Isabella, and the spear of Guy, Earl of Warwick! I have traversed the battle-fields of Bannockburn and of Morat, of Leipsic and of Waterloo. I have seen men and women of all grades, from the monarch to the chimney-sweep; kings, queens, princes, heirs apparent, nobles and dutchesses; I have seen Daniel O'Connell! I have been preached to by the plain presbyters of Scotland, and the portly bishops of England; and heard mass in the convent in sight of Italy, and in the gorgeous cathedrals of Belgium. I have seen wretchedness and magnificence in the widest extremes. I have been dazzled by the splendors of royalty, and have shuddered at the misery of royalty's subjects. In short, (for I am giving you a pretty specimen of egotism,) I have seen much, very much, to admire; much that we of the 'New World' might imitate with advantage, and more still to make me better satisfied than ever that we are, on the whole, or ought to be, the happiest people in the world. Let us but pay a little more attention to our *manners*, (for they certainly *may* be much improved,) and let us check the spirit of lawless and fanatical agrarianism, which has shown itself to be already dangerous to our liberties and prosperity, and we may

with conscious pride take our station first among the nations of the earth. Yes, my dear ——, be assured that,

“Midst pleasures and palaces though you may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home!”

XXII.

VALEDICTORY.

TOUCHING the dismal voyage across the North Sea, my third trip up the Thames, and fourth arrival at London ; and how much like getting home again, it seemed, after being so long among people of strange tongues, to tread once more the ever crowded, and now to me familiar thorough-fares of Cheapside, Fleet-street, and the Strand ; and of divers and extensive peregrinations to the remote corners of this mighty and overgrown city ;* its lanes and alleys, spacious squares and narrow ‘turnstiles ;’ its noble bridges, (among the most remarkable of its architectural ornaments;) and many other matters heretofore alluded to ; and of the final leave-taking ; ride to Portsmouth, and a stormy week’s delay at the George Hotel of that uncommonly stupid place ; and how very magnanimously, on learning that I was ‘a foreigner,’ they consented to admit

* As a specimen of the walks which we ‘business men’ are obliged to take, remember that from Murray’s, in Albemarle-street, to St. Catharine’s Dock, (where the American packets come in,) is rather more than four miles.

me to the dock-yard, provided I would ‘ write to the lords of the Admiralty at London for permission !’ how we at length espied ‘ the star-spangled banner’ waving in the harbor, from the spars of the fine ship St. James, and we gathered ourselves and our goods and chattels together, and the dock of Garratt & Gibbon was the last point of land on which the soles of our feet rested in Europe ; and how we gave the wink to one of the amphibious genus who had daily attacked us during this sojourn of expectation, with ‘ for New-York, sir ?—boat, sir ?’ and at last pushed off, while our beloved captain was yet taking a nap at ‘ the Quebec,’ which said nap lost us a whole day of fair wind ; and how the order was finally given to ‘ heave away,’ and the anchor was weighed, the canvass spread, and we slowly left ‘ the Needles,’ passed the place where a vessel had been wrecked a few days before ; the Isle of Wight and the setting sun disappearing simultaneously from our view—and we were fairly embarked on our way home. And what happened unto us during the voyage ; the gales and the calms ; the beautiful operation of speaking a vessel at sea ; the ‘ moving accidents’ which beset some of us who were not wary enough to preserve an equilibrium suited to the sudden and coquettish propensities of our vessel, to incline too much on one side during a storm ; the fashionable ‘ Gazette’ published in the St. James saloon, wherein the follies and foibles of our miniature world were facetiously set forth ; how, after a voyage of forty-one days, both pleasant and tedious, the Highlands of Neversink first appeared between sky and water, and the pilot guiding us

skillfully through the Narrows, we came gaily up the harbor, and stepped on our native soil once more, at the foot of Maiden-lane ;—all this and more also, shall be buried in oblivion, lest you should never be the wiser. And so, gentle reader, farewell—and may your journeyings be as prosperous, yea, and much more delectable than mine, and may your discourse thereof be as rich with entertainment, as the present one is dull and unprofitable.

NOTE—*The Convent on the Great St. Bernard* is 8074 feet above the level of the sea, and not 11,000, as erroneously stated on p. 218. It was founded in the year 16th, and is undoubtedly the most elevated habitation on either continent. M. de Saussure observed the thermometer* there below zero on the first of August, at 1 P. M., and with a bright sun.* * * * Every year seven or eight thousand persons traverse the Grand St. Bernard ; and sometimes six hundred have passed in a day. In the year 1782, the same evening, there were five hundred sixty-one travellers, who consumed four oxen, twenty sheep, and three large sacks of flour. From 1798 to 1806, one hundred and fifty thousand persons have lodged in this convent, besides which, for a whole year it had a garrison of six hundred men.†

* It was far less cold when I visited the convent in Aug. 1836.

† Coxe's Switzerland.

A FEW COMPARATIVE STATISTICS
OF THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN:
which may be useful for reference abroad.

[N. B.—For convenient comparison, the *money* is estimated, on both sides, in *dollars*. The data are derived from Custom-House and other official returns. There are a few *blanks* on the British side, which we have not been able to fill.]

| | U. States. | Gt. Britain. |
|---------------------------------------|----------------|---------------|
| Square miles of territory | 1,570,000 | 118,209* |
| Population, (1830) | 12,866,920 | 24,306,000 |
| Navy, (whole No. of Vessels) | 52 | 606 |
| Army | 8,221 | 89,723 |
| Value of Imports, (1836) | \$189,980,085† | |
| " Exports, Domestic Products | 106,916,680 | \$260,000,000 |
| " " Foreign " " | 21,746,360 | |
| Tonnage of Merchant Vessels | 1,350,000 | |
| Government Revenue, (1835) | \$35,430,000‡ | \$311,530,000 |
| " Expenses " vizi, | | |
| Civil List, Foreign Intercourse, &c. | 3,721,000 | |
| Military Service, Fortifications, &c. | 9,420,000 | |
| " Naval Service | 3,864,000 | |
| | <hr/> | <hr/> |
| Total | \$17,005,000 | \$90,000,000 |
| Of which the Royal Family has | | \$3,100,000 |
| " Salary Pres't U. States | \$25,000 | |
| " Salaries of Mem. Cabinet | \$34,000 | 470,000 |
| Average Tax. whole pop'n, per head | \$2 1-2 | \$20 |

* This includes England, Scotland, and Ireland only. The population of the whole British Empire, including the East India possessions, colonies, &c., is 123,300,000, on 1,800,000 square miles.

† Of this amount, \$ 71,000,000 was in American vessels, the remainder in foreign vessels. \$71,000,000 of the exports were in the single article of *cotton*.

‡ Of this amount, about 17 millions were from the customs, and 14 millions from sales of public lands. The *Surplus Revenue* distributed according to the act of 1836, was \$37,468,569.

| | U. States. | Gt. Britain. |
|--|--------------|--------------|
| Length of Post Routes, in miles | 27,578,620 | |
| Miles of Rail Road in operation, or actual progress | 1,671 | |
| Cost of do. | \$30,000,000 | |
| Miles of Canal, completed | 2,757 | 1980 |
| Cost of do. | \$64,573,099 | |
| Number of Colleges | 95* | 40 |
| " Pupils in Common Schools | | |
| in proportion to the population | 1 to 7 | 1 to 15 |
| Number of Newspapers, (about) | 1,350 | 375 |
| " New Works, first pub'd in 1 year | 450 | 1,100 |
| Whole No. of Volumes printed, " | 1,500,000 | |

Thus it appears that while our home territory is 13 times greater than that of the British Isles, and our population now equal to three-fifths of theirs, the whole expenses of our government are scarcely one-eighteenth as large, and our average *taxation* per head is but *one-eighth* of that in Great Britain.

The amount of our exports is one-half as great as those of Britain. Probably more than one-third of the exports of Great Britain are to this country.

The tonnage of our merchant vessels is half the amount of theirs ; and the amount of rail-roads and canals is vastly *greater* in the United States.

The proportion of our *newspapers* to theirs is *four to one*. It is probable that, although we publish but about *one-third* as many *new works* per annum, as are issued in Great Britain, the whole number of volumes printed is even *larger* in the United States than there.

It follows, therefore, that in internal resources and im-

* Exclusive of Law, Medical, and Theological Seminaries. In Great Britain there are forty *colleges*, including 13 at Oxford and 13 at Cambridge.

provements, in popular education and general means of intelligence, we are already surpassing our father-land.

Query. At the ratio of increase in some of the above items for a few years past, how will the balance stand thirty years hence ?

THE BOOK TRADE.*

The number of works published for the first time in the United States in the year 1834 and 1835, was 1013, comprising about 1300 different vols. Allowing 1000 copies to an edition, the wholesale cost of these would be \$1 220,000. This is exclusive of new editions of recent and old works, of Bibles, of prayer-books, periodicals, etc., which amount to at least as much more.

In 1836 this number was materially increased; and the amount of capital invested in the books issued from the press during that year, is ascertained from the most authentic data to be at least a million and a half, i. e., this sum is invested in books printed in one year, 19-20ths of which are issued in Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, and Hartford.

In most instances the editions of the same work in the United States are larger, and oftener repeated than in any other country. Many reprinted English works have passed through three or four editions here, while the original publisher was disposing of one. One book in particular can be named, of which the 4th edition (1000 copies each) was published in England in December—the sale in America having at that time exceeded 100,000 copies.

It is believed that the amount of American publishing has more than doubled within the period of the last ten years. The aggregate sales of five bookselling houses in the year 1836, amounted to one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The subjects of books published in the year 1834, were in the following proportion :

| | Original American. | Reprints. |
|----------------------------|--------------------|-----------|
| Education..... | 73..... | 9 |
| Theology | 37..... | 18 |
| Novels and Tales..... | 19..... | 95 |
| History and Biography..... | 19..... | 17 |
| Law..... | 20..... | 3 |
| Medicine..... | 10..... | 3 |
| Poetry | 8..... | 3 |
| Voyages and Travels..... | 8..... | 10 |
| Fine Arts..... | 8..... | 0 |
| Miscellaneous | 59..... | 43 |
| Total | 253 | 201 |

* Extracted from Col. Stone's Speech at the Booksellers' Dinner in New-York, March, 1837. On the same occasion Dr. Francis stated that the important art of *stereotype printing* was origin-

From this statement, it appears that *in our own books*, the speculative and the useful greatly preponderate ; and that works of the imagination are chiefly supplied from abroad. Our school books are almost entirely written or compiled at home ; and the extent of their manufacture may be judged from the fact, that of some of the more popular compilations of geography, from one to three hundred thousand copies have been sold in ten years ; and works of this kind, in some cases, produce an ample and even liberal permanent income both to the author and publisher.

Such, sir, are the results of the great invention of Guttemburg and Faust. How striking is the contrast between these days, when all the treasures of knowledge are flowing past us in such ample streams, and we are able to drink to the full, and the ages past to which I have adverted. *Then*, when so much pains was essential to accuracy, and so much labor required to produce such perfect and beautiful specimens of penmanship as have come down to us, the production of a single volume was the labor often of a year, and sometimes more. *Now*, a single house of this city, (that of the Messrs. Harpers,) publishes half a million of volumes per annum ; and I have been informed by Mr. Carey of Philadelphia, that his house issues a greater number still. A million of volumes per annum—by two houses, to say nothing of many other extensive publishing houses, in New-York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore !

A great deal has been said, Mr. President, about the duty of encouraging native literature. To do this is certainly the duty of our publishers, and our buyers of books also ; but if the truth were generally known, perhaps the publishers would have more credit given to them than they have received. Considering that it is but a few years since we began to think of having native authors and American publishers, they have done tolerably well. A single publishing house has paid in the five years previous to 1834, the trifling sum of one hundred thirty-five thousand dollars for copy-rights, thirty thousand dollars of which were for two books. The house of Carey, Lea & Blanchard paid thirty thousand dollars last year, to American authors, and our own firm of Harper & Brothers has ‘transferred the depositories’ to about the same amount annually for several years.

That American literature is not exactly starving for lack of nutriment, is tolerably well established by another fact—the rapid increase of the proportion between first publications and reprints—that proportion having more than doubled within five years ; and the ratio is constantly changing in favor of books by American authors.

ated in New York, by the late Gov. Colden, and was communicated by Dr. Franklin, then in Paris, to the celebrated Didot, who has since had the credit of the discovery.

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